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INDEX TO VOL. IV.

1893—1894.

PAGE

Animals as Playmates. By G. G. F. 850
Apperception, Practical Studies in. By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I. 170
Aspects of Slöjd, On some. By C. Russell 321
Aunt Mai's Budget. By Mrs. Francis Steinthal—
220, 300, 377, 458, 537, 620, 697, 761, 861, 922
A Calendar 858, 932
A Class. A Poem 161
A Few Flower Favourites. By Violet Picton-Warlow . . . 468
A Japanese Reformer, Tel Sono. From her Autobiography—
103, 176, 296, 362
A Mother's Letter 641
A Paradise of Birds. By H. D. Gelhart 118

Bible Reading, Early. By Mrs. Hart Davis 497
Bible Teaching, Old and New. By Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A. . 241
Birds, A Paradise of. By H. D. Geldart 118
Books . . 71, 151, 230, 309, 390, 472, 550, 631, 711, 790, 871, 935
Botanical Waifs and Strays. By W. M. Hind 415
Brushwork. By Mrs. H. Perrin 453
Brush Drawing. By Mrs. H. Perrin 344

Calendar, A 858, 932
Carpaccio. By Honor Brooke 127
Characteristics of Childhood. By Robert Durning, formerly Master of Method at the Home and Colonial Training College 52

PAGE
Childhood.—An Appeal. By Mrs. Brine 612
Collecting Plants, the Pleasures of. By H. D. Geldart . . 351

Dante, Ruskin in Relation to. By Julia Firth 1
Day Schools for Boys, School Hours and Holidays in. By Charles Simmons, M.A. 437
Day School, Home Training in Relation to the 590
Defence in the Insect World. By Rev. A. Thornley, M.A., F.E.S. 596
Drawing in Infant Schools. By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I. 728, 817, 904

Early Bible Reading. By Mrs. Hart Davis. 497
Education. A Poem 57
Euripides, Notes on 338

Family Life. By Mrs. Hart Davis 801
Flemish Painting, Some Thoughts on. By Honor Brooke . . 490, 576
Flower Favourites, A Few. By Violet Picton-Warlow . . 468
Foreign Schools, Prizes in. By Mrs. A. Caumont . . . 481
Fröbel. By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A , H.M.I. 270

Genesis, I., II., Notes on. By H. A. Dallas 617
Gilbert White's Selborne. By the Editor 421
Greetings. By the Editor 747

Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist" 447
Histoire de ma Vie. By George Sand 656
History. By H. B. 721, 822, 890
Holiday Tasks. By J. S. Mills, M.A. 510
Holidays. By the Editor 163
Holidays. By Mrs. H. Perrin 522
Home Algebra and Geometry. By Mary Everest Boole . . 854
Home Arithmetic. By Mary Everest Boole 649
Home Training in Relation to the Day School 590
How are the Principles of the P.N.E.U. to be Spread amongst those we Designate "The Poor." By Isabella Copeland . 846
How to give Religious Instruction. By Miss Agnes Mason . 41
How to Inculcate Kindness to Animals. By Mrs. Wood . . 359
How to Learn a Language. By Rev. Henry W. Bell, M.A. . 122

Infant Schools, Drawing in. By T. G. Rooper . . . 728, 817, 904

PAGE
Influence. A Poem 150
"In Memoriam." By Dorothea Beale, Principal of the Cheltenam Ladies' College 25
In Our Study. By Julia Firth. (Stones) 91
Insect Mimicry. By Rev. Alfred Thornley, M.A., F.E.S. . . 502
Insect World, Defence in the. By Rev. A. Thornley, M.A., F.E.S. 596
Isolated Ponds: A Botanical Study. By Edward F. Linton, M.A. 192

Junior Archæological Society, Notes on the Sussex Branch of the. 752

Language, How to Learn a. By Rev. Henry W. Bell, M.A. . 122

Manners 250
Modern Botany, the Rise and Aims of. By Professsor Patrick Geddes 738, 827, 897
Mothers as Sick Nurses. By Alice Powell 692
Mother's Letter, A 641
Music: "What do Angels Sing of Thee?" A Christmas Carol. 760

Natural History Club, Our P.N.E.U. 920
Notes by the Way. By M. L. Hodgson, of the House of Education 68
Notes on Euripides 338
Notes on Genesis, I., II. By H. A. Dallas 617
Notes on the Sussex Branch of the Junior Archæological Society. 752
Nursery Hygiene, On One Aspect of. By Miss Helen Webb . 561

Olaf; or, The Fairy Gifts. By Mrs. Colles 143, 205
Old and New Bible Teaching. By Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A. . 241
On Encouragement of Art. By Professor Patrick Geddes . . 585
On One Aspect of Nursery Hygiene. By Miss Helen Webb . 561
On some Aspects of Slöjd. By C. Russell 321
Our P.N.E.U. Natural History Club 920
Our Work . 79, 157, 236, 316, 397, 476, 558, 637, 716, 797, 874, 946

Parental Responsibility. By Mrs. Armitage 36
Parents in Council. By the Editor 287
Parents' National Educational Union 372
Petit Opera pour Les Enfants. Par Mrs. W. D. Hall . . . 293
Physical Education of Children, Some Practical Points in the. By John Mason, M.D. 96, 199

PAGE
Poem: A Class 161
Poem: To a Child Born in April. By K. E. W. 361
Poem: "The Sin of Omission" 630
Poem: "Music." By Herbert Baynes 655
Poetry of Matthew Arnold, Some Characteristics of the. By R. H. Law 258
Practical Studies in Apperception. By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I. 170
Prizes in Foreign Schools. By Mrs. A. Caumont 481
P.N.E.U. Notes. 80, 160, 238, 318, 400, 478, 560, 639, 719, 799, 878, 949
"P.R." Letter Bag, The— 75, 154, 232, 313, 393, 475, 554, 633, 714, 875, 939

Religious Education. By J. S. Mills, M.A. 662
Religious Instruction, How to give. By Miss Agnes Mason . 41
Ruskin in Relation to Dante. By Julia Firth 1

"Saint George of Merrie Englone" 531, 604
"School and Home."—A Breaking-up Song. By Dorothea Beale 734
School Hours and Holidays in Day Schools for Boys. By Charles Simmons, M.A. 437
Secondary Education. By J. S. Mills 186
Self-Consciousness in its Relation to Character. By F. U. . 347
Sick Nurses, Mothers as. By Alice Powell . , . . 692
Signs. By Mrs. Colles 334, 527
Some Books to Read in the Holidays. By Herbert D. Geldart . 744, 839
Some Characteristics of the Poetry of Matthew Arnold. By R. H. Law 258
Some Defects of Voice and Speech in Children. By Mrs. Emil Behnke 517, 581
Some Practical Points in the Physical Education of Children. By John Mason, M.D. 96, 199
Some Thoughts on Flemish Painting. By Honor Brooke . . 490, 576

Taking Counsel 881
Tel Sono, A Japanese Reformer. From her Autobiography— 103, 176, 296, 362
The Culture of Character. By the Editor 59, 136
The Fésole Club Papers. By W. G. Collingwood 45, 430
The Food and Clothing of Children beyond Infancy. By Helen M. Wilson, M.B 833, 913
The Habits of Insects: Spiders. By Rev. A. Thornley, M A, F.E.S. 279

PAGE
The Heroic Impulse. By the Editor 683
The Influence and Teaching of the Educated Mother. By Mrs. Alfred Booth 81
The Last Commandment. By Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A. . . . 571
The Parents' Association of America 672
The Philosophy of Kant. By Madam De Staël (Translated by Mrs. Lane.) 401
The Pleasures of Collecting Plants. By Herbert D. Geldart . 351
The Pot of Green Feathers. By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I. 9, 110, 211
The Rise and Aims of Modern Botany. By Professor Patrick Geddes 738, 827, 897
Training Lessons to Mothers. By the Lady Isabel Margesson . 17

Voice and Speech in Children, Some Defects of. By Mrs. Emil Behnke 517, 581

THE

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OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

RUSKIN IN RELATION TO DANTE.

BY JULIA FIRTH.

II.

DANTE usually looked upon forests and woods as savage and terrible, but in his ideal landscape,* that of the terrestrial paradise, "we find ourselves entering a forest, and even a thick forest"; his first aim being to show evidence of the perfect liberty of the purified and noble human being, and "of the purity and sinlessness of the new nature converting pathless ways into happy ones. So that all those fences and formalisms which were needed for him in imperfection, are removed in the paradise."

It was into this wood that Dante entered; his path

> "Was bounded by a rill which to the left,
> With little rippling waters bent the grass,
> That issued from its brink."

His wondering eyes pass onward to survey

> "The tender May-bloom, flushed through many a hue,
> In prodigal variety."

He saw the lady all alone on the opposite side of the little

* "Modern Painters," iii. 219.

stream of Lethe, singing and "culling flower from flower"; Ruskin explains her pure gladness as her delight in the works of God, and shows how the symbolic character of this lady, the Countess Matilda, was that of the glorified active powers of man; she was Dante's guide in the terrestrial paradise, as Beatrice, the type of the contemplative powers of man, became his guide in the Paradise. The vision of Rachel and Leah had represented "the active life which has only the service of man for its end." Leah decorated herself with flowers, Rachel contemplated herself. But in heaven's vestibule the delight was in God's work; as in heaven itself, Beatrice, after looking down for a moment, turns again "towards the eternal fountain."

Ruskin again and again defines true art (in similar words, much goodness and happiness also) as "the expression of man's delight in God's work. Wisdom (he says) measures all worthiness by pure felicity." *

In this connection one is reminded of a beautiful passage in "Lorna Doone":

"By the side of the stream she was coming to me, even among the primroses, as if she loved them all, and every flower looked the brighter as her eyes were on them. I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled, only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets, and the grace of her coming was like the appearance of the first windflower. The pale gleam over the western cliffs threw a shadow of light behind her as if the sun were lingering. . . . . The tremulous thrill of her song was hanging on her open lips, and she glanced around as if the birds were accustomed to make answer." Then, after she had seen the youth: "She had kept her eyes upon me, large eyes of a softness, a brightness, and a dignity which made me feel as if I must for ever love and yet for ever know myself unworthy. Unless themselves should fill with love, which is the spring of all things."

Perhaps many readers have in this lovely scene (ch. xvi.) felt themselves in the atmosphere of Dante's terrestrial paradise: the stream, the flowers, the singing, the delight, all are there. Love's purifying power reveals Nature to the girl; she is made glad by the works of God; the boy is purified and ennobled by

* "Eagle's Nest," 21.

his love for her. Surely this is a glorified form of "the old, old story," a bit of pure gold without alloy.

To pass on to mental gloom, it is remarkable that Dante places the sighing multitude, the idly melancholy, in the fifth circle of Inferno; the wrathful are a miry tribe in the mud of the Stygian lake; the gloomy cause the bubbles on its surface by their sighs:

> "Fixed in the slime they say: 'Sad once were we
> In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun
> [Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra],
> Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
> Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'
> Such dolorous strains they gurgle in their throats,
> But word distinct can utter none."

Ruskin's insistence on gladness cannot escape the attention of any careful reader of his books; he exhorts working men to educate themselves and their children so as to make them capable of honesty and capable of delight, and to rescue themselves from iniquity and agony; he urges girls to try always not to mortify but to vivify themselves; he declares that men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow; he deplores that "half the world will not see the terrible and sad truths which the universe is full of, but surrounds itself with little clouds of sulky and unnecessary fog for its own special breathing."

Dante's protest against gloom of heart and unnecessary sadness is connected with his keen and sensitive love of sunshine. With this protest we may also connect his symbolic colour system, which was that of the Middle Ages, colour being "associated with life in the human body, with light in the sky, with purity and hardness in the earth—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colourless. Love is so red that in the midst of the fire she could hardly have been seen."

> "Tanta rossa, che a pena fora dentro al foco nota."

"He is of all poets the most subtle in his sense of every kind of effect of light," writes Ruskin, who thus refers to his own sympathetic feeling: "I am not a poet, nor in any articulate manner could I the least explain to you what a deep element of life for me is in the sight merely of pure sunshine on a bank of living grass." Wordsworth attributes to childhood the gladdest

perception of "splendour in the grass"; but poets have an eternal childhood, the grass never loses its splendour or the flower its glory for them; true seers see more instead of less as they advance in life; an imaginative perception, which is well-nigh impossible in childhood, supersedes its glad exultation, and, unless in failing strength, the man feels more deeply and truly than the boy.

Elsewhere Ruskin dwells on the opposing of heavenly light to earth darkness in art, and says: "Make the sky calm and luminous, and raise against it dark trees, mountains, or towers, or any other substantial and terrestrial thing in bold outline, and the mind accepts the assertion of this great and solemn truth with thankfulness." And again: "With the earlier and mightier painters of Italy, the practice is commonly to leave their distance of pure and open sky of such simplicity that it in nowise shall interfere with . . . . the interest of the figures, and of such purity that, especially towards the horizon, it shall be in the highest degree expressive of the infinite space of heaven."

We see therefore in Dante and Ruskin the same keen sympathy with the brighter aspects of Nature; sunshine is dear to both, both are sensitive to it; they are at one in their healthy protest against needless gloom, and, like Spenser's knight, they do battle with Sansjoy. This persistent recognition of the gladness which is inseparable from the goodness of rightly directed human effort in a beautiful setting of well-ordered civic or country life is, however, quite consistent with deep melancholy and a bitter consciousness of personal loss and suffering. The most mightily passioned souls are, of course, the most capable of both joy and sorrow; no mean cowardice is theirs, no "great refusal" spares them blame or responsibility. Ruskin writes in 1875: "Though in my own fortune unprosperous, and in my own thoughts and labour failing, I find more and more every day that I have helped many persons unknown to me; that others in spite of my failures begin to understand me, and are ready to follow; and that a certain power is indeed already in my hands, woven widely into the threads of many human lives; which power, if I now laid down, that line (which I have always kept the murmur of in my ears, for warning, since first I read it thirty years ago),

'Che fece per viltate 'l gran refiuto,'

would be finally and fatally true of me." And he adds in a note—"Inferno iii. 60: I fear that few modern readers of Dante understand the dreadful meaning of this hellish outer district or suburb, full of the refuse or worthless scum of humanity—such numbers that 'non haverei creduto che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta'—who are stung to bloody torture by insects, and whose blood and tears together—the best that human souls can give—are sucked up on the hell-ground by worms."

A man who writes thus is not of the number of those "che mai non fur vivi," but rather like George Herbert's "honest man":

> "He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue;
> To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.
> * * * *
> Whom others' faults do not defeat;
> But though men fail him, yet his part doth play."

Dante's power of invective in such passages as the one beginning: "Ahi serva Italia!"

> "Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief;
> Vessel without a pilot in loud storm";

and again:

> "Christians like these the Ethiop shall condemn";

and,

> "What may the Persians say unto your kings
> When they shall see that volume in the which
> All their dispraise is written, spread to view?"

And his fine irony in his address to Florence:

> "Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,
> Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught;"

in "Christians and proud!" has surely its counterpart in passages in Ruskin's works, too long to quote here, in which he denounces with scathing reproach that foolish national pride which, in the face of misguided multitudes, commercial dishonesty, and pitiless luxury, rejoices in a so-called unparalleled prosperity.

Dante writes of the Emperor, "who might have healed the wounds whereof fair Italy hath died"; of the tears and mourning caused to Florence by the pride and excess engendered by

"an upstart multitude and sudden gains," he looks back regretfully to earlier times, to

> "The ladies and the knights, the toils and ease
> That witch'd us into love and courtesy,
> Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts";

to the days when Florence

> "Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace;
> She had no armlets and no head-tires then,
> No purfled dames, no zone that caught the eye
> More than the person did."

When his ancestor, Cacciaguida,

> "Saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
> In leather girdle and a clasp of bone,
> And, with no artful colouring on her cheeks,
> His lady leave the glass;"

when the good dames handled the spindle, and the flax, and told "old tales of Troy and Fésole and Rome"; and Ruskin loves to conserve and to restore all that is beautiful and seemly in the manners of an earlier day, finding more that is congenial to his taste in calm and graceful simplicity than in the haste and luxury of modern life.

We have now seen that there is in Ruskin the same moral rectitude, the same keen sense of justice, the same sensitive delight in Nature and life, the same protest against gloom, the same scorn of what is base, the same love of simplicity of manners, which are some of the special characteristics of Dante.

We do not find in the grave Tuscan any of the playfulness of the Teuton. We have irony, naïveté, noble grotesqueness, sarcasm; the grovelling are to grovel still, thieves are changed into serpents, forgers are covered with leprosy, peculators are boiled in pitch, the false prophets who pretended to see too far before them have to look backwards evermore. But of what we understand by humour, surely there is no trace in Dante.

We find in Dante a noble pride and a supreme humility. He knows he has acquired honour for his "beauteous style"; he writes of the "salutation kind" of the four great poets who made him of their tribe; yet he exclaims:

"O glorious stars!
O light, impregnate with exceeding virtue!
To whom whate'er of genius lifteth me
Above the vulgar, grateful I refer."

In this connection, the following passage of "Modern Painters" * is full of interest:

"I believe the first test of a truly great man is humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions, but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do or say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, 'It cannot be better done'; Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else: only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them; they have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them."

* Vol. iii. 266.

THE POT OF GREEN FEATHERS.

By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.

INTRODUCTION.

As the title of this paper seems a little strange, a few words are necessary to explain its meaning. Some years ago I was listening to an object lesson given to a class of very young children by a pupil teacher who chose for her subject a pot of beautiful fresh green ferns. She began by holding up the plant before the class and asking whether any child could say what it was. At first no child answered, but presently a little girl said, "It is a pot of green feathers." Thereupon the teacher turned to me and said, "Poor little thing! She knows no better." But I fell a-thinking on the matter. Did the child really suppose that the ferns were feathers? Or did she rather use the name of a familiar thing to describe what she knew to be different, and yet noticed to be in some respects like? This train of thought led me to put together what I knew of perception, and the following is the result of my labours. The principal authority which I have closely followed is Dr. Karl Lange's Apperzeption (Neupert: Plauen); but I have derived much help from Herbart's "Psychology," Bernard Perez's "First Three Years of Childhood" (Sonnenschein), Romane's "Mental Evolution in Man," and the lectures of the late Professor T. H. Green.

What do we know of the outer world? Of that which is not self? Of objects? How do we know *anything* of the outer world? We receive impressions from it; a table feels hard, a book looks brown in colour, oblong in shape, and we say it is thick or thin. Are we simply receivers of these impressions—hard, brown, oblong? Are our minds inactive in the process of getting to know these impressions? Or are they active? Are lumps of the outside somehow forced in upon our minds entire without corresponding action on the mind's part? No! Our minds are not passive, the opposite is true. Through the senses

the mind receives impressions, but these contributions from the senses would not be objects of knowledge, would not be interpreted, would not be recognised, unless the mind itself worked upon them and assimilated them, converting the unknown stimulus from without into a sensation which we can hold in our thoughts and compare with other sensations within us. The mind converts the unknown stimulus from without into the known sensation. The outer world then is no more wholly the outer world when we know it. In our knowledge of the outer world there is always something contributed by the mind itself. The truth that the mind adds to and changes the impressions which it receives through the senses is illustrated by the very different conceptions which exactly the same landscape gives rise to in different people. The geologist can tell you of the strata, the botanist of the vegetation, the landscape-painter of the light and shade, the various colouring, and the grouping of the objects, and yet, perhaps, no one of them notices exactly what the others notice. A plank of wood, again, seems a simple object, and able to tell one tale to all, but how much it tells to a joiner, concerning which it is dumb to a casual observer. Or, again, visit as a grown man the schoolroom or playground where you played as a child, especially if you have not visited the scene in the interval. How changed all seems! The rooms that used to look so large have become dwarfed. The tremendous long throw which you used to make with a ball from one end of the playground to the other, to what a narrow distance it has shrunk! Yet the room and the ground are what they were. It is your mind that has changed. The change in your mind has brought about for you a change in the thing. Two people, then, or even oneself at different times of one's life, may perceive the same object without obtaining the same perception. Yet if the external object stamped itself on the mind as a seal or die stamps itself on wax, if the mind were as passive as wax, how could one object give rise to such different impressions? The difference must be due to the mind. Neither is it difficult to understand that this is so if we think what is the nature of the process by which the mind interprets the impressions which it receives from outward objects. When the mind receives an impression it refers it to a previously received impression that happens to resemble it. Thus every new impression is interpreted by means of old ones, and consequently every new per-

ception is affected, coloured as it were, by the already acquired contents of the mind, and nothing can be known or recognised at all until reference and comparison have been made to previous perception. My object to-day is to make this point, *perception*, which I admit is not easy, as clear as I can make it.

Perception of an object is not so simple a matter as at first it seems to be. "Oh," some one will say, "simple enough! A dog runs by me: through my senses I receive sensations of the animal, and I know that I see a dog." But this is no perfect account, for suppose two strange animals, say, a *Tasmanian Devil* and an *Ornithorynchus* come up the street together, my senses will make me aware of their presence, but if I have not learned anything about them previously, I shall not know, I do not say merely their names, but not even their exact shape and distinguishing marks. I shall say, "What in the name of wonder are they?" After a little looking at the strange pair, I should probably say, "One is a kind of bear, and the other is a kind of duck—a funny bear and a funny duck." Observe how the process of interpretation of my impressions goes on. Looking at the Tasmanian Devil, my impressions divide themselves into two classes: one set of impressions resembles impressions of bears, which I have previously received, while the other set finds nothing already existing in the mind to which it can attach itself. A kind of fight goes on between new and old. In the end the points of resemblance overpower the points of dissimilarity, and I judge the one animal (the Tasmanian Devil), in spite of much unlikeness, to be a kind of bear, in doing which I am wrong, as it is a kind of marsupial, and in judging, by a similar process, the Ornithorynchus to be a sort of bird, because of its bill, the mind equally makes a mistake, or, as we say, receives a wrong impression. There are, then, at least two parts in the process of knowing any object. First of all there is the excitation of our nerves, the nervous stimulus which makes us feel that we have a feeling, but does not explain what the feeling is; and secondly, there is the interpretation of the feeling by a mental action through which the undetermined and as yet unknown sensations or gifts of the senses are referred to known impressions and explained. It is about this act of mental assimilation of the impressions which we receive from external objects that I am treating to-day. I am not dealing with the question of

the origin of our impressions or the physiological basis of them, but with the growth of knowledge in the understanding by the working of the mind upon impressions. I think that modern psychologists have carried the analysis of this process sufficiently far for the results of their studies to be of practical value to teachers and parents. If we have to teach, is it not useful to know how the mind acquires knowledge? Take an object and set it before a child—say a fern. If the child has never seen a fern before, he knows not what it is. Impressions of it, he receives, but he cannot interpret them adequately. The botanist looks at the same fern, and not only sees and knows that it is a fern, but also what kind it is, how it is distinguished from other ferns, where it grows, how it may be cultivated, and all about it. The difference between the knowledge which the sight of the fern gives to the child and to the botanist does not depend upon the fern, but upon the state of mind of the two observers. The mind adds infinitely more to the impression received when it is the botanist's mind which receives it, than when it is the comparatively empty and uninformed mind of the child. What you can know of an object depends upon what you already know both of it and of other things. Philosophers and poets like Kingsley, Carlisle, Herder, Goethe, as well as educationists and psychologists, impress on us this truth: "In regarding an object we can only see what we have been trained to see." *

Impressions, then, have to be *interpreted* before they are clear to us. What is the easiest case of our interpreting impressions? Perhaps some such as the following. I see a man a little way off, and say to myself, "Here comes my brother." I have so often recognised my brother that the whole process of recognition goes on in my mind without any check or hindrance. The existing mental conception of my brother masters completely and promptly the fresh impressions which his present appearance makes upon me. The identification of the new and the old is uninterrupted, prompt, and immediate. The same speed and accuracy of interpretation is observable in his prompt and

* CARLISLE.—We can only see what we have been trained to see.
GOETHE.—We only hear what we know.
HERDER.—What we are not we can neither know nor feel.
ROUSSEAU.—We can neither know, nor touch, nor see, except as we have learned.
In other words, the present impression produces only such an effect on the mind as the past history of the mind renders possible.

correct recognition by a good reader of the words and sentences in his book. Now take an opposite case, when it is hard instead of easy to interpret impressions. Suppose that we see something which is quite new to us. Suppose that the new impressions do not connect themselves with any previously assimilated impressions, and that, try as we may to refer them to something known, all is in vain. Then we feel puzzled: a hindrance, or check, or obstruction occurs in our minds. If the impression be very strong it may cause us to "lose our heads," as we say, or it may even overwhelm us. It is narrated that one of the natives of the interior of Africa, who was accompanying Livingstone to Europe, no sooner found himself on the great Indian Ocean, with nothing but heaving waters far and near in his view, than he became overpowered by the immense impression which this new experience made upon his mind, and flung himself overboard into the waves, never to rise again. Similarly at the Paris Exhibition, every evening when the gun is fired at the Eiffel Tower for the last time at ten o'clock it is not unusual to see a sort of frenzy among the visitors. Under the already strong impression produced by the electric illuminations, the luminous fountains, and the varied magnificence of the great show, some people seem to be seized with a veritable panic. Cries of admiration escape from some, and terror from others, followed by fainting, attacks of hysteria and prostration. Similar shocks occasionally prove fatal. Only in September last a little girl, four years old, was standing on the platform, near Sittingbourne, with her parents, who were on their way to Kent for the hop-picking season, when an express train dashed through the station. The little one was terror-stricken, and on the journey down screamed every time an engine came within sight or hearing. She dropped dead. The doctor ascribed death to the shock. To assimilate, then, a wholly new impression is necessarily a task of some difficulty, but the results are luckily not always so sensational as those which I have just described, and the following is an account of what more usually takes place.

If the new impression is not of a nature to make us feel strongly, and if it is isolated and unconnected with any other knowledge present to our minds, it probably passes away quickly and sinks into oblivion, just as a little child may take notice of a shooting star on a summer night, and after wondering for a moment thinks of it no more; if, however, our feelings are

excited, and if the object which gives the impression remains before us long enough to make the impression strong, then the impression becomes associated with the feelings and the will comes into play, in consequence of which we determine to remember the new impression, and to seek an explanation of it. With this object the mind searches its previous stock of ideas more particularly, comparing the new with the old, rejecting the totally unlike and retaining the like or most like, and in the end it overcomes the obstacle to assimilation, and finds a place for the new along with the old mental stores, thereby enriching itself, consciously or unconsciously—unconsciously in earlier years, and consciously afterwards. As an instance, I will suppose a child who has only seen blue violets finds a white one. Of his impressions of the white flower, some are new and some are old. The greater part are old, and lead him to infer that he sees a violet; but the impression of whiteness is new, and leads him to say "this is not a violet." Let us represent the characteristics by which he recognises a blue violet by the letters A B C D, the D standing for the colour blue and A B C for all the rest of the flower. When now he finds a white violet he again notes A B C as before, but instead of D, the colour blue, he receives the impression E, the colour white. Had the colour been the same, the impression of the flower would have coincided with previous impressions of violets, but the difference between D and E causes an obstruction or hindrance to this inference. The mind is not at ease with itself; the agreement of new and old only reaches a certain way. The old mental image and the newly acquired one don't exactly tally. What happens? In the two mental images now present and side by side in the mind, the new and the old (the new being more vivid, the old being more firmly established), the like elements, namely, A B C, strengthen each other, and unite to make a clear image, while the unlike elements, D and E, the blue and the white, obstruct each other, become dim, and at last obscured. The like elements in the end overcome the obstruction caused by the unlike, and beat them out of the field of mental vision, so that the two partly resembling impressions become blended or fused, as by mental smelting, into one. The two are recognised as one by the mind. The old appropriates or assimilates the new. The child finds an old *Ex*pression for the new *Im*pression, and says to itself, "There is a violet."

Of course an impression need not belong to only one previously acquired impression or group of impressions; it may be connected with other groups. In this case it will be recalled to consciousness on more frequent occasions than if it belonged to one other mental state only. Hence a new impression, *if you give it time*, may find for itself many more points of attachment with previous impressions and ideas than it found just at first. For instance, I may visit Amiens Cathedral. Presently, when I have admired the building, I recall to mind various historic events that took place at the capital of Picardy. I remember that Julius Cæsar started thence to conquer Britain, that Peter the Hermit was born there, and that not far off Edward III. won the battle of Crecy, and that its name often comes up in the long hundred years' war. I think of the Peace of Amiens in 1802, the visit of Buonaparte to Amiens when he prepared to invade England, lastly of the German army in 1870. One impression calls up another, and the whole mass together strengthen and confirm and amplify the original impression. Isolated, these separate events are of less interest than when grouped together with my actual inspection of the ancient building. A wise man, therefore (if I may draw a passing moral), does not, if he can help it, decide or act in a hurry, under the influence of new impressions, but he will give them time to find points of connections with old impressions. What may to-day seem irreconcilable with truth, or honour, or happiness, may prove, when time has been allowed for assimilating, inconsistent neither with sincerity, nor good name, nor good fortune. Educationists, like Mr. Arnold, also, will continue to implore the public to simplify the studies of children, being convinced that unless the mind has leisure to work by itself on the stuff or matter which is prescribed to it by the teacher, the thinking faculty, on which all progress depends, will be paralysed, and dead knowledge will be a substitute for living. The mind will have no power of expanding from within, for it will become a passive recipient of knowledge, only able to discharge again what has been stuffed into it, and quite powerless to make fresh combinations and discoveries. Cram is the rapid acquisition of a great deal of knowledge. Learning so acquired, though useful for a barrister, has less educational value than the public believe, for it does not promote, but rather tends to destroy, the active and constructive powers of the mind.

When the mind has much difficulty to overcome in assimilating

a new impression, and hence has to spend time in so doing, it is benefited by the process, for, in the first place, the necessity of care, caution, and accurate observation, and much rummaging (if I may venture on the expression) among the ideas in the mind, tend to sharpen the senses, the sight, the touch, the hearing, and the rest, by making them sensitive to fine shades which might otherwise escape us, and, in the second, to amplify and enlarge meagre impressions. The eye, by itself, for example, only reveals to us surfaces. How then do we seem to see solid bodies? A baby stretches out its hand for the moon; how is it that what seems so near to him looks so far off from us? Because in our case the impressions conveyed by the eye are supplemented by the impressions received through the touch, and the two distinct sets of impressions combined together in the mind furnish us with the conception of a third dimension, besides length and breadth—viz., depth. The child who has not yet got so far as to have sufficiently often united the impressions derived from looking with those derived from touching and moving cannot rightly interpret the impressions which he receives. The moon seems quite close to him. Impressions, on the other hand, which pass easily into their place in the mind do not always tend to clearness of ideas. People may look at an object hundreds of times for a special purpose, and, beyond serving that purpose, get no permanent impression at all. Many people who look at a clock or watch many times a day cannot at once, when asked, draw from memory a dial with the hours correctly placed upon it. The process of assimilation may even mislead just as familiarity with an object may hinder accurate observation. Goethe says there is a moment in his life when a young man can see no blemish in the lady he loves, and no fault in the author he admires. A man in love may think that his Angelina sings divinely sweet though her voice is like a crow's. He interprets the impressions which he receives according to previously formed impressions. This leads us to see that it is not right to say, as we sometimes do say, "My senses play me false." The senses do not lie. The ear does not in the instance in question convey sweet sounds. The sense of hearing does not judge all. The ear conveys the sound truly enough. The judgment concerning the sound is made in the mind of the listener. This judgment it is which is falsified by prejudice, the lover being naturally pre-

possessed in favour of his mistress. So the wanderer in the graveyard by night in the uncertain light of the misty moon judges a tall gravestone to be a "sheeted ghost." His eye is not at fault. His judgment is. He receives the impression from the object truly, but he refers his impression to the wrong group or store of previous knowledge. He should refer it to optical phenomena, diffraction of light, and the rest. He actually does think of pictures and stories of vague appearances, of human shapes without human substance, and all the superstitious imaginings of poor frail human nature. His senses are not under control of his reason.

(*To be continued.*)

TRAINING LESSONS TO MOTHERS.

By the Lady Isabel Margesson.

In these days parents are, I think, anxious to be more in touch than they used to be with the education of their children. The revolution in the educational world brought about by the conviction that a knowledge of certain laws of physiology and psychology must underlie any teaching that is to be effective, is now an old story. The effect of this revolution has, however, been lessened by the fact that parents have as yet, to a great extent, been untouched by it. Without their intelligent co-operation, scientific education could not proceed to its full development.

Parents are now roused to feel that there is a mass of sound scientific knowledge, moral and physical, which has been accumulated, and which they can only neglect to their own and their children's future disadvantage.

But the process of being roused does not always leave clear notions behind it, and what parents now desire is to know how to put into practice the principles of the so-called "New Education;" for they are determined that their children shall profit by the many opportunities of fuller knowledge which are given at the present day.

The first step on the road to a practical application of these principles is to be convinced that they constitute the only scientific basis of education. We must study them with care and thought, and although it may sometimes be difficult to find time to read the works of specialists such as Herbert Spencer, Locke, Sully, Froebel, Pestalozzi, we shall, if we make the effort, be rewarded by learning how to fulfil our highest vocation of training our children to be "worthy in their generation."

The Parents' National Educational Union here offers us its help. It cannot, of course, supply the place of that individual

study of the subject, which can only be based on the exercise of man's own thought. But the Parents' Union can and will act as a sort of middleman to bring parents and great thinkers on education into touch with each other.

The Belgravia and Westminster Branch of the Union has just had an illustration of the kindness of educationalists. Mrs. Walter Ward (who perhaps is better known as Miss Emily Lord) has given her time and labour for sixteen years to the cause of education, and to making known its truest and highest principles.

She has an "Educational Mission," but up to the present it has not been so much to parents as to teachers and children. During last November Mrs. Ward consented to give a course of ten lessons to mothers, and it is of these that I wish to speak, as I think they were highly suggestive of means by which parents may be greatly helped and strengthened in their own self-training.

The lessons (of two hours each) were given in the house of one of the members of the class, who kindly lent us her dining-room for the occasion. We were thirteen mothers in all, few enough to allow of plenty of discussion, and to enable each of us to be in touch with Mrs. Ward.

The first morning was devoted to teaching a few elementary principles of psychology, which serve as the foundations of a scientific education, so that on future occasions we might go back to the "Grammar" when perplexed. This lesson was, I think, of special interest, as going to the root of the matter and as helping to take away the feeling of our being only "amateur dabblers," which haunted some of us. In our various difficulties Mrs. Ward was able to refer us back to elementary truths, and to show us how we might judge methods and principles by the light of unchangeable laws.

Two of Mrs. Ward's lessons were on teaching arithmetic. How many women like to confess that until they were grown up they did not know there was anything rational in the Multiplication Table? In these days we see our children taught the property of number in the concrete form before the abstract, and find that it is thoroughly understood by them, and we know that even those of us of whom in our schoolroom days it was said, "So-and-so never could do arithmetic," might have passed happy hours over that hated, because incomprehensible, study. Mrs.

Ward's lesson on arithmetic showed us that it was quite simple and easy to teach children much about numbers out of school hours. In doing this parents prevent the sharp division between school-life and "out-of-school-life," in, at least, one branch of study, and perhaps other subjects would in time be treated in the same way, and parents would become real co-operators with the teachers and children. In this way the unity and continuity of education would be made more secure.

The intelligent sympathy of parents cannot, however, be given if they are entirely in the dark as to the reasons why the child is more easily taught by one method than by another, and as to what the best method is. If this sympathy is lacking, their criticisms, which, from their greater breadth of view, should be of such inestimable advantage both to the teachers and scholars, are entirely thrown away.

Now, I venture to say, that after having heard Mrs. Ward's two lessons on arithmetic, those members who were present will be on the watch to find out in what way their children are being taught the properties of number. I think they will not be satisfied until they are taught by a method that commends itself to their reason.

Another day Mrs. Ward gave us a most delightful lesson on "Why and How to Cultivate the Artistic Faculty in Children." She showed us how the foundations of the artistic faculty are laid in very early years by teaching children to observe; how their senses of touch and sight must be trained to be accurate and discriminating to notice colour, grouping, and texture; and how, at the same time, children should be taught to express their ideas by brushwork, drawing, modelling, and building—for what a child begins to try to represent, that he begins to understand. Mrs. Ward also spoke of the difficulty in estimating the worth of children's artistic attempts, and the need of true and sympathetic criticism. She warned her hearers against possible discouragement, and advised them to clearly show their appreciation of any care and industry displayed, so that the child might be guided and stimulated to fresh efforts.

I think I have said enough to show parents how much fresh light Mrs. Ward threw on this question, and on their own attitudes to their children's efforts. Should we not be careful in our super-

vision of this part of education, seeing how large are its possibilities?

Mrs. Ward also gave a lesson on "Children's Stories, Games, and Songs," and suggested many tests by which to discover their value.

Mrs. Ward said that one of the merits of a story is that it should influence the child by the power of example.

But the real power of example lies in the special inspiration to some particular principle of conduct, and one should not allow a child to think an example is a pattern to be copied, and thus unduly stimulate them to a spurious life. For this reason, the time and place of the story should be different to our own, as, for instance, the parable of "the Good Samaritan."

Mrs. Ward also pointed out that in games a "free romp" is not good, because it does not result in well-being for all. Organised games are very good for children, as affording much insight into character and many opportunities for self-discipline, ethical training, and physical exercise.

Mrs. Ingham Brooke, a friend of Mrs. Ward, who had been lecturing on education in America as well as in England, had promised to give us two lessons on "Nature Teaching." We looked forward to these with great interest, although we hardly understood the importance of the subject.

Mrs. Brooke showed that Natural Science cannot be taught with advantage to children without understanding the great fundamental truths taught by Froebel and other great educators—viz.:

(1) That the faculties should be trained before facts are taught.

(2) That only the knowledge gained by his own observation is of use to the child.

Both these principles demand much faith and patience in the teacher. Faith in the "unseen product," the growth of faculties and development of character. Patience, that the knowledge which apparently could be so easily given to the child should be gradually arrived at by the child himself, by allowing him to form, and guiding him in forming, his own conclusions.

I think the patience needed was fully appreciated by the mothers present, as we all know the temptation quietly to "tell the child" instead of leading him to find out.

But to those parents who are convinced that education is not

limited to schoolroom hours, Nature Teaching comes as a part of education in which the parents are peculiarly fitted to share. The child is on our side from the first. His love of the natural world is always keen, and his observing powers are great. The parents have only to give the child lessons on flowers or animals to find this out, and they will be surprised at the end of a few months, during which Nature lessons have been regularly given, how great are the advantages to themselves and to the child, and that they are links which bind the schoolroom and everyday life together.

I should like to tell you some of the results which Mrs. Brooke assured us may be expected from Nature Teaching.

(1) The power of seeing will greatly increase. Children are naturally quick to see, and this inherent capacity *grows less* from *want of use and training*. This is a startling view for us, when we consider how anxious we are to make our children's capabilities as large as possible.

(2) The child will acquire an understanding of imagery and language. Nature Teaching helps him to learn the word and its meaning together, so that they are never disunited. Imagery becomes real to the child when he understands the reference to objects in Nature. Mrs. Brooke gave an interesting illustration of this last point. She gave a class of children lessons on all the animals mentioned in "Hiawatha" for a whole term. The next term she taught the children to recite the poem, and no one could doubt that to the children the poem was full of meaning and a source of intellectual pleasure.

(3) The study of Nature will give a keen appreciation of art. The mind of the child will become so stored with beautiful forms, that his taste will thereby be formed to love the beautiful and turn from the unlovely.

(4) The life spent out of doors will become much more full. The child will be taught to notice the form and colour of trees in summer and winter, to watch for birds and insects, to compare the shapes of leaves, and to make collections which accumulate solely by the child's own exertion and gradual knowledge.

(5) Composition will be greatly facilitated. A child taught to write all he knows about an animal or a flower, after a few lessons on the subject, and when his mind is full

of facts found out by his own observation and thoroughly understood, will have no difficulty in "*what* to say," only in "*how* to say it!"

(6) The law of consequences. Use and disuse will have to be pointed out to the child, and his attention called to it in many ways, that it may sink deep into his mind, and the lesson that "what a man sows that he will reap" will not be forgotten.

(7) The child's spiritual nature will be developed and strengthened in the way most gradual and unforced. As he sees the reverence and skill with which his parents unfold to him the manipulation of God's thought and will, the child will be led up Nature's great pathway to God, and impressions of reverence, love, and obedience will be awakened and associated with the strongest and earliest pleasures.

We began to see, from Mrs. Brooke's lectures, that we cannot leave the child to Nature, even though there be an instinctive love for it, but that we must guide and develop it; and, as Miss Shirreff says in her interesting book, "The Kindergarten at Home," "it is the part of a good teacher to give permanence to the impressions by opening up new sources of interest and pleasure in each object, by leading the child to observe, to compare, to learn something new about it and its relations to other objects, and *thereby* making *his instinctive tendencies* the means of moral and intellectual training." Elsewhere Miss Shirreff says: "The impressions that are transient may remain utterly barren for any real culture of the heart, the imagination, or the understanding."

After Mrs. Brooke had finished her lecture we gathered around her to tell her our difficulties, for those of us who were most convinced of the truths contained in the lecture were most in despair. We had to confess to a lamentable want of knowledge of natural science. Mrs. Brooke said she would very strongly urge us to begin giving our children Nature lessons in spite of this, for she assured us we could and should carefully prepare a lesson once a week, taking any one side of the subject that interested us most. Mrs. Brooke told as that she herself never gave a Nature lesson without preparation, and that with the help of a good book on natural science for children we could *all* of us give the lessons. She told us to remember that skill and

knowledge in doing this would come gradually, and we should find a rich reward to ourselves.

Mrs. Brooke recommended us to get one of three books by Miss Arabella Buckley—"Life and her Children," "Winners in Life's Race," and "The Fairyland of Science," and, if possible, to procure pictures or objects to illustrate our lesson.

I think it will be readily admitted that this course of lessons was on thoroughly practical lines. I have not touched on other interesting subjects about which Mrs. Ward gave us most valuable teaching and enlightenment. I may briefly state them: "Methods of Teaching," "Concrete Geography," "The Place of Manual Work in primary and later Teaching."

Nor have I time to tell how Mrs. Ward made her class go through most—if not all—the "occupations" so loved by children under seven or eight years of age. Mrs. Ward wished us to do these things ourselves; and we proved the truth of her words, that you cannot really understand the meaning of an occupation, or put yourself in a child's place, until you have experienced the same feelings, and can *feel* you understand them.

Mrs. Ward explained that we should look in all work, not for utility alone, but for training and developing the child's powers, and towards giving him "a foundation" (I quote Miss Shirreff again) "of good mental habits and manual dexterity, so that when the hour for actual labour arrives, and there is no leisure for the acquisition of such habits, the child will quickly master ordinary work, and be fit to learn some higher kind of special work."

Mrs. Ward also answered that frequent objection of "how a child is ever to learn to pay attention to what is difficult in later life if he has in early years been taught by means of things that he likes?" She said that what seemed to *us* easy lessons are not easy to a child if they cause him to apply himself with great earnestness and care, and that interesting does not mean easy; they are only exactly suited to the age, and teach the very habits of application and attention that we thought would only be obtained by learning more difficult but uninteresting lessons. Mrs. Ward showed how children's involuntary attention should be trained from the earliest years, and that voluntary attention will be the natural and inevitable outcome.

I have said enough about these lessons to show that they were of great value, and that they helped to clear our rather confused

ideas on the new methods of modern education; but, in conclusion, I should like to suggest that classes of a similar kind should be formed wherever there is a branch of the P.N.E.U. A few earnest mothers would have little difficulty in arranging a course of lessons to be given in the same easy way on such matters as Physiology, History, Arithmetic, Nature Teaching Modelling, &c.

All the subjects which may be taught to our children in a lifeless and essentially uneducational way, and be therefore utterly barren of real culture, may be, and ought to be, taught in the only true and scientific way. In future we shall be in a position to superintend the education of our children from the enlightened standpoint of people who have studied the question.

I think we can no longer consider education as only a "matter of opinion," or of rival "systems." The fact that there is a Science of Education imposes on all parents the duty of studying, at any rate, its elements.

[The Editor earnestly hopes that "Mothers' Training Classes" on this delightful pattern will be established in many centres. Such classes were part of the original scheme of the P.N.E.U.]

"IN MEMORIAM."

By Dorothea Beale,

Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

"Der mensch macht die Welt, aber er schafft sie nicht." This is true not only for the world which exists for sense, but for that universe of conceptions which is the home of our spirit. Each age has its own conceptions—those of Plato cannot be those of Dante, nor Dante's those of Milton; and so the poets of our own day speak to us as those of distant times cannot. We may enter into the thoughts of others, but these enter into ours; they strike sympathetic chords, and bring out music for prosaic souls: thus Dante was a power in his own age that he can never be again. Those who said "see the man who has been in hell" had been there themselves, and seen what we cannot see. Milton affects us as the painting of Michael Angelo; for him the serpent, the deadly fruit, were objective to sense, not the spiritual realities they are to us; and even the poets of our own age and country live in such different spheres, that we need to adjust our view if we would learn to know them. Tennyson is the nearest to most of us: he stands between Wordsworth and Browning. To the former, the world of Nature is the grand reality; man is little more than an accident—the inanimate is that which truly lives. For Browning, the magnificent scenery which he paints is merely introduced as the stage on which the human drama is enacted: the soul is the one reality, "the incidents in its development the only thing worth noting."

Tennyson strikes the note by which we modulate from one to the other. The philosophy of our time conceives of Nature as existing only for mind; and in Tennyson's most characteristic poem, which is as descriptive as Wordsworth's, we never lose the consciousness of the human presence: Nature is seen by us only as mirrored in mind.

Tennyson belongs to a time of comparative peace: the revolutionary period had passed away with its poets of "Sturm und Drang." He belongs to the age of reverie—like symphony

and sonata and "Songs without Words"—to the dawn of the pre-Raphaelite school with its clear and minute effects, and its spiritual atmosphere. He is the poet of peace, of ordered precedent, of reverence and self-control; and one thinks of him as taken away from the evil to come, and is fain to pronounce the epitaph of old—"They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." I know it may be said that the "Idylls" treat of war; but it is always an ideal and spiritual combat, which is present to our consciousness: it is not like Milton's call to real battle.

The world in which Tennyson lived was the quiet village, in the shadow of the church, hallowed by the sanctities of family life; he loved his English home, as few poets have since Spenser. This, together with his utter purity of thought, have made him the friend specially of womanly women, and we owe him a debt of gratitude, because we feel that no poet since Shakespeare has known and reverenced woman as Tennyson has done. When that great movement began in the middle of the century, which has changed the ideal of woman's sphere and woman's work, Tennyson did not merely ridicule, but interpreted the noble aspiration into noble verse, and prophesied of that true marriage of souls which is being, I trust, realised by not a few in our own day.

But let us turn to the poem itself. "In Memoriam" may be described as a sort of *Journal Intime*, extending over several years, and revealing the transformations of sorrow experienced by the mourner. Its musical form is exceedingly melodious. It is difficult to add anything to the words of Robertson, but I have ventured on a somewhat fuller analysis.

"The poem is divided into a number of cabinet-like compartments, which, with fine and delicate shades of difference, exhibit the various phases through which the bereaved spirit passes from the first shock of despair up to the dawn of hope, acquiescent trust, and even calm happiness. Many a question has been solved, which can only suggest itself, when suffering forces the soul to front the realities of our mysterious existence, such as: Is there indeed a life to come? Will it be a conscious life? Will there be mutual recognition? Or, again: How comes it that one so gifted was taken away so early in the maturity of his powers? Is the law of creation Love indeed?

"By slow degrees, all doubts are answered, not as a philosopher would answer them, nor as a theologian, nor a metaphysician, but as it is the duty of a poet to reply, by intuitive faculty, in strains in which Imagination predominates over Thought and Memory. And one of the manifold beauties of this poem is that, piercing through all the sophistries and over-refinements

of speculation, and the lifeless scepticism of science, it falls back upon the grand, primary, simple truths of our Humanity; those first principles which underlie all creeds, which belong to our earliest childhood, and on which the wisest and best have rested through all ages: that all is right: that darkness shall be clear: that God and Time are the only interpreters: that Love is king: that the Immortal is in us: that—which is the key-note of the whole—

> 'All is well, though Faith and Form
> Be sundered in the night of fear.'" *

Mr. Knowles tells us that Tennyson himself considered the poem to consist of nine sections.†

The chapters i.–viii. are introductory. And I think one must feel as one reads these, and indeed all through Tennyson's writings, the underlying faith. Never throughout the poem is there any thought that the loved one has lost by death; only the survivor. It is, faith whispers, like the passing away of the Master; temporary loss is eternal gain, not for him only who has passed away. That is in some degree true for all saintly souls, which was expressed by the breaking of the alabaster vase, when the house was filled with the odour of the ointment. But this thought is developed later. At first he sees death as death, and speaks of treading on our dead selves, and thereby attaining one day a larger outlook than the world of sense can offer.

At first, however, this cannot be felt as a consolation at all:

> "Who shall so forecast the years,
> And find in loss a gain to match?
> Or reach a hand through time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears?"

At first he will be like the unchanging yew: all the world seems dead now that dear life has passed away (4) and the soul remains in a state of death-like torpor, wherein the measured (5) language of poetry lulls to repose.

(6) At once the words of the opening verse, however, are realised in the enlarged sympathies; he now knows the grief of father, mother, and bride.

In the first stage of sorrow, the spirit of the mourner lingers (8) round the earthly dwelling-place, the home, the haunts of his friend; then imagination passes out to meet the (9) ship, and in a most melodious verse, in which we hear the flow of

* From Preface of "Analysis of 'In Memoriam.'" By Rev. F. W. Robertson.

† See footnote at end of article.

the waves, we have (10) an exquisitely painted sea-piece, and later the picture of the graveyard in the village, and the (11) autumn morning harmonising with the thoughts of death.

(12) Is another lovely allegorical picture of the soul as a bird going out to meet the ship (13), and the poet describes, what (14) we well know, the impossibility of realising at first that our beloved is indeed gone.

(15) Then he speaks of the restlessness of grief; (16) the bringing to shore of the sacred dust, the burial: (17 and 18) this portion closes with the lovely picture (19) symbolising the ebb and flow of grief, and (20) completes the thought.

> "There twice a day the Severn fills;
> The salt sea-water passes by,
> And hushes half the babbling Wye,
> And makes a silence in the hills.
>
> "The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
> And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
> When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
> I brim with sorrow drowning song."

(21) Hitherto he has been entirely wrapped up in his own grief; now he first becomes aware of voices around, reproaching him for selfish grief. Then the poem passes away from the funeral, and all that belongs to the body, and he dwells in that past which lives again for memory.

(22) He goes over those four years; he gazes on it through a haze of grief, (24) and it appears perhaps glorified, but seen, too, with fuller comprehension; the thought that he might have escaped suffering is rejected (25 and 26); and in the beautiful 27th the thought is summed up:

> "I hold it true, whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most:
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

(28) The Christmas season summons him to share the joys and sorrows of others, and now in the thought of the (30) living Christ he looks away from the earth, and sees his friend living in the eternal world.

(31–33) He glances at the Scripture record of Lazarus, but turns from the Gospel narrative as not an apt theme for the

poet; for him the resurrection must be a subjective fact realised in consciousness.

> "Urania speaks with darken'd brow:
> 'Thou pratest here where thou art least;
> This faith has many a purer priest,
> And many an abler voice than thou.'
>
> * * * * *
>
> "And my Melpomene replies,
> A touch of shame upon her cheek:
> 'I'm not worthy e'en to speak
> Of thy prevailing mysteries.'"

And so he accepts this faith, "that life shall live for evermore," because it is unthinkable that death should be the centre of all things, because it is inconceivable there should be no purpose in creation.

This is expressed more fully in the separate poem, "Love and Duty."

Christmas changes into spring (38). He passes from the dead body and the dead past to the thought of a present, of the new (39) home of his friend, like that of the bride.* We have a vision (41) of the soul in its higher sphere, (42) thoughts of the larger experience, not separating the friend, but (43) enabling the higher to embrace the lower. It is suggested that life may be suspended as in sleep; if so (44) there must be awakening and renewal of communion; or should the memory of the infancy on earth be gone, spirits who embrace the knowledge of the temporal and the eternal, the guardian angel may bring tidings of the mourner.

But he feels that surely the personality (45), which is realised through experience of earth, cannot be lost, and is sure that the (46) full meaning of life will be seen through, when the sun goes down in the west and lights up the intricate paths through which the soul has passed.

Since all experience is different (47), each soul must have its own personality, through sharing, through love, the good of all.

Then the poet apologises (48) for the slight way in which he meets the questionings: these are but surface touches, there is deep grief:

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* Chapter (39) was inserted in the later editions; (40) of the edition of 1866 will be (41) in subsequent ones,

"If these brief lays of sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.
* * * * *
"Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

(49) Faith ebbs at times, when the frame is racked with pains which conquer trust. Then there seems no purpose in life (51), but the thought of that glorious soul revives it (52), and an answer seems to come from the unseen, assuring him that there is a purpose in life, and one day, when the shell is opened, the pearl, the pure beautiful soul, will be found therein. Through what seems evil good will be realised, and though we dare not say evil is good, we must trust as the little child his mother.

Surely that conviction of the soul (55) must come from God; though Nature seems to cast us down into darkness, yet the faith of humanity (56) survives, and we are sure that in the eternal there will be answer, redress. The innate optimism of man must come from God.

And this part closes with the grand appeal to the catholic faith of humanity, to God, to final good:

"And he, shall he,
Man, her best work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes;
Who rolled the psalm to waking skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer.

"Who trusted God was love indeed—
And love creates for it law—

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills.

"There must be answer and redress.
Behind the veil! behind the veil!"

Then comes in a second voice, speaking of peace (57), bidding him remember that songs of parting belong to the earth: adieu means not parting, but eternal greeting: we reach (58) a higher stage:

"I hear it now, and o'er and o'er
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And Ave, Ave, Ave, said,
Adieu, adieu for evermore."

There is now peace in sorrow (59); he will not rebel, but be content for his friend's sake, who has passed up higher (60), and his own love is felt to be the assurance of his friend's sympathy.

Yet he is not selfish in longing for recognition (61); the great are not lowered by sympathy with the humble. And then surely sympathy cannot be one-sided—the love he feels is a pledge of his friend's; indeed, separation has quickened his sympathy. Has it not also moved the compassion of the glorified soul? (65) Once more he passes in thought to the grave (66), but there is not, as before, the ebb and flow of the tides (67); but he sees the ebb and flow of light, and he knows that the glorious name is always there, though he cannot always see it.

"Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

"The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray."

It is his own darkness (68), and the dream images of this earth which check one's hope.

(69) "I dream'd there would be spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door."

We have the thought, which we find also in Shakespeare, that the soul crowned by sorrow, wins a fresh dignity and grace.

On the anniversary of the death clouds gather again (71), and shut out the star of hope; and yet as the day passes, and the darkness comes, night speaks of the infinite of worlds, and of perfect law. He feels there must be an eternal purpose being wrought out through seeming failure.

Darkness and death (74) are ever the condition of perfect development, and with this thought in our souls we cannot be eager for fame. We can trust, one day (75) "every good work

shall have praise of God." If we ascend to heaven, how small does the earth seem. If we dwell in the eternal, we can never live for time.

(76) "Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

"Take wings of foresight: lighten thro
The secular abyss to come,
And lo! thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew."

(77) "But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise."

The second Christmas has come round, and now there is a calmer resignation (78). Friendship fulfils family affection, and then follow thoughts of how death perfects friendship, and makes it secure.

(81) "But death returns an answer sweet;
My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat."

And he is really content:

(82) "I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
* * * *
"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one."

Only he cannot help thinking of the progress which might have been realised on earth in a lifelong friendship.

And the second spring revives his life; he gathers up many thoughts in answer to the (85) expostulation of the same friend, who has spoken before, and he recurs to the earliest expression of resignation; the contrast is drawn between the restful love which we feel towards those who cannot change, and the glad sympathy and companionship of earth, and then his friend seems to commend his affection for another:

"Arise and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more."

The voice heard in Nature (86) is now no longer felt to be contrary to the faiths of the soul, and he prays the winds of heaven to breathe

"The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows, and blow

"The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath,
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly,

"From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'"

(87) And now he visits no more the silent haunts, but the college where their sympathetic life had begun ; (88) the individual grief no longer shuts him in from the glory of the sum of things.

(89) All the beauty of the universe, which they had enjoyed together, united them for ever. (92) And though there is no revelation of this to sense, (93) the communion of holy spirits is something more intimate than converse through sense.

"No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb ;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost."

(94) But this is possible only to a heart at peace, and attuned to heavenly music.

"In vain shall thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

* * * * *

"But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within."

(95) In part this communion is realised as we read the written words of the dead, a fuller meaning is shed on these; and then we have a wonderful description of a night of solitary communion.

(96) Again the same speaker comes in condemning doubt, and there is a noble defence of the heroes who have slain the dragon of darkness, and ascended heights to which we cannot follow them.

(99) The second anniversary is contrasted with the first by the sympathy with others' sorrows, (100) and the old home which is now to be forsaken, (101) is consecrated by the memory of the past.

(103) There is, too, a vision like the "Morte d'Arthur," and the seen is lost in the unseen; the last Christmas in the old home (104, 105) looks forward to renewed life.

> "Long sleeps the summer in the seed,
> Run out your measured arcs, and lead
> The closing cycle rich in good."

And that bell (106) which we heard before, Adieu! tolling Adieu! peals with joyful hope. Ring out wild bells—the birthday is once more kept as when he lived. The mourner wins at last the interest, far-off, of tears (108). Through the power of sympathy, he will gather wisdom, contemplating all that is great and ennobling in life (109); so thoughts of the dead are felt no longer as depressing (110), but stimulating, and the beautiful memories come back—his friend's love of freedom, his gentleness, his sincerity, his clear perception; and the loss is felt no longer so much for self (112) as for the commonwealth.

(115) The third spring is full of colour and brightness; we may contrast it with the first, 38, and the second, 82; it speaks of resurrection—

> (116) "The songs, the stirring air,
> The life re-orient out of dust,
> Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
> In that which made the world so fair."

(117) Joy could not be known but through sorrow.

(118) As the world passed through the epoch of fire ere it was fit for man, so must the soul of man, even

"As iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

"To shape and use. Arise, and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

(119) He lingers no longer over the mortal remains; the (120) body is not the man; we are not "cunning casts in clay."

Hesper sinks to rise as Phosphor; the same sun is there, though we now mourn and now hope (123). The earthly changes. Nature cannot give faith; assurance is found within, for death is inconceivable.

(125) Hope cannot perish if love reigns, and all (127) is well, though we see the future dark with coming tempest.

(128) There must be a purpose in all, an eternal life, larger than the life of Nature, fulfilling and embracing the lower.

(129, 130) The far has become near, and the poem closes with the prayer of faith:

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

"That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

"With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

These are the sections into which Tennyson himself divided the poem: I. 1-8; II. 9-20; III. 21-27; IV. 28-49; V. 50-58; VI. 59-61; VII. 62-98: VIII. 99-103; IX. 104-130.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

By Mrs. Armitage.

I do not propose in this paper to decide the limits of Parental Responsibility. It is sufficient that all Christian parents feel an amount of responsibility for what their children are and will be, enough to crush them to despair with its weight, if they had nothing but their own wisdom and watchfulness to rely upon. And it is to Christian parents that I am speaking, to those who believe in a covenant of God with man. The two simple Sacraments which most Protestant Churches observe are witnesses to that covenant: the Lord's Supper to the individual's share in the free gift of divine life, and Baptism to the reception of the family into the same Godward course of development. "The promise is unto you and to your children." The God who "set men in families" has His special grace for the family as well as for the individual.

The first necessity for earnest Christian parents is to embrace this covenant of God, and believe that if man is called to be a fellow-worker with God, God will work with him. It requires a robust faith like this to meet the facts which confront us in every child's character. The facts of heredity rain difficulties to which Faith alone has the key. Mr. Galton, in one of his anthropological essays, discusses the comparative influences of Nature and Nurture. Acknowledging the persistence of moral impressions made in childhood, he doubts the common deduction from it, the deduction which is expressed in the saying of the Jesuits: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I will give you the rest." A child, he points out, inherits not only from its parents, but from its grandparents, and its great-grandparents, and even from remoter ancestors. So that a child is truly a harp of a thousand strings, and as in the earlier years of its life it is chiefly taught by its parents, they evoke the inherited dispositions which are like their own, so that Nature and Nurture really work together in early childhood, to

reproduce the parents' character and tendencies in the child. Mr. Galton's lesson, of course, is that the inherited tendencies of a child's character are the permanent ones. "The foster-mother's instructions are soon sponged away; the cuckoo never learns new songs." That is all that Science can say to help us in this strait. Yet observe that Science (as ever) is in no real contradiction with Faith. In the first place, if there are such a multitude of inherited fibres of tendency from so many quarters in a child's soul, a Christian parent who seeks to evoke the noblest ones and leave the others dormant, may well believe that he is working with God. And in the second place, the Christian parent believes that under all the stern or benignant facts of physical and mental heritage, there is the eternal fact of the child's inheritance from the Father in whose image he was created. This belief, which is the sure ground of hope in Christian missions, is likewise the parents' sheet-anchor. We believe that in every soul which is human there is the possibility of response to that which is divine. We may see no evidence of this potentiality, but we must appeal to it in the confident belief that it is there. Only in the faith that God hath chosen the things which are not (to human eyes) to bring to nought the things which are, can we believe that He can work in our children, as in every child of man, the great miracle of the new birth.

First of all, then, parents must believe in themselves as instruments of the divine purpose. This must be laid upon their souls, that God has committed to them the salvation of their children—to *them*, in the first place, however useful others may be. All hangs on our faith in the divine plan, and the divine anointing for the fulfilling of that plan. This delivers from restlessness while it stimulates to obedience. This explains why those souls who led the simplest life of faith and prayer have been the most successful in the Christian training of their children. They lived in a spiritual atmosphere which became the vital air of their children.

But this brings us back with tenfold force to the importance of what we as parents *are*, beyond all our teachings to our children. Whether as the sources of their inherited qualities, or the developing influence of their early years, it is what we *are* which is of decisive weight. Surely God does indeed put us to school, when He gives us children. Surely those who have such a

divine hope set before them as the bringing of their children to God, should consecrate themselves as for the most solemn priesthood which God can give to man. It is by no casual fits of aspiration that we can hope to mould our children's souls; the purpose of our lives must be steadily and consistently devoted to it. Our desires for them must be purified; and this implies that we should be constantly bringing those desires to the altar of sacrifice, offering up the vain and poor ambitions, the worldly desires, the selfish hopes, which we too frequently cherish for our children, and thus having our eyes purged to discern the purpose of God for them, His concern in the unfolding of their souls towards Himself. Children are quick to perceive the real bent of their parents' minds, and no amount of religious observances prevents them from finding out what things their parents value most, on what their hopes for their children are really set. Nay, we may go further, and say, that in spite of the ready response which is generally to be found in the young to all that is generous and chivalrous, there are also in most young people seeds of worldliness and caste-feeling and self-indulgence, which only wait for the tacit encouragement given by the parents' example to spring into luxuriant growth.

And there is another aspect from which we may consider the supreme importance of the reality of the religious life of parents—namely, the divine use of opportunity in the religious education of children. Far more important than systematic religious instruction or any kind of religious mechanism with which we may surround our children, is the power, the God-given power, of saying the right word at the right time; of discerning the crises in a child's soul, those momentous times when repentance for some fault, or the entrance of some new aspiration, some generous expansion, or some questioning after the unseen, enlarges its moral vision. Then to be able, with the wisdom of love, with the firmness and certainty of one to whom the plan of God is a reality, to use that opportunity as a means of setting the child's feet on the next rung of the upward ladder—this is the gift of God which a true parent will most fervently desire. God does not fail to give us these opportunities in the education of our children. Fearfully are they misused sometimes, and the moment of moral awakening, misunderstood by the parent, becomes the occasion of a widening rift between parent and child. But the way in which we act in times of crisis depends on what we habitually

are. The parents who are waiting upon God in prayer, ever seeking His purpose for the child, will be able to use these divine opportunities. If, then, we have never sought for our own sakes the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, shall we not seek it for our children's sakes, that our eyes may be opened to know those moments when the angels of God descend to stir the silent pools?

Religion is not a science but an art, the divine art of a holy life. But all real art is something much more than merely imitative. Almost any one can be taught to copy a picture, but only the true artist can *make* a picture, because he alone has the eye of truth which shows him what is the important and what the unimportant in the landscape or the figure before him, so that he chooses the vital and rejects the trivial, and thus makes a picture and not a map of his subject; and he alone has the hand of truth which can make the right forms and the right colours live on the canvas. Now what genius is to the artist, the Holy Ghost is to us, who are pupils in the school of Christ. Not by mechanical imitation must we follow Him, nor teach our children to follow Him, but (in the words of Savonarola) by inward and divine inspiration. But the difference between this Holy Spirit and the genius of the artist is that it is transmissible. We are made to be channels of the Holy Ghost to one another. We have not to look at our children as the teacher of drawing looks at his class, with the despairing sense that some of them have no artistic fibre in them, and can never by any amount of pains be trained into artists. The Holy Ghost is given to all them that believe; the promise is to us and to our children; and in proportion as we grasp this truth for ourselves we shall be able to grasp it for our children, and to believe that God, who by His marvellous working sustains their bodily life and builds up their bodily frames, will also give them the eye of truth to know His will, and the will of truth to perform it.

But there is no royal road to any art. It is sometimes said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; it would be truer to say that genius has the love which makes all pains easy. This is the supreme problem of every kind of education, how to awaken the love of that which is truly worthy of love. If we want a child to be a musician, we send him to a teacher who is not only a master of the technical part of his art, but who is also

full of the love of music, and can so infect him with that love that he will cheerfully submit to the drudgery of hard work, without which no art can be mastered. So we cannot make for our children any royal road to the kingdom of God. We cannot abridge for them the pains, the toil, the self-sacrifice, with which the art of the divine life must be sought; we must not try to abridge them. But if our own hearts are full of the love of that kingdom, we can with God's help infect our children with it, and thus teach them to count all toil and effort light for the prize that is set before them. Love is born of love; the end of religious education is love, and the means is love. But love in its very essence implies self-sacrifice; it scorns delight, and lives laborious days; and to this discipline for love's sake we must inure our children. We must bring them up in an atmosphere of simplicity and service, and early train them to treat Pleasure as a servant, so that she may never become their mistress. And it is only by having the ideal ever before us, as the constant object of our prayers and purposes, that we can hope to plant their feet in the realm of reality.

Finally, if we wish to keep our children in the fellowship of the Christian Church, it is in our homes that we must teach them that spiritual idea of the worship and work of the Church, which will deliver them from regarding the "means of grace" as a means of self-pleasing. We must teach them that the spirit of worship is the spirit of sacrifice, and that each of us has to bring a victim to the altar before the fire of God can descend upon it. We must train them to understand that the Church lives not for herself, but that every individual congregation is part of the great army of God, deeply implicated in His battles everywhere, whether against national sins, such as intemperance, or against heathenism in our towns and villages, and in the great world outside. A large idea of the kingdom of God, a wide sympathy with its work, will help to keep them true to the cause of God when they have to tread that winepress of fermenting thought from which we neither can nor ought to hope to preserve them.

HOW TO GIVE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

By Miss Agnes Mason.

I am going to speak, to-day, of religious *instruction*, not of religious *influence*, which is what we are in ourselves; and not of *what* to teach, but of *how* to teach. This last limitation will, I think, keep us clear of the difficulties of Biblical criticism.

In giving religious instruction to children up to the age of twelve years, three conditions are necessary, if the teaching is to be of any permanent value.

It must be interesting, definite, and spiritual.

The Jesuits, who are such good teachers, recognise in their schools the difficulty and importance of teaching very young children; and it is said that their teachers are promoted downwards, that the least experienced master is given an advanced and disciplined class, and when he is able to manage and instruct it, he is promoted to a class where the children are less orderly and advanced, and so on downwards until he is at the top of his profession, teaching the youngest class. And they say, I believe, that if they can have a child to teach till he is seven years old, they do not care who has him afterwards, for all the most important lasting work is done.

But if we recognise that it is difficult to teach little children, we are on the way to success.

All of us have not, of course, a "gift for teaching," which is as real a thing as a "gift for preaching." But any one who tries in the right way can become a fairly successful teacher. Though no rules for teaching can be given, yet it does help us when we grasp and apply true principles of teaching; and those who can make the history of the Greeks and Romans a delight to their children can, if they try, make the history of the Jews equally attractive. But let us consider our first principle.

(1) Teaching must be interesting.

We shall not find it so hard to fulfil if we remember that a child is inferior to a full-grown man, not so much in intelligence as in

knowledge; and when we impart knowledge to him, we must proceed from inside his mind, linking on our instruction to what he already knows and takes an interest in. He will then be interested by it, and will understand it as a natural sequence to what he has learnt before. This is one reason why our Lord taught His disciples by parables. He led them on, and so should we lead our children to apprehend the unknown through the known.

An ideal lesson is a work of art, and, like all works of art, it must have unity in variety; but how can we who are not artists make it interesting? Certainly in our teaching there should be no flippancy nor puerilities. We may take comfort in thinking that if we teach on right principles we shall really make the lesson interesting; for definiteness will give it variety, and spirituality will give it unity.

(2) Teaching must be definite.

We should always be definite in telling a story. A child is so anxious to hear every detail—they are so interesting to him that he remembers them. A pin must have something to pull against if it is to stick; and details give his mind something to pull against. Details also have a value of their own as facts; and they cultivate in a child the habit of accuracy.

In teaching right matter we inevitably gain right manner! In doctrine the same principle holds good. We must teach positive details so far as we can. For instance, in the story of the Creation, if we teach that "God created the world out of nothing," the child's mind is left a blank. But if we can teach that God created it out of His thoughts, and because He is Love eternally "before the world was made," and show how love is always going out of itself, the strongest creative power that we know, that is akin to something that the child knows; he can understand something of it; a little teaching is definite and is remembered.

Thirty years ago the importance of laying stress on definite teaching was not so great. Rather the contrary; there was too little tolerance and allowance made for other people's views. But in these days we are afraid to trust what we do know, for fear of what we do not know; we are terrified and oppressed by the thought that others think differently from ourselves.

The difficulty now is to train children to face this current when they are older. We want to make them feel the value of

positive knowledge, of belief in truth, whether what *I* am teaching is true or not.

But what if we are indefinite ourselves?

To some minds, certainly, dogma *is* nonsense.

But humility is not wasted on children, and we may legitimately teach as true a doctrine which has come down to us from of old, permanently commending itself to the Christian conscience, though saying frankly, "I do not understand it myself." So I hope we should teach, not only in religion, but in every other matter. This, though it may be called a teaching of dogma, yet is by no means a dogmatic method, and we do not deprive the child of his belief in truth, and allow our teaching to consist of generalities about "being good," and "all good children going to heaven," which leads to nothing. The question of authority is in no way peculiar to religion, and will confront the child in every region of knowledge.

And we must never be shocked at a child's questions; many children have an inner life carefully hidden, and a question may be the child's attempt to let light into the secret.

(3) Religious instruction must be spiritual.

We should draw out of the details the true generalities—spiritual truths—that is to say, eternal practical relations.

For instance, the writers of the Old Testament are continually saying, "God did" this and that, sometimes without further explanation; sometimes saying how, sometimes saying also that a man did it. That is to say, God is present to the whole of their history. There are not "special providences," but not a sparrow falls to the ground without God. So it is now. And the chief value of teaching Old Testament history seems to me to consist in bringing out this eternal practical fact.

But if we are doubtful how to teach any part of the Bible, we need not begin by teaching that particular part. We should teach children of three or four what is suited to their age, and go on to teach them what is suited to children of six or seven, and so on. We need never be at a loss for something to teach when we have all the Bible to choose from; and although all the Bible is valuable, just as every star has its own glory, yet none of us would count it all of equal value, chapter for chapter. There are some parts, we need not hesitate to admit, which, for various reasons, cannot be profitably taught to children.

The New Testament stands on rather a different footing. We

might believe in Providence, even if we knew nothing of the Old Testament. But in the New Testament the fact is history, and is only the other side of the spiritual relation.

Indeed, the second part of the Creed is nothing but a recitation of historical facts about Jesus Christ; and it would be impossible to leave them out, and yet to teach a child that he was a member of Christ, a spiritual truth which is certainly eternal and practical. We teach a child that he is a member of such a family, and these relations have a practical value. They are what a child is, and we expect what he does to follow from them. So with that greater relation. The child is a member of Christ, and what he does should follow in just the same matter-of-fact, practical way. Only this is a far deeper relation, touching not only a part of the child's self, but the whole—it is eternal.

We ought never, I think, to teach a Bible story without bringing out the spiritual truth which it teaches, not necessarily putting the moral in words in cut-and-dry fashion, but letting the child feel it, which we can only do by really having it present to our own minds. And we ought never to teach a doctrine, an eternal truth, without likewise showing its practical side. Each story or doctrine otherwise taught has done the child not good, but harm, teaching half-truths, so that they are no better than falsehoods. And I think that we should be less afraid of teaching definite spiritual truth, if we remembered that all theology is nothing but an expansion of the text, "God is Love."

THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

XIII.

THE LIFE SCHOOL.

WE are now in the third year of the Fésole Club. All this while we have been learning how to draw and paint. We have begun at the beginning, with the simplest methods of art, and laid foundations as firm, we hope, as those walls built into, and upon, the living rock of the ancient city, from which we derive the name of our society, and the rules of its work. It is time that we should ask ourselves, "What are we going to draw, now that we have learned?"

Pictures, of course! Ah, young friends and fellow-students, the people whose pictures are worth drawing, begin early and work late, every day, and all day, year after year; striving; struggling; laying down their lives for their labour; and are heaven-born artists to begin with. You may indeed be such; but if so, go to one of the great schools, and take up the profession in a business-like way. The Fésole Club is not for you; it is only a little quiet corner, into which a few old-fashioned folk have withdrawn, retainers of an exiled leader, with some young people whose country lives keep them out of the busy world of the studios. In this our Arden, exempt from public ambitions and modern aims, we have found sermons in stones, unashamed: and we ask not to be famous painters, but only humble lovers of Art, glad if we may recognise her, when we see her flitting, Diana-like, through the twilight, among mysteries of life that without her light are unseen and unregarded.

Not to make fine pictures, nor to amuse ourselves idly and irresponsibly; but to use our drawing as a means of education; that is what, I think, we should desire, and may expect. The sister art of Writing, how do we use it to educational advantage?

Every student knows the value of note-taking and essay-writing, by which attention is fixed, observation sharpened, and memory supported. You could not expect much lasting good from a course of lessons, in which you took no notes and wrote no exercises.

But when our books, as in Arden, are running brooks, and when we listen to the lessons of the trees, what sort of notes are we to take? It is only a part of the teaching of Nature that can be put into words. Much that she says, and that we do well to know, cannot be written down in characters of any language, except that of Painting. She speaks to us in forms and colours, and the impressions we receive are lost unless we can note them down in form and colour. The laws we discern are incompletely stated in printer's type; indeed, they are often quite invisible even to scientifically trained men, whose science means only book-learning, who have not the artist's eye for lines of structure and movement. It is not merely a question of the amount of enjoyment received, but of actual perception and instruction. Examples could be given of serious mistakes arising from the want of an artist's eye to observe natural phenomena, and an artist's hand to record them; but the value of drawing as an aid to science-study has been so generally admitted, that nothing need be said, if it were not for a widespread notion that the instantaneous camera has replaced the sketch-book; and that the young student of the twentieth century will only need to buy a Kodak, in order to beat all the old observers.

In certain things that is the case; but there are two reasons why drawing is still worth learning.

1. Because, after all, photography is inadequate. In most observations the colour is as important as the form; and a record, however rough, which gives colour, tells a great deal more than any photograph can tell. Also a photograph, unless the object can be artificially arranged under carefully chosen light and shade, is apt to be confused, or to show accidental detail at the expense of the leading lines which are the real requirements. Moreover, it commonly happens that we want to note things in places and upon occasions when we can't be expected to carry a camera; but a note-book, and even a miniature colour-box, will never be much of a burden in anybody's pocket.

2. The photographer, as such, is not a qualified observer.

The habit of sketching makes one sensitive to impressions, sharpens the eye and the memory in a wonderful way. Of course, if a sketcher aim at being an artist pure and simple, and look only for "effects" which will work up into pictures, then he sees only "effects." But if he be interested in any branch of science, his sketching habit keeps him on the look-out; and the necessity for choosing the leading lines trains him to seize them in any case, much more when he is in the act of drawing.

Now, for educational purposes, this is surely what we need; the habit of looking, and the power of seeing. It is the horrid fact that most people are half blind. They rush through fine scenery in the railway, or on bicycles, or in a pedestrianising mood; and if you ask them, "Did you see this or that?" well—they hadn't time! There was a grand sunset the other night; yes, they saw it. Did they notice the iridescence before the sun went down? No! The unusual shapes of cirrus, and their mysterious consent of movement? They don't remember. The strange obscurity of olive sky behind certain brightest primrose-golden flakes of flame? A very little questioning makes you ashamed to ask more: your neighbour has "looked with a half-glance upon the sky . . . . and said the world is beautiful." For him the drama of the sunset was played in vain; he was like a deaf man at an opera: while your sketching taught you to see, and perhaps helped you to fix the sight in your note-book.

We have had a wonderful frost this winter, and great chances for studying the crystal forms of water, more beautiful than all the diamonds of Sindbad's valley. Who in all this country, we might venture to ask, has recorded the infinite varieties of frost ferns on the window; the stars of falling snow and delicately facetted cones of hail; the interwoven rays of freshly forming ice, and the dainty Etruscan jewellery of tiny hexagons beneath broken cat-ice by any pool? Who knows the fronds and tablets of rime condensed from chilly night-fogs; the sparkling lace-work that dressed every dead leaf and twig and splinter of stone in Court attire of Titania; the myriad columns that, in spite of warped failure, and in the midst of distorted effort, lift nevertheless, by strength of union, their tons and tons of soil and stones by every soaked wayside and irrigated bank, and make the very mud of the common road into enchanted grottoes and fairy palaces? Who has drawn faithfully and fully the delicate

curves of snow-wreaths and drooping viscous slabs of ice that slip and cling to walls and eaves ; the stalactite and stalagmite of icicles, and all the chalcedonic forms of frost that imprison the last tricklings of every gutter and brook? This is not artist's work, nor is it the province of the physicist, and it is left for us sketching amateurs to do, some day.

In previous papers I have tried to suggest the value of drawing plants as they grow, and to any one who cares for them as living things—who wants to know more of them than the mere grammar of botany—there is a field for age-long research in recording their habits of life and gestures and growth. No mere words can tell accurately the full natural history of the mosses ; for example, in what dells and crannies they congregate ; by what union of spreading growth they carpet the soil; in what hardy bivouac they fringe the edges of bleak rock, camping out in the enemy's country, fighting their way with savage stone and hostile weather, until they have won a home for themselves. You know, perhaps, the species of mosses ; a good exercise of memory. But you don't know the life of mosses until you have watched it so ; you know them only when you know their ways : in a less degree, but in the same manner, their ways must be learnt as you learn human nature, which needs more than the elements of anthropological classification to disentangle it. And all this, again, is the province of the intelligent sketching-student ; it is not in books, nor in pictures.

When we come to the study of animal life, this kind of work is much more needful, though more difficult. But by using opportunities out of doors, and by keeping little creatures in kindly captivity, not needlessly prolonged, what can you not discover about their habits and uses? You may have a complete series of butterflies or beetles pinned upon card, or a museum of snail-shells, and yet be ignorant of the way the real creatures live and move and have their being. But watch them crawling or flying, feeding and resting, sketch them so, and you have a new intimacy, no more with dead matter, but with the living little people who share with us the mingled bounty and severity of the kind, stern mother of us all.

I propose then, during the forthcoming year, to turn the Fésole Club to this special use of the power the members have gained ; and to ask them to devote the time they can afford to the study of natural life. I don't attempt to teach science, but

to show how drawing may be made useful in studies that go hand-in-hand with science. The subjects must be limited to such things as most members will find easy to come at; they must be simple enough for beginners to attempt, and yet giving scope for the more advanced to make drawings that we shall all like looking at. Members of the Club who have special interests are invited to send their sketches, of whatever kind, for criticism, and for the pleasure of the rest in seeing their work. For we help one another more than we know, in showing our strength and confessing our failures—that is the value of class-teaching. And it is pleasant to hear that so many of the members find the monthly portfolio interesting and instructive, far more than if their drawings were returned alone, even with the fullest criticism. They find, as they ought, that example is worth more than precept.

We have already done something in the way of plant-studies, and crystal-forms might be inconvenient to obtain, and so we may venture at once into the animal kingdom, attacking it, on our old principle, point by point. I do not mean to ask you at once to draw birds on the wing, but just a feather to begin with. Not horses galloping, but snails creeping; and by-and-by, after a few months of preliminary studies, I suspect you will be betrayed into attempting sketches of the sheep in the meadow and the birds in the trees. It will be a short step, then, to the human figure, as you catch sight of it from the window or watch it from a corner of the drawing-room in the evening. And some such studies of natural history I hope you will slip into the portfolio as extra contributions.

There are two chief points to be borne in mind in these sketches. First, that they are the notes of animal structure in its outward aspects. They are not to be anatomical, Skinned cats and dissected rats have no place in the Fésole Club, nor, I believe, ought they to have any place in general education. But everything that we can learn about an animal by looking at it in its normal natural conditions ought to be interesting, and is likely to be useful. And in the careful drawing of these outward and visible signs of the great gift of life you lay the foundation for technical power in art—and, let me add, for a sound and healthy taste.

Secondly, as these sketches are studies of life, they must necessarily involve some attempt at representing movement.

And here again we shall be following the laws of Fésole when we determine that if we draw birds they shall not be stuffed birds; if donkeys, not dead donkeys; for the grace and expression of the creature depend not only on its structure, but upon the fact of life and movement in its limbs. And when you come to the human figure you will find that the difference between life and inertness is very generally the chief, and often the only difference between thoroughly good and thoroughly bad art.

Let us begin with simple forms and quiet movements, though always bearing in mind that organic forces and vital action are the objects of our search. For the first lesson, not to attempt too much, let us find a couple of feathers, one from the breast, and one of the quills from the wing of any bird. I leave you in both cases to adopt the method of drawing you find most convenient; the best would be to fix with the pen all that you can see of definite lines, sketched first with the pencil, and then to lay, upon that prepared beginning, your masses of colour, matched as nearly as possible at once, and gradated by taking off light and adding dark before the first work dries. Some retouching may be necessary; but don't begin with wilful error in the hope that stippling will mend everything.

The feathers can be pinned on a card, and propped vertically, or nearly so, on a table before you. If they are very small they should be at arm's-length, not closer. Your aim should be to arrange them so as to give the most characteristic view, and to paint them so as to tell the greatest number of facts about them.* An interesting chapter on the structure of feathers will be found in Ruskin's "Laws of Fésole," well worth study. But your own inspection, before you begin to draw, will show you the main points that are to be seized; the difference of the breast-feather from the quill, as being part of the dress of the bird, exquisite in radiation, and in the tender gradations which alone will express its softness and downiness. In the quill-feather,

* Drawings should be about the size of a page of the *Parents' Review*, on rather smooth drawing-paper or card; they should be packed with a bit of stout card or mill-board, and sent by book-post or parcel-post to the writer, at "Coniston, Lancashire," by the end of the month in which the lesson appears in this magazine. They are then returned in a portfolio, with the work of other members and criticisms. Subscriptions to the Club, one guinea each member per annum. The year begins with this month, March. Announcement of the prize-winner for the year will be made in the next number of the *Parents' Review*.

on the other hand, you will find your work to be to render the curvature of the quill itself, and the rounded, leaf-like surface of the whole feather. Think of it, while you draw, as the oar-blade with which the bird strikes the air, in which it rows its little boat, the means of its mysterious flight; quiet as it lies before you, the very type of movement and of energy, the sacred symbol of life from lowest to highest—raven's wings for wandering, dove's wings for home-returning; cherub-wings, with a noise like the noise of many waters, as the voice of the Almighty; wings of the Spirit that brooded over chaos, and that fosters the nurslings of eternity, as a hen gathers her chickens, sheltering them under her wings.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHILDHOOD.

By Robert Durning,
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LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.—CURIOSITY.

MOTTOES:

We often instruct best when we tell nothing.
Novelty is the parent of pleasure.

I. *Love of knowledge: how evidenced.* Note a child three or four months old when he sees some shining colour, some brilliant object; the eye fixes on it in intent, eager, often grave examination, commonly ending in a crow of delight. Hold it a little way off, and the baby flutters in his nurse's arms, and stretches out his hands to get the beautiful thing into his tiny grasp. In a year or two he recognises his friends (though many) by appearance, by voice, and by name. He knows how to use his limbs and other organs; he has become familiar with the form, the colour, the texture, the general appearance, and the names of hundreds of articles connected with dress, furniture, food, amusement; and with hundreds more of motions, actions, uses and relations of number, position, and size. He begins to contrast and compare, to classify and generalise. He perceives that the daisy, the buttercup, the harebell, the rose, are flowers and not vegetable substances merely; that azure and ultramarine are tints or shades of blue. The myriad ideas acquired before his first birthday find expression by that wonderful instrument, language, which he learns to use more and more fully day by day, rejoicing alike in its acquisition and its utterance. In children somewhat older, the same faculty is evidenced by their constant inquiries, What is this? Why can't I do it? Will you let me open the box? May I shut the knife? By their continual experiments, often involving unintentional mischief; by the eagerness with which they listen to converse between their elders,

undeterred by any proverb referring to "little pitchers." It is more satisfactorily evidenced by the conduct of a child in a strange place, a field, for instance, where he examines the most common things, weeds, stones, beetles, frogs, with lively interest; also by the eagerness with which he enters on any new study. The amount of knowledge gathered by children in their first two years of life, without the help of adults, is a perennial marvel.

Conclusions drawn from these facts:

I. That children are by nature filled with eagerness to learn all about the new world into which they have been ushered, a world which continually exhibits so varied and so imposing a spectacle. The appetite of curiosity corresponds in them to that for food, both are alike urgent and recurrent; but we should note that children desire to know, not so much what is remarkable, as what *is*. Were we to talk to a man just come from the moon, or even from China, he would interest us by telling us what he saw in the streets, how the people dressed, and what he had for dinner. Thus the distinction between common and uncommon must at first be ignored by children, to whom all things are new. This desire of the children to learn, especially in schools, is doubted by some and denied by others. That it is often weakened and sometimes destroyed is but too true; but when the appetite of children for bodily food fails, we do not assume that they never had an appetite: so when a child is harassed or irritated at his lessons, or by them, the mind becomes enfeebled and sometimes prostrated.

II. We must not demand the attention of children with regard to subjects which from their youth and inexperience they cannot care about. Any mental food will not do. It must be suitable to their taste and power of assimilation. We must not try to teach too much; the growth of the body depends not on the quantity of food swallowed, but on what is digested, so a child's education is measured not by the number of ideas forced on his mind, but on the number of those he can blend with it. We must not needlessly call the attention of children from what pleasantly engages it to something they do not care about, nor force them to continual attention until a sense of weariness supervenes. Mrs. Edgeworth cured her son of a love of cards by keeping him playing at one game for a long time.

He had, he thought, found a pleasure that would never pall; henceforward he knew better.

III. Powerful associations, accidental or otherwise, sometimes check the love of learning; an ugly or gloomy schoolroom tends to this. A woman whose husband was at sea sang the hymn, "To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes." Her little son, full of anxiety and sympathy, listened. A year afterwards, when she began the same hymn, her boy begged her to refrain. "It makes me think of the time when papa was going to sea to be drowned." Dr. Bryce, of Belfast, tells a sadder story. A playful and somewhat careless child was often punished by her governess by the imposition of tasks from the Bible, to be learned by rote. The dislike developed in the girl for the sacred book was retained by the woman. She became an Agnostic.

Rules for the Teacher.

Do not keep the children day after day repeating what they already know; give them something new to call forth new interest and wonder. When the object *is* new, do not waste time over familiar facts and qualities. Recapitulate rapidly, at least sometimes, and pass on to the novel, and especially to characteristic, features. When the object is not new, it often may be presented in a new light, often without telling the children anything but names.

One of three or four points may be selected in giving a lesson on the bee.

I. We may take the bee as distinguished from other insects; consider:

1. Its (special) habits.
2. Its mode of working.
3. The organs with which it works.

We may take the bee as an example of an insect, to show how they are distinguished from other animals. Consider:

1. Its principal parts.
2. The different stages of its life.

We may take the bee as an example of industry:

1. Compare the habits of the bee with those of the butterfly, with reference to different periods of the year.
2. Lead the children to draw an inference as to the future destiny of man.

We may take the bee to show the distinction between instinct and intellect:

1. Compare a honeycomb with the house in which the children are—the cells alike, the rooms different.
2. Compare several honeycombs with houses known to the children. Houses differ—all cells are alike.
3. Lastly. Compare the work of the insects at different periods with the work of man—the former never varies, the latter improves by practice, and by imitation of the work of others.

Other lessons might be given on the bee as an architect; on the government of the hive as a symbol of citizenship, &c. &c.

In giving lessons on the elephant, the point may be to show the adaptation of structure to habits. Consider:

1. Habitat—food.
2. Structure, as adapted to these.

Or, to show the effect of training:

1. The wild elephant—how tamed.
2. The domesticated elephant—how used.

Or, to set forth an example of docility, consider:

1. Its size and strength.
2. Intelligence (give anecdotes).
3. Application.

Or, as an example of the characteristics of pachydermatous animals.

In simply leading them to discover for themselves parts, qualities, and uses, the teacher can thoroughly interest and instruct them, though the lesson be familiar; or they may note materials, and the tool needed to shape these for use, describing and showing the way of manipulating the latter. A lesson may be made on any pieces of stuff they themselves may collect. Good lessons may be given on things out of sight. Let the children make a list of things seen on the way to school, of their games or playthings, which they liked best, and why. The first hour in the morning makes an interesting lesson—what they do as soon as they awake; what their first thoughts were; what their order of dressing themselves; what difficulties they meet with (if the children of the poor), such as frozen water, broken bootlaces, loss of pins, and the remedies. Above all, reference would be made to the need of prayer—the key of

the day, and the lock of the night. Lessons of this character, which become wearisome if taken up often, are once or twice in the quarter most welcome to the children.

There are other negative cautions. Do not encourage the curiosity of children with respect to future events: the present is enough to them. This is sometimes done with a most injurious effect—the development of a taste for what is really intellectual gambling. It is, if possible, worse to allow the pursuit of knowledge to stand as an excuse for the neglect of any duty incident to the position in which the child may be placed.

EDUCATION.

MASTER, Thou will'st me poor—
Haughty and rich am I;
In self-dependence rich,
Presuming, hard, and high:
Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see
Dark faults, sore failures, let to humble me.
Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:
And holy messengers
Oft have Thy presence left,
To bring me blessed tears:
Too soon they fail, and sin's hot breath sweeps by:
Then wilt Thou take the spot and show it me,
Till, weeping, fain I turn to hide in Thee:
Thy will be done!

Meek wouldst Thou have Thy child:
How little can I bear!
How seldom wait for Thee,
Quiet, within Thy care!
Though through provokings, teach me to endure,
Bid errors make me of myself less sure:
Thy will be done!

A hung'ring, thirsting one
Must Thy disciple be;
And I so full! grown fat
On Thy gifts, leaving Thee!
But Thou wilt teach me want, or take away
All lesser food till Thou my only stay:
Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art:
Oh, how hard judgments rise!
Oh, this censorious tongue,
Evil-discerning eyes!
Yet His sweet mercy will my King impart,
If by no other way, e'en through the smart
Of pity withheld in my extremities:
Thy will be done!

Pure, e'en in Thy pure eyes:
Single and free from guile;
Oh, when shall these vain thoughts
Pure rising, meet Thy smile?
E'en this through Thee is mine: though it should be
That, first, through purging fires, Thou go with me:
Thy will be done!

Ruled by the Prince of Peace:
How far from this my state—
Oft striving for my own,
Exacting, harsh, irate.
No peace is found in me; but Thou wilt come
And make this chafing bosom Thy sweet home:
Thy will be done!

Thus I abide His time;
For hath the King not sworn
That all these shall be mine,
And will not He perform?
If tender ways shall serve, such wilt Thou use;
But smite, if need be; I would not refuse:
Thy will be done!

THE CULTURE OF CHARACTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"WHAT get I from my father?
Lusty life and vig'rous will;
What, from my gentle mother?
Cheerful days and poet's skill," *

says Goethe; for poets, like the rest of us, are born, not made, and get the most of what they are from their parents. But it did not take poet or modern scientist to discover this; people have known it time out of mind. Like father, like child, they said, and were satisfied; for it was not the way in earlier days to thresh out the great facts of life. Not so, now, we talk about it, and about it; call it *heredity*, and take it into count in our notions, at any rate, if not in our practice. Nobody writes a biography now without attempting to produce progenitors and early surroundings that shall account for his man or his woman. This fact of heredity is very much before the public, and, by-and-by, will have its bearing on the loose notions people hold about education. In this sort of way—"Harold is a bright little boy, but he hasn't the least power of attention."

"Oh, I know he hasn't; but then, poor child, he can't help it! 'What's bred in the bone,' you know; and we are feather-brained on both sides of the house."

Now the practical educational question of our day is just this: Can he help it? or, Can his parents help it? or, Must the child sit down for life with whatever twist he has inherited? The fact is, many of us, professional teachers, have been taking aim rather beside the mark; we talk as if the development of certain faculties were the chief object of education: and we point to our results, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, physical, with a—See

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* "Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Und Lust zu fabuliren."

there, what culture can effect! But we forget that the child has inborn cravings after all we have given him. Just as the healthy child must have his dinner and his bed, so, too, does he crave for knowledge, perfection, beauty, power, society; and all he wants is opportunity. Give him opportunities of loving and learning, and he will love and learn, for "'tis his nature to." Whoever has taken note of the sweet reasonableness, the quick intelligence, the bright imaginings of a child, will think the fuss we make about the right studies for developing these is like asking, How shall we get a hungry man to eat his dinner?

Many a man got his turn for natural science because, as a boy, he lived in the country, and had a chance to observe living things and their ways. Nobody took pains to develop his faculty; all he had was opportunity. If the boy's mind is crammed with other matters, he has no opportunity, and you may meet men of culture who have lived most of their lives in the country, and don't know a thrush from a blackbird. I know of a woman who has developed both a metaphysical and a literary turn, because, as a girl of ten, she was allowed to browse on old volumes of the *Spectator*, the most telling part of her education, she thinks. Again, I watched quite lately an extraordinary educational result of opportunity. A friend, interested in a Working Boys' Club, undertook to teach a class to model in clay. There was no selection made; the boys were mill boys, taken as they came in, with no qualifications, except that, as their teacher said, they had not been spoilt—that is, they had not been taught to draw in the ordinary way. She gave them clay, a model, one or two modelling tools, and also, being an artist, the *feeling* of the object to be copied. After half a dozen lessons, the sort of things they produced cannot be called less than works of art; and delightful it was to see the vigour and spirit they worked with, the artistic instinct which caught the sentiment of the object, as, the creases made by a little foot which make a child's shoe a thing to kiss. This lady maintains that she only *let out* what was in the boys; but she did more, her own art-enthusiasm forced out artistic effort. Even taking into account the enthusiasm of the teacher—I wish we might always count on that factor—this remains a fair case to prove our point, which is, give them opportunity and direction, and children will do the greater part of their own education, intellectual, æsthetic, even moral, by reason of the wonderfully

balanced desires, powers, and affections which go to make up human nature. A cheerful doctrine this, which should help to swell the ranks of the unemployed. Outlets for their energies, a little direction, a little control, and then may we sit by with folded hands and see them do it? But, in fact, there are two things to be done; faculties to be developed—where a little of our help goes a long way; and character to be moulded—and here children are as clay in the hands of the potter, absolutely dependent on their parents. Disposition, intellect, genius, come pretty much by nature; but character is an achievement, the one practical achievement possible to us for ourselves and for our children; and all real advance in family or individual is along the lines of character. Our great people are great simply by reason of their force of character. For this, more than for their literary successes, Carlyle and Johnson are great. Boswell's "Life" is, and perhaps deserves to be, more of a literary success than anything of his master's; but what figure does he make after all?

Greatness and littleness belong to character, and life would be dull were we all cast in one mould; but how come we to differ? Surely by reason of our inherited qualities. It is hereditary tendencies which result in character. The man who is generous, obstinate, hot-tempered, devout, is so, on the whole, because that strain of character runs in his family. Some progenitor got a bent from his circumstances towards fault or virtue, and that bent will go on repeating itself to the end of the chapter. To save that single quality from the exaggeration which would destroy the balance of qualities we call sanity, two counter-forces are provided: marriage into alien families, and *education*.

We come round now to the point we started from. If the development of character rather than of faculty is the main work of education, and if people are born, so to speak, ready-made, with all the elements of their after-character in them, certain to be developed by time and circumstances, what is left for education to do?

Very commonly, the vote is, do nothing; though there are three or four ways of arriving at that conclusion.

As, What's the good? The fathers have eaten sour grapes; the children's teeth *must* be set on edge. Tommy is obstinate as a little mule—but what would you have? So is his father.

So have been all the Joneses, time out of mind; and Tommy's obstinacy is taken as a fact, not to be helped or hindered.

Or, Mary is a butterfly of a child, never constant for five minutes to anything she has in hand. "That child is just like me"! says her mother; "but time will steady her." Fanny, again, sings herself to sleep with the Vesper Hymn (her nurse's lullaby) before she is able to speak. "It's strange how an ear for music runs in our family"! is the comment, but no particular pains are taken to develop the talent.

Another child asks odd questions, is inclined to make little jokes about sacred things, to call his father "Tom," and, generally, to show a want of reverence. His parents are earnest-minded people—think with pain of the loose opinions of Uncle Harry, and decide on a policy of repression. "Do as you're bid, and make no remarks," becomes the child's rule of life, until he finds outlets little suspected at home.

In another case, common thought is much more on a level with the science of the day; there is a tendency to lung-trouble: the doctors undertake to deal with the tendency so long as the *habit* of delicacy is not set up. The necessary precautions are taken, and there is no reason why the child should not die at a good old age.

Once more;—there are parents who are aware of the advances science has made in education, but doubt the lawfulness of looking to science for aid in the making of character. They see hereditary defects in their children, but set them down as of "the natural fault and corruption of the nature of every man which naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam." This, they believe, it is not their part to remedy; that is, unless the boy's fault be of a disturbing kind—a violent temper, for example—when the mother thinks no harm to whip the offending Adam out of him. But, so surely as we believe the laws of the spiritual life to have been revealed to us, so, not less surely, though without the same sanctity, have been revealed the laws by which body, mind and moral nature flourish or decay. These it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with; and the Christian parent who is shy of science, and prefers to bring up his children by the light of Nature when that of authoritative revelation fails, does so to his children's irreparable loss.

If the race is advancing, it is along the lines of character, for each new generation inherits and adds to the best that has gone

before it. We should have to-day the very flower and fruit that has been a-preparing through long lines of progenitors. Children have always been lovely, so far back as that day when a little child in the streets of Jerusalem was picked up and set in the midst to show of what sort are the princes in the Kingdom to come:

> "In the Kingdom are the children;
> You may read it in their eyes;
> All the freedom of the Kingdom
> In their careless humour lies."

And what mother has not bowed before the princely heart of innocence in her own little child? But apart from this, of their glad living in the sunshine of the Divine Countenance, surely our children are "more so" than those of earlier days. Never before was a "Jackanapes" written, or the "Story of a Short Life." Shakespeare never made a child, nor Scott, hardly Dickens, often as he tried; either we are waking up to what is in them, or the children are indeed advancing in the van of the times, holding in light grasp the gains of the past, the possibilities of the future. It is the age of child-worship; and very lovely are the well-brought-up children of Christian and cultured parents. But, alas, how many of us degrade the thing we love! Think of the multitude of innocents to be launched on the world, already mutilated, spiritually and morally, at the hands of doting parents!

The duteous father and mother, on the contrary, who discern any lovely family trait in one of their children, set themselves to nourish and cherish it as a gardener the peaches he means to show. We know how "that kiss made me a painter"! that is, warmed into life whatever art-faculty the child had. The choicer the plant, the gardener tells us, the greater the pains must he take with the rearing of it: and here is the secret of the loss and waste of some of the most beauteous and lovable natures the world has seen; they have not had the pains taken with their rearing that their delicate, sensitive organisations demanded. Think how Shelley was left to himself! We live in embarrassing days. It is well to cry, "Give us light—more light and fuller"! but what if the new light discover to us a maze of obligations, intricate and tedious? It is, at first sight, bewildering to perceive that for whatever distinctive quality, moral or intellectual, we discern in the children, special culture is demanded; but, after all, our obligation towards each such quality resolves itself into

providing for it these four things: nourishment, exercise, change, and rest.

A child has a great turn for languages (his grandfather was the master of nine); the little fellow "lisps in Latin," learns his "*mensa*" from his nurse, knows his declensions before he is five. What line is open to the mother who sees such an endowment in her child? First, let him use it; let him learn his declensions and whatever else he takes to without the least sign of effort. Probably the Latin case-endings come as easily and pleasantly to his ear as does "See-Saw, Margery Daw" to the ordinary child, though no doubt "Margery Daw" is the wholesomer kind of thing. Let him do just so much as he takes to of his own accord; but never urge, never applaud, never show him off. Next, let words convey ideas as he is able to bear them. Buttercup, primrose, dandelion, magpie, each tells its own tale; daisy is day's eye, opening with the sun, and closing when he sets,

> "That well by reason it men callen may,
> The daïsie, or else the eye of day."

Let him feel that the common words we use without a thought are beautiful, full of story and interest. It is a great thing that the child should get the *ideas* proper to the qualities inherent in him. An idea fitly put is taken in without effort, and, once in, ideas behave like living creatures—they feed, grow, and multiply. Next, provide him with some one delightful change of thought, that is, with work and ideas altogether apart from his bent for languages. Let him know, with friendly intimacy, every out-of-door object that comes in his way—the chaffinch, the rose-chaffer, the ways of the caddis-worm, forest-trees, field-flowers—all natural objects, common and curious, near his home. No other knowledge is so delightful; not natural science, but common acquaintance with natural objects.

Or, again, some one remarks that all our great inventors have in their youth handled material—clay, wood, iron, brass, pigments. Let him work in material. To provide a child with delightful resources on lines opposed to his natural bent is the one way of keeping a quite sane mind in the presence of an absorbing pursuit.

At the same time, change of occupation is not rest: if a man ply a machine, now with his foot, and now with his hand, the foot or the hand rests, but the man does not. A game of romps

(better, so far as mere rest goes, than games with laws and competitions), nonsense talk, a fairy tale, or to lie on his back in the sunshine, should rest the child, and of such as these he should have his fill.

This, speaking broadly, is the *rationale* of the matter:—just as actually as we sew or write through the instrumentality of the hand, so the child learns, thinks, feels, by means of a material organ—the very delicate nervous tissue of the cerebrum. Now this tissue is constantly and rapidly wearing away. The more it is used, whether in the way of mental effort or emotional excitement, the more it wears away. Happily, rapid new growth replaces the waste, wherefore, work and consequent waste of tissue are necessary. But let the waste get ahead of the gain, and lasting mischief happens. Therefore never let the child's brain-work exceed his chances of reparation, whether such work come in the way of too hard lessons, or of the excitement attending childish dissipations. Another plea for abundant rest:—one thing at a time, and that done well, appears to be Nature's rule; and his hours of rest and play are the hours of the child's physical growth—witness the stunted appearance of children who are allowed to live in a whirl of small excitements.

A word more as to the necessity of *change of thought* for the child who has a distinct bent. The brain tissue not only wastes with work, but, so to speak, wastes locally. We all know how done up we are after giving our minds for a few hours or days to any one subject, whether anxious or joyous: we are glad at last to escape from the engrossing thought, and find it a weariness when it returns upon us. It would appear that, set up the continuous working of certain ideas, and a certain tract of the brain substance is, as it were, worn out and weakened with the constant traffic in these ideas. And this is of more consequence when the ideas are moral than when they are merely intellectual. Hamlet's thoughts play continuously round a few distressing facts; be becomes morbid, not entirely sane; in a word, he is *eccentric*. Now, possibly, eccentricity is a danger against which the parents of well-descended children must be on the watch. These are born with strong tendencies to certain qualities and ways of thinking. Their bringing up tends to accentuate their qualities; the balance between these and other qualities is lost, and they become eccentric persons. Mr.

Matthew Arnold writes down the life and the work of a great poet as *ineffectual;* and this is, often enough, the verdict passed upon the eccentric. Whatever force of genius and of character, whatever lovely moral traits they may have, the world will not take them as guides for good, unless they do as others do in things lawful and expedient; and truly, there is a broad margin for originality in declining to hunt with the hounds in things neither lawful nor expedient.

Now, practically, what is the mother's course who notices in her most promising child little traits of oddity? He does not care much for games, does not get on well with the rest, has some little den of his own where he ruminates. Poor little fellow! he wants a confidante badly; most likely he has tried nurse and brothers and sisters, to no purpose. If this go on, he will grow up with the idea that nobody wants him, nobody understands him, will take his slice of life and eat it (with a snarl) all by himself. But if his mother have tact enough to get at him, she will preserve for the world one of its saving characters. Depend upon it, there is something at work in the child—genius, humanity, poetry, ambition, pride of family. It is that he wants outlet and exercise for an inherited trait almost too big for his childish soul. Rosa Bonheur was observed to be a restless child whose little shoes of life were a misfit: lessons did not please her, and play did not please her; and her *artist*-father hit on the notion of soothing the child's divine discontent by—apprenticing her to a needlewoman! Happily she broke her bonds, and we have her pictures. In the case of pride of birth, it is well that the child should be brought face to face and heart to heart with the "great humility" of our Pattern. But, that being done, this sense of family distinction is a wonderful lever to raise the little world of the child's nature. *Noblesse oblige.* He must needs add honour and not dishonour to a distinguished family. I know of a little boy who bears two distinguished family names—Browning-Newton, let us say. He goes to a preparatory school, where it is the custom to put the names of defaulters on the blackboard. By-and-by, his little brother goes to school too, and the bigger boy's exordium is:—"We'll *never* let two such names as ours be stuck up on the blackboard!"

Amongst the immediate causes of eccentricity is the dreariness of daily living, the sense of which falls upon us all at times,

and often with deadly weight upon the more finely strung and highly gifted. "Oh, dear! I wish I was in Jupiter!" sighed a small urchin who had already used up this planet. It rests with the parents to see that the dreariness of a motiveless life does not settle, sooner or later, on any one of their children. We are made with a yearning for the "fearful joy" of passion; and if this do not come to us in lawful ways, we look for it in eccentric, or worse, in illegitimate courses. The mother, to whom her child is as an open book, must find a vent for the restless working of his nature—the more apt to be troubled by—

> "The burden of the mystery,
> The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world"—

the more finely he is himself organised. Fill him with the enthusiasm of humanity. Whatever gifts he has, let them be cultivated as "gifts for men." "The thing best worth living for is *to be of use*," was well said lately by a thinker who has left us. The child into whose notion of life that idea is fitted will not grow up to find time heavy on his hands. The life blessed with an enthusiasm will not be dull, but a weight must go into the opposite scale to balance even the noblest enthusiasm. As we have said, open for him some door of natural science, some way of mechanical skill; in a word, give the child an absorbing pursuit and a fascinating hobby, and you need not fear eccentric or unworthy developments. It seems well to dwell at length on this subject of eccentricity, because the world loses a great deal by its splendid failures, the beautiful human beings who through one sort of eccentricity or another become ineffectual for the raising of the rest of us.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

By M. L. Hodgson, of the House of Education.

To our Old Students.

It may not be amiss, after reading the excellent papers on Natural History done by the little children in the *Parents' Review* School, to say a few words on the subject.

How to make it interesting.

What to look for, and how to look.

In the cold, bleak month of March all Nature is stirring. A change has come over the colouring of woods and fields. The buds that we looked at so carefully during February are swelling—the black buds of the ash, the pointed, elegant ones of the beech ; the knotted buds on the oak, and the rounded ones on hazels, birches, and elms. Willows are showing their beautiful catkins of green or yellow. Hazels are in full blossom, and many other trees and shrubs are showing their various forms of flowering. It is an excellent exercise, both for eye and hand, to copy, be it ever so roughly, either in pencil or paint, the twigs and catkins of trees. Children soon learn to do it well, and to keep their note-books nicely illustrated with little drawings. A short time given to note-books once a week will not seldom result in a well-stored book of facts observed and noted by children for themselves.

Along the hedgerows many flowers are to be found now ; in some places the adoxa and golden saxifrage, the red nettle, some of the speedwells, violets, mercury, and a host of others. It is very interesting to go for a walk with the avowed intention of seeing how many plants can be found out in flower, to write the list in the note-book, and to compare the lists made year by year, or month by month. This is not easy to do when the summer months come on, but as work for spring-time it is a delightful exercise.

Among the hedgerows and fields may be found many empty snail-shells of different kinds.

Under the beech-trees can be found snail-shells so exactly like the beech-buds themselves as often to be taken for them. Also the pretty grey-blue shell, with its little door fitting closely into the opening. Some places are remarkably rich in snails, and a very nice collection can be made of the empty shells found in the hedges. They may either be glued to cards, or kept in small cardboard boxes; do not on any account keep them mixed higgledy-piggledy in one box, as not only does the beauty of the shells get spoiled, but no use can be made of such a collection.

Children delight in having something to search for, and a whole series of afternoons may easily be occupied in this one search. That other things will be found *en route* hardly needs to be said.

The collecting and keeping fossils, &c., needs much discrimination, as everything that is found is thought by beginners to be worth keeping, which often results in an untidy, dusty heap of unsightly stones. It is often difficult to exercise one's own feeling on the matter, as the pleading voices say: "It is such a beauty, may I not keep it?" Grubbing in a quarry is most delightful work, and the search is often rewarded with the discovery of perfect fossils, so that one never need be content with imperfect specimens.

The birds during March are in a state of the greatest activity; on all sides one sees them, chattering, scolding, fighting, and showing every sign of mental and bodily excitement. The search for birds'-nests is a subject that needs a few words. Our students must themselves set about it with great care, and we hope will also teach others to do the same. A robbed or deserted nest is a very sad sight, but it is alas! only too common.

Birds are so timid, that they will often leave nest and eggs, if so much as a finger is placed on either. Look for nests by all means, but do not worry and tease the owners by paying constant visits to their homes.

A little care and thought for them is always generously repaid by their sweet confidence and increased familiarity. The collection of birds' eggs should not be encouraged amongst ordinary children, as they are not, as a rule, able to exercise much self-restraint in the matter, and the result is often most disastrous to the poor birds.

So many beautiful little books are now to be had on this

subject, that it is unnecessary to enumerate the birds that may now be seen.

Boys are exceedingly quick in learning all about them, easily telling the note, flight, or plumage of those they find in the neighbourhood of their homes.

This month our students will carefully notice and record any birds or nests, plants, shells or insects they can discover in their walks at Ambleside.

It is hardly possible to take up a magazine without finding much useful information on Natural History, which might easily be read and stored up for future use; and we hope those of our students who are at work in various parts of the country, will bear this in mind.

Natural History is a subject of vast interest, and one which grows upon one rapidly, when once it is taken up.

Any of the old students who would like to join the House of Education Naturalist Society, may send in their names to the Secretary.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

Clues to Holy Writ, a scheme for studying the whole Bible in its historical order in three years, by Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A. (3*s.* 6*d.*, Hodder & Stoughton). —For the last ten years, a most admirable work has been carried on without any flourish of trumpets by Miss Petrie. She originated the *College by Post*, in answer to a request for help, which reached her in her own college days. This remarkable work began with "an informal correspondence with two or three other girls, whose schoolroom days were over." Its object is to help girls isolated from educational advantages, and Miss Petrie has succeeded in enrolling a staff of two hundred able teachers, educated at the several women's colleges, who give their work gratuitously. No fewer than three thousand students have entered the classes of the *College by Post*, and "since the most important history, the noblest literature, and the highest knowledge, should always come first, every one of our students undertakes to give half-an-hour a day to Bible study on some regular system." It was in the conduct of this great work, that it occurred to Miss Petrie that the most intelligent and profitable method of studying the Bible is to read it in the chronological order of the events it relates, and the books it contains, so far as that can be ascertained. This idea she embodied in a marvellously helpful series of pamphlets, which have been going about the world, since 1887, under the title of the *Chronological Scripture Cycle*. Readers of all conditions and ages, who got hold of these pamphlets, found in them the wise guidance to the actual study of the Bible, which so many have looked for in vain. It is these pamphlets which have now been published under the title of *Clues to Holy Writ*. We cannot imagine a more useful volume, or one better deserving a place on the bookshelves of every Christian family. Miss Petrie's training leads her to approach the study of the Scriptures as she would that of any other literature. She gives exactly the hints, helps, clues, classification, notes, which the cultivated mind craves, and must needs be sadly at sea in the study of the Bible without.

But it is culture rather than exegetical scholarship that Miss Petre brings to the work, and—must we own it?—a middleman is rather welcome who will present to us the severe labours of the scholar, transmitted, as it were, through the medium of a cultivated mind. The laborious research to which the *Clues* testify, give the volume unusual value. Culture and wide reading are not the only qualifications Miss Petrie has brought to this work. It is the tone of assured conviction, the easy, unanxious movement of one who knows his guide and enjoys his journey, that makes the Bible studies, presented by

Miss Petrie, as fascinating as they are helpful. The outlines of her scheme are very simple.

She has found that half-an-hour's study a day will enable the student to go intelligently through the chronological cycle of the Scriptures in three years, of three terms each. The first term is occupied with the study of the *Days of the Patriarchs*, the second, with the *Days of Moses*, and so on, till the ninth term, which is employed on the study of the *Days of St. Paul*.

A list of the headings of chapters for a single term will give some idea of the admirable and reasonable arrangement Miss Petrie presents. *The Days of Moses:* (1) General Summary; (2) Books to be Read; (3) Periods and Dates; (4) Geography; (5) Heroes; (6) the Coming Messiah; (7) God's Revelation of Himself to Man; (8) Man's Relation to God in Worship; (9) Questions on the Term's Work, which includes Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Psalm xc., Joshua, Judges i. to v., and xvii.-xxi., Ruth (136 chapters) to be read in four months. This is the sort of lucid remark that one finds scattered on almost every page of the book: "We are apt to estimate the days after Joshua by those closing episodes of Judges. . . . . Three-quarters of the whole period seem, however, to have passed in peace and prosperity, which has little history, but which has beautiful illustration in the story of Ruth." Or again, "The Israelites fought not only for themselves, but for us. Just as the intellectual progress of mankind depended upon the victory of Greece at Marathon, so the future of morality and religion for the whole race depended upon the victory of Israel at Beth-horon." We cannot wish better for the households in which the *Parents' Review* is cherished than that they should diligently follow Miss Petrie's lead, and give a daily half-hour to what they will find a delightful as well as infinitely profitable study. Anyway, would it be too much that the readings at family prayers should be illuminated by the insight which a little previous study of *Clues* would certainly give to the reader? A work of this nature, which no way takes up the defensive, is the best sort of defence for the sacred documents of the Christian.

Those of our readers who have delighted in the exquisite stories which have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Parents' Review*—*The Man with the Seven Hearts*, *The Church of the Hunted Stag*, *The Castaway*, *The Reed in the River*—will hail with pleasure the dainty volume entitled, *The Man with the Seven Hearts* (the seven little hearts dotted about the cover, published by Elliot Stock). Mr. Burrell has done well to collect these sketches; they have more than a passing value. It is not too much to say that they are an addition to our national literature.

The new stories in the volume, the *Ending of the Day*, especially, have the same half mystic fascination that we find in *The Castaway* and the *Man with the Seven Hearts*. Would it be possible, we wonder, to shut the book in the middle of one of these tales, as enchaining to grown ups as ever was fairy tale to a child? The sketches in the volume are very various—comical, critical, mystical—but they have certain qualities in common: first, a distinct literary flavour, which has a very exhilarating effect on the mind, and leaves you after reading with the warm sense of having been in good company; next, a quality which it is hard to define,

is its quaintness, uncommonness, genius? Anyway, it is pleasant, possibly the flavour of Attic salt. "The Casual's" story is very tender. The occasion of the stories is charmingly told thus:

"A VOUS DEUX."

"We three, do you remember? sat at ease,
While to the philosophic fire I told
My puzzle-tales. Without, the air bit cold,
The light flakes nestled on the deep-fringed trees,
Last Christmas-tide.

"The critic voices met me frank and free,
And yet you begged a volume. Nothing loth,
I send this sheaf of ten a gift to Both,
Another bond between my friends and me,
This Christmas-tide.

"Light fall the snowflakes of the coming years
Upon your heads; and through your kindly day,
Until you reach the 'Ending of the Way,'
May Life smile sweetly through her transient tears,
Each Christmas-tide.

"And if I tread a separate path, may He
To whom all paths are pointed, lead us on;
Friends will be gathered when the day is done,
And sometime, somewhere, we shall meet and see
His Christmas-tide."

The "Three," under the titles of the "Critic," the "Philosopher," and the "Reader," the Philosopher being the Critic's wife, and the Critic the Philosopher's husband, make charming appearances throughout the volume in the interludes between song and story, and to them is added the "Casual," who must introduce himself by his own story—nothing less would do him justice. We say in the interludes between song and story, because Mr. Arthur Burrell reveals in this volume another gift, an added grace—the matchless gift of song. Has not this, from the "Ending of the Way," the true ring?

"At the closing of the day, the gold has turned to gray,
And the workman is a-waiting for the bell;
He has done the best he may; let him put the tools away,
There are others that will handle them as well.
Yet stay,
Hear our greeting for the ending of the way."

Better still to our mind is the following, with its wistful child's gaze into the abysmal, its light touch upon the infinite, a thing to be *sung*, not said:

"Tell me the meaning of words,
From one to another thrown.
They lift the veil from a soul,
And each of us seeth his own;
But it hurrieth past.

"Tell me the meaning of life.
Is it to struggle and do,
To press through the battle-smoke,
To stand by a friend, and be true ?
Oh, it fadeth fast.

"Tell me the meaning of death.
Is it the end of the day,
Or a doubtful forward step
When the trees hide the trend of the way,
And the sky's o'ercast?

"Tell me the meaning of love.
Naught but a light in the eyes,
Or the barter of soul for soul,
And the victor's only prize ?
What else shall last?"

We are very glad that Mr. Arthur Burrell has been induced to attach his name to work which the *Spectator* (in connection with another and an unowned production), characterises as "surpassing."

Any mothers of sons who do not know it already will thank me for recommending *Schoolboy Morality* (Eliot Stock), a little book, or pamphlet, which approaches a most difficult subject with singular delicacy, helpfulness, and wisdom.

Many mothers write that Miss Miller's "Pussy Box" has been a great help in teaching their children to read. We are glad to be able to announce that a second little reading box has been prepared on the same lines. (Price 6*d*. A. Roche, 84, Lea High Road, S.E.)

THE "P.R.' LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—In those of this month's magazines that I have yet had time to glance at, the article that struck me as most likely to be of interest to your readers was that by Professor Mahaffy, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Sham Education." Of course, it deals primarily with Irish schools, and perhaps equally, of course, the Professor has many shots at various enemies, political and other, but there were many passages that I marked strongly condemnatory of the evils of competitive examinations, payment by results, &c., and the damage done by them to true education and scholarship which, but for considerations of space, I should have been glad to quote.—Yours, &c., H. P.

DEAR EDITOR,—I shall be glad if you will put a notice in the next number of the *Parents' Review*, asking if any readers have for disposal the following Nos. of Vol. I.—viz., 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10. Also Vol. I. complete, either bound or unbound, and to let me know what they will take for them.

I see that in the American *Educational Review* for November is an article on "The Habitual Postures of School Children." This and other articles that I notice in the table of contents should be useful. Price 35 cents.—Yours, very faithfully, H. P.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I ask in confidence the meaning of your editorial "P.S." to the January number? For if you think readers will suppose it is written from an "R. C." point of view, it might be well to append a note to the effect that the historian Griffis, from whose work, *Mikado's Empire* (the standard book on Japan), the principal facts were taken, is a *Protestant missionary* of many years standing, and his accounts are the most thrilling and touching imaginable of the steadfastness of those blessed children of the sunrise.

In the same way, the account of the Jesuits in Canada came from the Protestant Professor Parkman, and both narrations are simply *historical facts*, though coming from the opposite camp. VERA.

[The Editor's note referred to the causes which led the gentle Japanese to turn on the missionaries they had so frankly welcomed.]

DEAR EDITOR.—A young mother is using an oil-stove for heating the children's bedroom. The stove is left burning all night. The oil used is a Scotch oil of the best make, with a flash point of 100 deg. Fahr. She wishes to know if there are hurtful gases thrown off by an oil-stove, and if there is any danger of explosion with an oil at a flashing point of 100 deg. Fahr. She finds this way of heating the room to have several advantages over a fire, but she wishes to know if it is equally safe and healthy. Y. M.

DEAR EDITOR,—As one of the weak-natured people, "whose eyes grow tender over drowning flies," as, in short, a sympathiser with many friends of living creatures, from St. Francis to Schopenhauer, I wish to thank Mr. Thorneley for his permission to young entomologists to study their beetles unboiled. But I should like to go a step farther and ask, Why boil them at all?

I suppose what we really want our youngsters to get at, is a thorough knowledge of the lives and characters of surrounding society, whether two-legged or otherwise. We should like them to know, if not to name in dog-Latin, every creature they come across, and to tell at a glance whether it is friend or foe; to sympathise with its happiness, or to be warned by its malice; to love its virtues, and admire its beauty; sometimes, to tolerate its shortcomings and compassionate its deformities. I think this intimacy with the facts of life and Nature is what we have to encourage, and not the mere habit of abstract classification and mechanical collection.

Classification is the grammar of science; the means, not the end: never to be set before young people as the goal of their endeavours. Why do we make them read books? Not to learn grammar, but to gain thoughts. Why study music and art? Other people's theories of harmony or perspective will serve them, and a little will suffice; but they must gather for themselves the golden harvest of noble impressions. And so, in putting natural history before them, the aim of our teaching is not to make them classifiers and collectors, but to make them observers.

Now, why are they told to kill insects? Simply to classify them. Are there not yet books enough, and museums enough, to teach the necessary grammar of the science without making every boy his own Keating? Don't we all know that the true "Natural *History*" of Animals, their growth and development, cannot be traced in the dead creature? that their place in Nature, their use in the world, their domestic economy, their habits and characters, can only be learnt from the life? Indeed, it is just this study that is the educational part of the affair, encouraging note-taking and record-keeping, reason and observation; and the only objection to it is that it may stimulate observation to an inconvenient degree, for it suits some people better to keep their youngsters from too adventurous investigation. Still, compared with this form of study, collecting is a mere unintellectual habit, a very rudimentary form of the scientific spirit, not without its baser side and moral risks. I would have my lad and lasses want to be Gilbert Whites and Thoreaus, not curators. Science, for them, I hope will mean (in the

department we were talking of) to watch the worms with Darwin, and the ants with Lubbock, not to bag specimens as the be-all and end-all of their studies.

The question is a very wide one; and I can only hint at what I would say. I raise no theories about the rights of animals, the thin end of the wedge that "rifts the lute" of natural harmony, and the Hogarthian stages of cruelty. As you say about the Japanese persecutors, mothers should consider all sides; and fathers may even admit the desirability of occasionally boiling and impaling both Christians and beetles. There are plenty of people ready to discuss that side of the question. But I am sure that the best and truest science involves no form of death; it means the worship of life and the knowledge of its laws. W. G. C.

DEAR EDITOR,—After reading your notice in "Our Work" (January Number) about the necessity of procuring more subscribers, I wrote to ask the publishers to send me some numbers of the *Parents' Review* to distribute. The parcel arrived this morning, and my first attempt was successful. I only hope they all will be, for we cannot afford to lose such a magazine as yours is. I have received twenty-four copies, and am circulating them through England, India, and America, and across the front page of each number I have written "New subscribers *urgently* needed. Specimen copy." Of course I am also writing personally to the various friends I am sending them to; but I thought that little notice might be the means of getting outsiders to join, for every one has magazines about their rooms, and naturally wish to look at them often, and thus our circle has a chance of being enlarged indefinitely. Perhaps you may like to suggest this idea to some more of your readers. If we could only agree to *co-operate*, the magazine would then be relieved from all future periods of anxiety.

To parents who educate their children at home (with a governess), and those in foreign lands, the magazine is invaluable; and even for those like myself (with an only child, a girl, who needs young companions so much that we are obliged to let her attend a day-school) there is never a number but what contains something of use, and for which one is the better for knowing.

With best wishes for its success in this new year, and many others to follow, I am, truly yours,

G. M.

DEAR EDITOR,—If it is not too late I should like to call the attention of your readers to an article in the January Number of the *Review of Reviews* on the Gouin system of teaching French, entitled, "A Royal Road to Languages." Many will doubtless remember the original article on this system which appeared in the same magazine last May. The Editor now gives the result of six months' experiment on his own children, and the account is most suggestive and should certainly be perused with care by all who are interested in the subject.

The valuable series of papers in the *Girls' Own Paper* which you

noticed on the appearance of the first in November last is continued monthly, and as they are now signed they are seen to be by Dr. A. T. Schofield, to whom every one who knows the writer's work must have from the first assigned them. No one has a more thorough grasp of the subject than he, or a more telling method of presenting it.

I noticed in the *Daily Chronicle* for January 23, a review of Miss Florence Nightingale's "Health at Home," being a report of the valuable work which she is doing under the Bucks County Council in the training of Rural Health Missioners. This is a book to be secured by all our branch libraries, and it is to be hoped that our members will take advantage of the hints she gives and see in what way we can follow on her lines.

The February magazines do not seem to me to have much that bears on our work, the only article I have noted being "The Academic Spirit in Education," by John A. Hobson, in the *Contemporary*.

PATER-JUNIOR.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—Our readers will like to know that our first batch of four students have all succeeded in obtaining the House of Education Certificate, with commendation from the Examiners, P. A. Barnett, M.A., Principal of the Borough Road Training College; and H. C. Beeching, M.A. We give the Class List: Violet Parker, 1st Class; Florence de Montmorency, 2nd Class; May Culverhouse and Mabel Hall, 3rd Class. Miss Parker and Miss de Montmorency have obtained also the diploma of the National Health Society during their training.

There are at present seventeen students in residence, of various ages and attainments; but all filled with enthusiasm for their work.

The Parents' Review.—We make an extract from a letter of Mr. Perrin's, which we commend to our readers: "Can you induce your friends to subscribe for six or any number of copies each to distribute? I will see to the sending of them, either in a batch to each subscriber or separately to each friend they may name, to save them trouble."

The Parents' Review School.—The children's examination papers show very steady progress, and letters from parents bear witness to the pleasure the little people take in their work.

The Mothers' Educational Course.—Some of the papers sent in at Christmas are a source of heartfelt delight, so gratifying is it to find mothers studying the theory of education with the ability and intelligence of the professed student added to the peculiar insight and tenderness which belongs to a mother only.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BRANCH.—The fourth meeting of the session was held on January 16 at 20 Buckland Crescent. T. G. Rooper, Esq., H.M.I., read a delightful paper on "The Education of Girls, with special reference to Sir James Crichton Browne's Oration on Sex." C. E. Maurice, Esq., took the chair. Some interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper.

WOODFORD BRANCH.—A meeting was held at Mrs. Fowler's, Glebelands, South Woodford, on Saturday, Feb. 4, when Dr. Schofield read a paper on the P.N.E.U. There was a small attendance, but those present were much interested. A branch was formed, Miss E. Fowler consenting to become treasurer, and Mrs. Spedding Curwen secretary. Another meeting has been arranged, when Dr. Schofield's address will be repeated as far as possible, and it is expected a larger number will join.

The following letter has been issued by the Committee. We hope our readers will give generous support:

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION,

January 10, 1893.

SIR OR MADAM,—The Executive Committee have received during the past year (including £1 19*s.* 7*d.* remaining in the Treasurer's hands at the end of 1891) the sum of £52 17*s.* 1*d.*, of which they have spent in furthering the general work of the Union the sum of £51 14*s.* 7*d.*, leaving the small balance of £1 2*s.* 6*d.* to carry forward to the New Year. The largest item of expenditure has been incurred for the preparation and circulation of the pamphlet containing a detailed statement of the principles and aims of the Union, and an account of the work done by the several branches up to the date of the General Meeting in June last.

The Committee now appeal to the members and friends of the Society for a renewal of their kind assistance, and for increased support, to enable them to avail themselves of the opportunities of growing usefulness that are now continually presenting themselves. The past year has seen the Society established on a firmer basis than before, and it now remains for those who believe in its principles to press forward and make its influence felt wherever there are children to be trained.

One most valuable method of doing this is by reading and circulating the *Parents' Review*, the sale and usefulness of which would be largely increased if it were more widely known. The *Review* can be ordered through any bookseller, or, where this is not convenient, I will send it post free to any address for one year on receipt of 6*s.*

The situation of the *Parents' Review* is very anxious. It is necessary to raise an immediate subsidy for the publishers to warrant them in continuing the costs of the publication through the year now beginning. Many parents value the magazine extremely, and "its loss would," to quote the words of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, "be a calamity." Your help is most urgently solicited. I shall also be happy to receive and acknowledge any subscriptions and donations towards the work of the Society, and to send full particulars of its work to any friends likely to sympathise with it.

The enclosed Report of the "House of Education" will be found interesting to members, as showing how the principles of the Union are bearing fruit in practice.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY PERRIN, *Hon. Org. Sec.*

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

THE INFLUENCE AND TEACHING OF THE EDUCATED MOTHER.*

MRS. ALFRED BOOTH.

IN dealing with an abstract subject one hardly knows how to approach it in the most practical and profitable manner. If in this short paper I fail to do this, it will be owing to my want of originality, and not the fault of a most interesting and instructive subject.

The family, the oldest human institution, is as important a factor to-day as in the beginnings of life on this planet. I am in fact inclined to think it is even more important than in any past age, because we are able to look at it in a reasonable manner. The family to-day, like every other institution of divine or human origin, is on its trial. Shall the family stand, or shall it, like so many churches and governments, alter its constitution and be a less sacred thing in the future than it has been in the past?

While recognising that there is no reason why with proper reverence we should not discuss the family and its foundations, let me say at once, it is entirely on the ground of its divine

* Paper read at Bristol Conference of Women Workers. Reprinted by kind permission of Bristol Ladies' Association for the Care of Girls.

origin and inalienable rights I approach my particular subject of the Educated Mother, her Teaching and Influence.

What, then, is education? Who is the educated mother? What ought her teaching and influence to be?

What is education? We are apt to think we know very well what education is, and when asked this question give an answer which we hope will satisfy ourselves and others. When, however, we begin to think seriously on the subject we are surprised to find how dim and hazy our opinions are, and we cannot be satisfied until we try to classify them and arrive at some definite conclusions. Speaking of education therefore in reference to women as mothers, I should venture to say its first and prime object ought to be to make women think, and that all education which does not tend to make thinking easy and natural fails of its object and is not education.

The original meaning of the word educate is to draw forth; education should therefore aim at drawing forth all the different powers of human beings. True education should train the intellect, establish principles, and regulate the heart. In answering the question, what is education?—especially in reference to girls—I would strike this threefold cord, believing that if the intellect is trained to habits of thought by the development of its faculties, the conscience to the perception of the reasonableness of principles founded on intelligible moral laws, and the heart to a wise regulation of its spontaneous action, we may hope for results which will be most likely to prepare women for the particular duties and responsibilities which motherhood brings.

The whole question of the education of women is still in its infancy. I am speaking now in a broad sense, and wish to include all women, and not the favoured class only, who can easily obtain all advantages. In former days there were, of course, many examples of highly educated women, whose names rise at once to our minds; but the idea that education, in an all-round sense, is the birthright of women as well as men was not a recognised fact.

The Puritan Fathers of American Independence established schools for boys at once on the foundation of the New England colonies in 1620, but there is no mention of schools for girls until 1771.

If women could boil potatoes, spin, and bear healthy children, it was considered, even in the land where education is now—crude though it *may* be—more widely spread than in any other country, that their education was complete. An extract from the records of some New England towns will emphasise this:

"In 1778 the town of Northampton in New England voted not to be at any expense for schooling girls. Upon an appeal to the Courts, the town was indicted and fined for its neglect. Within the memory of a resident of Hatfield, an influential citizen, whose children were girls, appealed in town meeting for the privilege of sending them to the public school, which he helped by his taxes to support. An indignant fellow-townsman sprang to his feet and exclaimed, 'Hatfield school-girls, never!' In New England in 1790 it was proposed that three or four schools for girls might be established, which were to be furnished with dames to 'learn' them, as they expressed it, good manners, and proper decency of behaviour. These were to be essentials, but in addition they were to be taught spelling and reading sufficient to read the Bible, and, if the parents desired it, needlework and knitting. The session of the schools was to be from April to October, but a later petition being presented to the town, it graciously voted that some further arrangement be made for instruction of girls, and that during the summer months, when the boys are diminished in numbers, the masters shall receive the girls, after the boys are dismissed, for instruction in reading and grammar."

What a contrast the widespread educational ideas in reference to women in the United States of America and here present to-day! We are emancipated from the blindness, ignorance and prejudice of the past, but it would be strange indeed if the best minds of the day should not still find much to reconsider and develop before we can arrive at the wisest and best methods for the education of women.

Who, then, is the educated mother? The educated mother is pre-eminently a woman who thinks, and the results of her regulated thought will be seen in the daily administration of her home.

Happily, the educated mother can be found now in all classes of society, and her presence need not be confined to homes of wealth and ease.

Every mother should have some knowledge of physiology, of hygiene, or the science of life, of the exact technical sciences, of sewing and cookery, and some distinct notions of domestic economy. It is humiliating to notice how frequently young women, who are enjoying the privilege of maternity for the first time, calmly announce their ignorance of infant life, its necessities and demands. Their only resource is the resignation of their children during the period of infancy to the care of nurses and nursery-maids, who, without the education of their mistresses, are still better trained in the nursery management of the young than the mother herself. How many nurseries are there throughout England which the mother does not enter without giving warning of her approach, and where the nurse reigns supreme?

Not that I would wish to introduce the American and French system of turning the whole house into a nursery, allowing the children to roam at will through the different rooms, but I would urge that the educated mother's proper place is alike nurseries and entertaining-rooms, and, if she wishes to feel herself equally at home above as below stairs in the precincts of her own home, she must step across its magic threshold with some knowledge of the laws of human life, and should have studied physiology with a view of her own destiny as a possible wife and mother, and, in any case, a member of a human community, where to women, married and unmarried, is confided the early training of boys and girls.

The educated mother should have some plain ideas of life as it really is. Reality, not ideality, should be the watchword with which she starts her life-work. No right-minded woman can begin the double life with its intense interests and absorbing duties without the blest vision of an ideal home rising before her; but I would urge her to change the word ideal into real, and lo! she will find the real home is the ideal, for it is only through the actual we can attain to the spiritual.

The influence and teaching of the educated mother must begin in the nursery. Most of, if not all, the habits and tendencies in our children which trouble us and them when they are grown up can be modified and counteracted in the nursery. There is a favourite expression often used, "It is my nature and I cannot change it." This is a fatal mistake; nature is here used to

denote inherited qualities, and these can be altered by environment and education.

It is the mother's duty to recognise that while her children may show fresh traits of unexpected excellence or difficulty they will also be sure to show characteristics which she recognises are theirs by inheritance, and it will be the first aim of her nursery instructions to direct, counteract and balance these inherited tendencies, while she watches keenly for fresh departures in their moral as well as physical development.

Guyau, a young French physiological and philosophic writer, too soon lost to this world, whose admirable little book on "Education and Heredity," published in the Contemporary Science Series, it would be well for all mothers to read, says: "Most parents bring up their children for their own sakes and not for their children's sake, some for the pleasure of the child as estimated by the child"—(there is a profound truth underlying this); "true education is disinterested; it brings up the child for its own sake, it also brings it up for its country's sake, and the human race as a whole." Again he says: "All education should be directed to this end to convince the child that he is capable of good and incapable of evil, in order to render him actually so." These words may remind us that in our own childhood the sentiment uppermost in the minds of our educators was the reverse of this: "Convince the child that he is utterly depraved if you wish him to long after goodness," was too often the expression of their inward thought. Do not let us be afraid of the modern way of instilling love of goodness into the life-blood of the child. Remember the greatest Teacher must have been of this opinion when He said, "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven"; "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hung about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea"; "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Happy the mother who can herself superintend the home life of her infant children, but if not able to do this let her take great pains in the choice of nurse and companions.

If there be one thing more than another which is of intense interest to the educated mother it is the manners of her children.

Sons and daughters alike are sources of anxiety in this respect, for if manners make the man, good manners in a woman are more to be desired. What do we mean by manners? The word comes from *manus,* "a hand," and may technically be said to refer to the way in which a thing is handled, and is therefore the way of performing or handling anything. We say everything depends upon how a thing is handled; almost anything can be done if it is handled rightly. What an idea of power does this not give in regard to manner, and what an important part the cultivation of manners plays in education, at home, at school, and in the world. There is a prevalent idea in England, not to be found, so far as I know, in other countries, that courteous manners may be an indication of insincerity. There is a certain class of minds upon which the best manners have this effect; they at once ask the question, "Is he or she sincere"?

When first coming in contact with this view of good manners, one is startled, and for a time carried captive by its special pleading for truth. It is asserted where no special interest in a person is felt, it is a violation of truth to greet such person, or in fact any stranger, with a smile of friendliness, or a genial, sympathetic appearance. But we must not forget, when attracted by this cold, truthful view of manners, to perceive there is a deeper principle lying below the fundamental one of Truth, and that is Love. The effect of a cold, blunt manner is to produce a chilling effect on those who are acted upon, whereas the loving or genial manner creates in the recipient a feeling of pleasure akin to Love, and must be really the more truthful of the two, for God is Love, and has made the foundations of His Universe to rest on Love and Truth. Kant advocates this greeting of others as though we loved them, and argues its advantages are great, because it calls forth love on both sides. The difference in the children in one family in regard to manners is often marked. We say, "This child has naturally good manners, and that has no manners."

Practically is it not almost always the good-tempered, happy-dispositioned child who shows early in life the right mode of handling people and things, and is it not the more honest, straightforward child who gives us most trouble in the handling of people and things? The educated mother must therefore

make Love the ground of her instructions and example, and while she fixes the courteous child's mode of action on this attribute of God Himself, she will be especially careful to train the uncourteous child in this simple idea of Love and its eternal union with Truth. What "God has joined together let not man put asunder." One of the most spontaneously well-mannered of English High-School head-mistresses said to me not long ago: "If a child, particularly a boy, be not taught to be courteous from one to ten years of age, he will never be truly courteous. The habit may be acquired later, but will never be spontaneous." The educated mother must influence quietly in this matter by her own manners, and the way in which she exemplifies the principles of love and truth. Hard and unnecessary judgments of others in the presence of children are an offence to good taste and manners, and very injurious, as tending to encourage the uselessly critical spirit.

The educated mother must, however, be much more than a nursery machine and a technical instructress. Realising that the children of to-day will rapidly develop into individuals keen to learn and be taught, she will always be alive to the necessity of cultivating her own mind, and the work of self-education and improvement will go on for her while life lasts. It is absolutely necessary a mother should know how to care for the small bodies, but it is equally important she should understand and satisfy the unfolding intellects of her children. It is a painful spectacle, that of a mother who has allowed her children to outstrip her as thinking beings, and can no longer keep pace with them in their pursuits and interests. The educated mother knows this, and will keep well in touch with all the interests of life. Religion, politics, social and philanthropic problems are all of absorbing interest to her, and she recognises she can keep her children's confidence, some of whom probably are cleverer than herself, only by habits of thoughtful interest in all which concerns humanity.

Beyond this the educated mother will seek to prepare her sons and daughters for that trying period in their lives when, emerging from childhood, they stand on the threshold of woman and manhood, oppressed often by new, bewildering thoughts, and open to guidance in a peculiarly sensitive and receptive

manner. For this critical period the mother has already prepared herself by her knowledge of laws human and divine, and she earnestly endeavours to be herself the guide of her developing children. Had I been writing this paper ten years ago I should have been very sure that to all her children alike the educated mother would speak early in life in reference to these sacred subjects. Age, and a wider experience of life, have, however, modified my views in this respect, and I feel it a matter on which one cannot dogmatise. If mothers can secure and keep the confidence of sons and daughters, they will be guided to instruct and warn aright. But of this I am absolutely sure—that their warnings must be based on knowledge, else they will not be received and believed in.

But there is a subject which may be mentioned in this connection where the influence of the mother should be great, and different, as it seems to me, from what it now is. I refer to modesty in dress as well as in manner. There are two things which strike the American sojourner in Europe. One is that table-manners in Germany are no criterion of mental refinement and education, and that even in France, where culinary skill is carried into the realm of art, the consumer is not always an artist in his way of eating. The other thing is, that in England immodesty in dress is no criterion of immodesty in thought or deed. In plain words, a truly Christian, philanthropic, absolutely pure-minded woman will in England wear low gowns, which would, in the United States—and I am bound to say in France also—stamp her as a fast woman. Now we all know perfectly well that the standard in this matter is not the same in this country. A lady may appear in the evening with a dress so low it cannot fail to be observed, and yet that same lady is engaged all the year round in self-denying, Christian and public work, and never intentionally offends in word or deed against the ethical will of Christ or the moral law of Moses.

"Les femmes Anglaises sont les prudes, mais les prudes immodestes," said a witty Frenchman. Will you translate and reflect on this axiom?

Now what is the explanation of this curious anomaly? In England, where education and refinement are so widespread, the higher you rise in the social scale the more likely are you to find

mothers quite unconscious of the influence they ought to exercise over their daughters in regard to this matter.

With some exceptions, I venture to say that, in aristocratic circles, low dressing is *de rigueur*.

There can, it seems to me, be no manner of doubt this fashion is one of the consequences of a monarchical system, and this fashion being prevalent at Court, no radical change will ever take place until the example is set by royalty.

A visit to the Stuart and Hanoverian Portrait Gallery in two successive seasons seemed to show me why the Queen does not take a different stand. She has all her life long been surrounded by portraits of ancestors dressed in quaint low bodices, exposing more of bosom to the gaze of posterity than is really modest, and as she was never, I suppose, educated to feel this a question of practical ethics, but merely one of conventional suitability, she has never altered Court dress to suit the higher moral tone of the England of to-day.

The Court of Queen Victoria will go down to posterity as one of the purest in history. What a benefit to Society it would be if the fashion of immodest dressing could receive the disapproval of a Sovereign whose influence and teaching extend over so great a part of the civilised world, whether we, who, without being "les prudes Anglaises," are still of opinion that beauty as well as morality should dictate the cut of a gown, can do anything to influence custom in this matter, is an important question; as educated mothers, however, our duty towards our daughters is so plain that he who runs may read.

In regard to love and marriage the influence of the educated mother may be boundless. The educated, refined household is hardly likely to fall into vulgarity of thought and speech in reference to these subjects, but the tone must be set by the mother early in life. A low level of speech about the sweet intimacies of childhood, the foolish anticipating of relationships which come to maturity later on in life should hardly be indulged in. Families which have neglected wise reticence when the children were young can always be recognised; for in them the tone, when sons and daughters are growing up and taking the initiative, is apt to be an offence to good taste and refinement. Following the mother's lead, the father will not fail to be in accord with her wishes,

and the result will be natural belief on the children's part in love as the foundation of familiy life, and marriage as its natural consequence. A mother once said, in speaking of a young girl who had spent months in her family, "Not a word has she heard while with us of love and marriage." Surely a mistake this, for however anxious we may be to ignore these human subjects, we find they assert themselves, and it is far wiser to encourage reasonable talk between parents and children, than to drive our children to discuss life and its most sacred human interests with their young friends of both sexes.

In conclusion, the influence and teaching of the educated mother is all for righteousness; and the formation in her children of character, based on self-control and self-sacrifice, the daily object of her life.

IN OUR STUDY.

II.

(STONES.)

BY JULIA FIRTH.

WE have a piece of Brazilian amethyst which looks like a dark paving-stone outside, but inside displays a cut and polished surface of great beauty; it is all glorious within, the polish revealing what is there. "Mere outside polish" does not seem to occur in stones; they have true character: ice has engraved them, successive deposits have formed them. These angles, these curves, this variety of colour—all have a history to tell to those who can read them aright. I cannot do so; I do not know the language. Perhaps Shakespeare did not; but his banished Duke found "sermons in stones"; and here, at least, is a text for us. Education, as Mr. Ruskin says, is a revealer of differences; no amount of polishing will turn a flint into an agate. But agates may be obscured; let us see to it that we spare no pains with them.

Here is a specimen from Hungary: dozens of little amethyst crystals raise their points from a flat slab of quartz, and all are dusted over with minute yellowish-brown crystals of, I think, chalybite. The amethyst crystals are not all of the same height or size. There are little dells and nooks and corners; their positions may vary, but they are under strict rule as to shape. And here a dull-looking roundish stone, something like a small potato; but raise it and look into the hollow of it (it is called a *geode*) and you will see lovely little crystals of amethyst projecting from the cavity. Another specimen is a large crystal, six-sided, like other quartz crystals, which has attained its characteristic form and colour late in life, after a long struggle with shapelessness and dulness—possibly a case of neglected education and indomitable energy nevertheless.

Mr. Ruskin directs the student to get a crystal of wavellite, as a type of star-like formation; this radiating structure may also be seen in prehnite when the small spheres are broken across.

Natrolite (from *natron*, soda, and *lithos*, stone) is a beautiful thing. We have a specimen showing long, slender, white, lustrous, needle-like (acicular) crystals. As may be supposed, these are not hard, but soft, and one needs to be as good a packer as Nature herself to bring home such purchases intact from Freiburg, near Dresden. I can only wish others better success than mine. I have recollections which shadow my satisfaction as I look at our Natrolite.

Beryl is very lovely. I have a small crystal of it from the Emerald Isle, and I rather covet a much larger one, the size of a fore-finger, possessed by a friend, who received it as a gift. But life has compensations. *I* had a charming gift of a rock crystal, perfectly clear, and perfectly pointed.

Visitors to the Manchester Exhibition, perhaps, remember in "Old Manchester" a shop in which South African crocidolite in its various stages was shown, successive deposits forming layers of varying thickness. Miranda got a specimen for me which is one of the prettiest of our collection, and which is singular as suggesting *wood*, rather than stone.

Carbon is found in its purest state in the diamond, but it does not manifest itself in this fair and brilliant creature alone; it has several dusky forms, indeed its poorer relations are black—graphite or plumbago, from which our "black-lead" pencils are made; jet, which supplies black ornaments; and anthracite, from *anthros*, coal or fuel. Our firesides may possibly be as much in its debt as our ball-rooms.

Rhodonite (from Gr. *rhodon*, a rose) is manganese spar; we have a pretty red piece of it from Sweden. It is like a very agreeable foreigner, whom one likes, and of whose history one regrets to know nothing. I am really beginning to be ashamed of the very unscientific character of my remarks, and to think that this little paper should have been called "Our Playthings." I strongly advise my readers not only to collect pretty specimens, but to learn all that is to be known about them.

We have realgar from Saxony, which occurs in crystals of "a beautiful aurora-red colour." It has to be kept from the light, or it would fade, or even turn into a yellow powder, I am told. Of course we do not wish to try the instructive experiment.

Granite is pretty well represented in our collection. It is formed of three minerals—felspar, quartz, and mica—and we have a piece showing these components separately. When they are mixed, granular, and massive, the rock is called granite. When a certain stratification can be distinguished in it, it is gneiss. "Felspar, generally milk-white, and also reddish" (says Berlepsch, in his fine book on the Alps), "forms the principal mass, nearly half of the true granite, between which white (or more rarely yellow or greenish) crystalline glassy transparent grains of quartz are intermixed, and in which thin bright flakes of mica are imbedded. This normal composition changes much in different places. If the characteristic shining mica is wanting in the mass, and it is penetrated by black or dark-green hornblende, it loses the name of granite, and is called syenite. This variety is spread over all parts of the world, and received its name from Syene, in Upper Egypt, and is valued for its endurance as an excellent and easily polished building material. The pyramids and obelisks are chiefly of syenite."

We have a specimen of Shap granite in which the felspar is reddish, and in small detached lumps at almost equal distances, and pieces of Aberdeen granite of black and white only. We have also bits of a coarse kind of black and white granite from East Prussia, portions of great boulders which are quite alien to the soil—"erratic blocks" from the ice of the Baltic. This reminds me of amber, also from the Baltic, a fossil resin used for so many ornamental purposes. We have pieces of bright luminous yellow, others opaque, others dark reddish orange.

Hematite, or kidney iron, is massive and heavy; it is very frequently found associated with quartz crystals. We have many pretty specimens, showing the bubble formation underneath, and clusters of clear six-sided crystals in varying numbers and positions. When the hematite itself is crystallised, it is called specular iron; we have the three together in many cases.

We have blende, which is an important ore of zinc, and galena, a crystallised form of lead; also heavy masses of grey lead from Cumberland, and bright pieces of copper from Cornwall and from Coniston. The hues of copper are so brilliant and varied that "peacock copper" is a name given to one kind which will be popular with young collectors. I hope no one

will *give* them a *collection*, or they will lose the great pleasure of gathering stones and knowledge by degrees, with the associations of pleasant places or kindly persons. One of our pieces of lead with barytes, and another unusual formation of lime, are always connected in my mind with a brilliant day on Ulleswater, a talk with our boatman, who used to work in a mine near Keswick, and a hasty visit to his cottage to see and buy some of his specimens.

To return: we have many bits of native silver, three types of native gold, and pebbles of alluvial tin; these with the above-named give some idea of the metals with which we are familiar in other forms.

Rutile, which is a form of titanium, is seen in shining, red, acicular crystals in quartz, and is a very beautiful thing.

Mr. Ruskin says somewhere: "Never give away a mineral; each one is unlike every other." But that he acts with beautiful inconsistency I for one can gratefully testify. His munificence to various institutions is well known. He gave a case of rare and costly minerals to the Cork High School for Girls, and in his description of some of the specimens this occurs:

"6. Undulating jasper. I never thought to part with it, but it will be better at Cork;" and, "12. The last specimen I have of Sidmouth rock chert, becoming jasper by infusion of colour, reds and yellow oxides of iron; everywhere a beautiful enigma." And in the catalogue of specimens of native silica presented by him to the British Museum: "52. A larger slice from the centre of the same nodule (of lake-chalcedony), formerly one of the most valued pieces in my own collection."

We have advanced one step towards accuracy of knowledge by the possession of "Moh's Scale of Hardness of Minerals." It is a box with ten divisions, nine of which are furnished with stones, and one which is oblong and occupied by a file. No. 1 is Talc, which is so soft that it is very easily scratched or even rubbed into powder; 2, Rock Salt, is a degree harder; 3, Calcite, harder still; and so on to 4, Fluor Spar; 5, Apatite; 6, Felspar; 7, Quartz; 8, Topaz; 9, Corundum, up to the Diamond (not in the collection), on which presumably the file would make no impression at all. Miranda is the happy possessor of a number of small uncut diamonds, while I do not possess one. Her own special collection is, of course, rendered vastly more valuable by this fact.

I have three of our prettiest specimens beside me as I write. They are kept under glass because they are too delicate to be exposed to the air. One is Realgar, before alluded to, in combination with Orpiment, which is golden, and some beautiful grey substance minutely crystallised. The second is sparkling rose colour and white Manganese Spar, with pink grottoes, and a pink passage going a long way back under a roof of white. To prosaic minds—and they are many—this specimen suggests the "pink rock" of a confectioner's shop or even, more irreverently, "goody." The third is a fascinating piece of pale silvery green Talc, intersected by rods of dark, lustrous, green Actinolite.

Such things are a joy for ever.

SOME PRACTICAL POINTS IN THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

NERVES, CLOTHING, EXERCISE, HOURS OF WORK, SLEEP AND FOOD.*

By John Mason, M.D.

The questions which I shall bring before you in this paper are entirely practical. I shall not deal with any vague and abstruse though interesting problems, such as reflex actions, the education of nerve cells, and the like, but confine myself to those things which every mother should know and think about. I may say at once that I believe there is nothing original to be said on these subjects, but there is much that is frequently ignored even by enlightened people, and which will be all the better for being put freshly before you and emphasised once more.

I shall be glad if you will take these first remarks to apply to children from two or three years old to nine.

Nerves.—Children are the most nervous creatures living. Many animals are shy and easily alarmed, but in one particular form of nervousness children surpass them. I mean in what one might call nervous disturbance—or shall we say nervous displacement?—in the loss of balance consequent on shock or nerve irritation, whether mental or physical. We are very prone to forget this; because children are noisy and romping and vigorous, the opposite of the shy trembling creatures we commonly designate nervous, we forget how easily alarmed they are; and more than this, how a shock once applied acts and reacts on the sensitive brain of a child. This is the case both in health and disease: a very trifling derangement, say of the

* A Lecture delivered before the members of the Parents' National Educational Union at Kendal.

digestive organs, will produce as great a nervous cataclysm as the profoundest organic disease will do.

The nervous system of a child is more sensitive, more active, and more intensely on the go than the adult's. The nerve cells do not act more instantly, but they do so with greater disturbance to themselves; and this energy let loose in the brain is more liable to overflow into side channels and to affect the rest of the brain and the body generally than in the adult. This is not to be wondered at since the child's brain learns (I do not mean only the facts and theories which we call learning, but) the things that pertain to its own life and functions, much more constantly than the adult's has to do. When we are grown up, most things, in fact nearly everything we do, is to a great extent automatic and routine. We acquire a regular habit by which we perform the ordinary affairs of life, and so save our brain the effort of thinking. But with the child every new movement and sensation has to be acquired and pondered by the inexperienced nerve cells, to say nothing of new words and fresh ideas which they are constantly gathering.

Besides this, there is the second point, the absence of stability in the nerve cells; figuratively speaking, they explode more readily; and, lastly, there is the want of experience to soothe extravagant fears and of reason to convince.

How are we to avoid the evil consequences of this over-sensitiveness? Let us take instances. A child is afraid of the dark. This fear is a natural one; it occurs in children who have never been frightened by tales, or by other childreu dressing up as ghosts. It is very common; I should say the majority of children of our class have it. My advice is to begin early, before the child is a year old, to accustom it to being without a light at bedtime. Accustom the child to the look of his room during twilight, and encourage him to venture into other dark rooms. Yet he will require watching even then, for one who has had no fears hitherto may have a bad dream, or read some horrible story, and then for a time become fearful. Some children dream every night, and some have dreadful dreams, and these I do not know how you can well leave in the dark. If a child is afraid of the dark, and you cannot cure him of it, let him have a light by all means; many children suffer miseries night after night as soon as they are left alone in the dark, with no benefit to themselves, but the reverse.

I have been asked about "night terrors." The term is applied properly to such a condition as this. A child between, say, four and eight years of age, goes to bed apparently well, and after being asleep for an hour or two wakes up in a state of positive frenzy. Its terror entirely masters even the natural instincts. For a moment or two, sometimes for longer, it recognises no one, not even its mother, and remains sitting straight up in bed, screaming till the perspiration runs down. Presently it is pacified, and after an interval of sobbing drops off to sleep.

This, it is true, is due to the extra nervousness of children, but it is not only nervous, it depends largely on their general health, and more especially on the digestion. It is not a common thing, and may occur only once in the child's life. But sometimes a child gets into the way of having these troublesome fits, and then I think you may be sure there is something decidedly amiss with the digestion; probably there is a great deal of thick mucus being poured out into the digestive tract, it may be following whooping-cough or other disorder, and this mucus, by its presence, prevents the digestive juices coming into contact with the food, and by forming lumps causes irritation which gives rise to the nightmare. The attacks may be considered to be an exaggerated form of nightmare.

Here you have an example of the main characteristics of the child's nervous mechanism in which it differs from what is commonly seen in adults. First, there is the over-sensitiveness of the peripheral nerves, in this case of the intestine; second, the complete misinterpretation and overflowing of the nerve-message sent to the brain from the alimentary canal, whereby the whole brain is thrown into an uproar; and collaterally with this, the want of self-contol and the abeyance of reason for the time being.

Well, the treatment is, if a child has a series of such attacks, to attend to his general health and digestion; for it is specially during such chronic diseases as indigestion that this over-sensitiveness is most apparent.

Again, what shall we say for those cases where there is an unusual abhorrence of some animal, a common enough case? A lady wished me to suggest a course of action with regard to one of her children who evinced a quite uncontrollable fear of the domestic pig. Should she reason with it, or force the acquaintance in spite of disgust and repulsion? Neither *alone*, I think.

In the first place, I believe if we had not all learnt by mature experience that the pig is a harmless creature we should regard it with hesitation. You know many horses either dislike or are afraid of pigs. So that the use of force would be to my mind inadvisable, if not cruel. This is a matter of instinct, not of reason, and the feeling can be better overcome by persuasion and encouragement than by any show of force.

It is impossible to give more than a few instances of nervous troubles in children, but bear in mind the *principles* of training in this respect, the object you should have before your mind, and so think out the line of action suitable in any particular case. You should then, firstly, never wilfully frighten a child; and, more than this, never allow it, if possible, to be in a position of fear without it being able to feel that there is help and protection at hand. You might lead it into such a position on purpose if you like, but with the declared intention of showing the child that there is no occasion for nervousness and dread.

Secondly, your aim should be to constantly and persistently help the child to build up for himself an experience on which he can rely, for, little as we know it, the confidence of grown-up people is the result of oft-repeated experiences and education: I mean, not book education, but the true education in its broader sense, the building up of mind and character.

Now let us pass on to a much simpler subject, that of clothing.

Let me implore those who have young children to give them plenty of clothes. Plenty of clothes and to be out every day, and in the summer all day, is the way to bring up a child strong and healthy. I do not mean that every child, however miserably delicate, should be sent out in a drenching rain or in a driving snowstorm; but what I do say is, that warm clothing and any amount of fresh air are the two things that are paramount for the health of a child and for "hardening" a child. This "hardening," be careful how you do it; aim at accomplishing it by strengthening the child's constitution more than by simply exposing it to weather.

I knew a sad failure by the latter plan. The five children, born of exceptionally healthy parents, were brought up when quite young without flannel and with bare legs, with the object of hardening them; and as they came to maturity, two of them died of heart disease and Bright's disease, and the other three are delicate. Flannel and wool are your only wear for children,

and pray leave off those innumerable various thin fine linen garments in which an infant is decked. I see bits of fine cambric almost like tissue-paper put on, as if there was any sense in such clothing. Understand that the under-clothes are for warmth, and for *nothing* else, and the dress (or over-garment) is for warmth and appearance. Bare legs in anything but warm weather are an iniquity, to my mind. I know why they are kept so; it is because "they look so pretty." Foolish nurses, and yet more foolish mothers, because more responsible, are always vieing with each other to make the children look more "fetching" than their neighbours', instead of throwing such fancies to the winds with the consolation that health is the parent of beauty. That passage is constantly coming into my mind in matters concerning health of body as well as of spiritual health: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"

How often do we hear this sort of thing: "The children have not been out for a week, poor things, the weather is so bad." Now note, the parents whose children do not go out for days together, keep them indoors because they consider them less able to bear exposure than grown-up people. And yet they actually clothe them as if they could bear twice as much cold as their elders. They are practically bare from the middle of the thigh downwards. They wear thin cotton socks and little house shoes when they are out, that let the water in the first puddle they happen to step into. The absurdity of complaining how easily children take cold, and at the same time exposing them to frost and east wind, as if they had the hide of a bear, is apparent. There are, I know, two points in the child's favour compared with adults—first, that they are better covered with fat than at any rate men are (and fat is a good non-conductor of heat); and, secondly, they can keep themselves warm by running about without fatigue or looking ridiculous.

And this point of exercise out of doors brings me to another with regard to clothing, which I should like to mention. Let me repeat, flannel and wool are the only proper materials, because they are not only warm but elastic; and this absence of all tightness, giving perfect freedom of movement, is essential to full muscular development as well as to muscular enjoyment and vigour.

Lastly, may I remind you to discriminate between the uses of different suits of clothes. Let the children be dressed well and prettily for a party; but my sympathies are strongly enlisted, on the other hand, for children having a rough suit that will not spoil by a good romp or a tumble out of doors. It saddens me dreadfully to see children full of life and energy and bursting to turn a summersault, kept at a gentle walk, dreary and wearisome, for fear they should tumble and spoil their clothes.

Again, with regard to girls' exercise. There is no reason at all why girls should be in any way restricted in games up to the age of ten or twelve (the age varies a little, but in most cases one would say twelve at least). There is no physiological reason against their romping and racing as much as boys of their own age: in fact, some girls are the leaders in the games. They should use dumb-bells and play shuttlecock and battledore in wet weather, and learn to throw and catch, play rounders, hockey (there is a good hockey team, I believe, in one of the ladies' colleges at Cambridge), row, ride, swim, and play tennis, at all ages quietly, and vigorously at every age, except perhaps for one or two years in adolescence. There is no reason why they should not play cricket—no physiological reason, I mean—though I am afraid their skirts will always prevent anything like high-class play. I know the controversy will always be maintained between those who think games and athletics are carried too far nowadays, but I have not met any one yet who thinks the physical training of children of our class up to the age of eight or so is overdone. I think myself it is rather underdone. And, speaking generally, I am on the side of those who do not think physical training is thought too much of in this country. In France they are waking up to the benefits of our national ideas on athletics, and Germany is also borrowing from us.

Let me also say a word of correction on the prevailing confusion which obtains with regard to the respective benefits of *games* and *gymnastics*. By gymnastics I mean the Swedish system, and such as are commonly practised in England. These, lifting weights, hanging and swinging from bars, dumb-bell exercises, and the like, I must remind you only exercise the muscular system, and many of them are designed to develop one muscle at a time. The German gymnastics are better; they exercise all the muscular system, and to a *certain extent* the brain cells which direct the complex muscular movements;

but all gymnastics lack what is really one of the most important parts of physical training, that is (not bulk and power of individual muscles, but) the training of the brain cells to direct all the movements with rapidity and vigour, coupled with the finest adjustment of strength. After all, it is skill in the use of one's arms and legs, not brute force, that is the essential.

Besides, games, athletic sports, rowing, riding, &c., are all outdoor affairs, all bear directly on the various natural and necessary uses of the body, and all have the additional stimulus of emulation and companionship.

(*To be continued.*)

TEL SONO, A JAPANESE REFORMER.

"I am a little Japanese woman."

(*From her Autobiography*).

CHAPTER I.

MY ancestors were of high descent, and very wealthy. Moan Waka Sono, my grandfather, who lived in Nagoya, was a philosopher. When over fifty years old he came to believe in a God in heaven, and built a room for prayer. There he always prayed, looking toward heaven and ringing a bell which he held in his right hand. Sometimes he would sit down in the room and remain engaged in prayer for hours, not moving nor taking any nourishment.

He began to give all his wealth to the destitute, and soon became very poor; but he did not care about his poverty, and always said, "Human wealth is unprofitable. I cannot carry it away when I die."

His eldest daughter, my aunt, a very fine poetess, was fond of travel. Once when travelling alone, as was her custom, she was met in a mountain-pass by a thief. As a part of every woman's education in Japan is skill in combat, my aunt was ready to defend herself. When he made the attempt to rob her she adroitly pushed him down and held him while she reproved him for his evil deeds, explaining to him the right and wrong paths. "I will send you to judgment if you do not repent and stop this wicked business," she said. "I will go to right work now," he said. "I have been doing this work only a few months, but, after what you have said, can do it no longer." Then he wished her to spend the night with him. She accepted the invitation, received good care from himself and wife, and was brought on her journey the following day by them.

When grandfather became very old she took him to her home and nursed him. One snowy winter afternoon he lay down after dinner to rest, saying in verse: "He has kept my life for over eighty years. Now may I rest in happiness!" Soon he fell asleep, never to awaken.

He had four children—three sons and one daughter. The daughter, I have said, was a poetess, the first-born son the doctor of a prince, the second a teacher of war-tactics, and the youngest, my father, a philosopher and doctor. He first studied philosophy and travelled through the country. Once he sojourned in a place where the minister had a very fine old picture on which he had always wanted a poem written, but could find no person able to write it. My father wrote the desired poem, with which the people and minister were so pleased they wished him to stay a while and teach for them. They built him a house and gave him kind attention. He gathered many scholars about him, and remained there three years. The people wanted him to marry and make his home among them. Accordingly, arrangements were made, and he married the daughter of a village governor. Shortly after the marriage he took her to the home of his sister, leaving her there to study, as she was not an educated woman, while he went away to study medicine.

After he was graduated they went to the city of Tokio, where he began his practice of medicine. Many kings called him to serve them, but he loved freedom and would never go. His old scholars also called him to return to them. Shortly after my birth my parents returned to Ebalaki, where they remained.

I was the second eldest of four children. One brother was a doctor, and my sister was a teacher in a public school for women. This school was established by her, and was the first school for women in my native place.

My good father never worshipped idols, neither would he allow me to do so, but counselled me when a little girl to minister to the needs of the destitute whenever an opportunity presented itself, resting assured that a pure life and kind deeds would be rewarded. His advice I have never forgotten, and have ever tried to live in accord with it, gladly sharing whatever I had with those not so favoured. Near my home lived a poor widow who loved me very much. One evening I saw that the back of her dress was badly torn, and I said, "O *bayah*" (a word

used in addressing middle-aged or old women of the lower class), "your dress is torn behind." "Yes, *ojosama*" (miss), she said, "will you give some clothes to bayah?" I said I would, and running home quickly, I got a summer gown of my father's—a garment worn by both men and women—and gave it to her. The next morning she came to thank my mother for the garment. My mother looked first at one, then at the other, and for some little time could not speak for laughing; but finally she said it was all right.

Sometimes she scolded me for doing those things, but my father always said, "She is doing a good work. Do not be angry with her." Indeed, I gave my mother much trouble by my generosity, for when she had the dinner ready I many times would carry it out the back door and give it to the poor. My clothing also I frequently gave away. One winter afternoon—for we have our cold seasons in Japan—I took two little girls to a Buddhist garden. They were very scantily clothed, and shivered in the cold north wind. My heart was moved with compassion, and, going with them behind the hedge, I took off two of my warm garments and gave one to each.

When thirteen years of age I began the study of Japanese poetry with my father. The poems made me think and wonder, while many questions arose in my mind. My father understood me better than any one else, and to him I went with my questions. "Father," I said, "who is the true God, and where is he?"

"I do not know, my child, but think he is somewhere in the sky."

"Who made the earth, the people, the animals, and all other things?" I questioned.

"It may be the works of God," he answered, "because human power is not sufficient."

From that time I always thought there was one true God who dwelt in the sky, though for my thoughts I had no other evidence than the feeling that there must be some power in the universe greater and higher than mere human power.

That same year an incident occurred that showed me very plainly the utter folly of idol-worship. While walking to school one morning with a friend—a girl several years older than myself; she told me about an altar which her father had erected to a very popular god. She said all her friends and

neighbours came together every night to worship him, and asked me to meet them with my mother. In answer to my question regarding what kind of a god he was, she said his name was Otamasama, and that he was very mighty and strong; in fact, that he was the most high God. I said, "O no! he is an idol, and my mother and I will never worship idols." "I think he will kill you because you speak against him," she exclaimed loudly. "Very well," I said, "if he is the true God I hope he will kill me, because I have always searched for him and shall be glad to know him. However, I do not believe this idol can kill me." She said he certainly would kill me because I doubted his being God. "Will you promise me one thing?" I said. "You have asked your god to kill me, and if he does not do it will you apologise for your hatred and angry words?" She thought a little while, then said she would.

As we neared home I charged her not to forget her promise, for I could see by her anxious face that she was greatly troubled. In the evening my most intimate friend told me that Tesa was going to have a meeting at her house, and was going to ask her god to kill me that very night. I told her not to let that trouble her, for I was certain her god was only an idol, but that I would go over and see her pray to him. Then, throwing my apron over my head, I hurried to her home. I could not open the gate, so crawled through a hole in the hedge and crept up to the parlour window. In Japan the custom is to have the parlour open on the lawn at the rear of the house. Windows made of fine heavy paper reach to the ground. No curtains are used, and the outside shutters are not closed until bedtime. In this large room, or parlour, was erected the altar. I was partly screened from view by the surrounding trees and shrubbery, and, tearing a small hole in the paper window, witnessed unobserved the ceremonies carried on inside.

There were about fifty people kneeling around the altar, on which was placed a paper image. Some clasped their hands and looked up at the image; some bowed before it until their faces almost touched the floor, and some had tinsel balls strung together like a necklace, which they rubbed between the palms of their hands, making a jingling sound, while all gave vent to exclamations of praise and adoration. Their faces were bathed in perspiration from their intense earnestness in calling for the spirit to come and enter that paper idol.

Before the altar stood a large iron pan in which a slow fire was kept burning, filling the room with smoke. I watched just as earnestly as they prayed, wondering what a spirit could be like. Then one of their number bowed very low, directly in front of the altar, and made a long prayer, in which he besought the spirit to come and take possession of him.

After a long time he shook the image, causing the paper ribbons to make a rustling noise—an indication to the people that his prayer was not being answered. "I feel very strange to-night," he said. "Why does not the spirit come? I think there must be some unbelievers here." He looked over the company, but found only his members there; then he opened the window and saw me sitting behind a small evergreen tree at the corner under the window. "A little unbelieving girl has confused our prayers to-night!" he exclaimed. Tesa's father came out to where I was, and, on recognising me, said to the prophet, "This little girl is the daughter of Dr. Tesai Sono. She and my daughter are school-mates." Then the prophet told him to drive me away quickly.

He wanted to do as he was bidden, so opened the gate and told me to go right home. "No," I said, "I will not go until your daughter acknowledges to me that her god is an idol. She promised me this morning that she would do that if he did not kill me to-night." Her father called to her and told her to come out, but she refused because she was afraid.

Her mother came and begged me to obey her and go home, saying she would make acknowledgment in her daughter's stead and would give me fruit and cake besides. That satisfied me, for I felt that I had come off victorious.

I said, "I will excuse her for your sake." It was then about ten o'clock, and I ran home with my apron full of cake and fruit, but said nothing to my parents about where I had been.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I was fourteen years old my father fell sick, and the doctors said that he could not live more than two or three days. This made my mother, sister, and brothers so sad that I could not stay with them in the house. I determined to pray to the true God for my father's life, so, taking my best friend, Otama,

with me into a secluded place in the garden near a well, I told her what I intended to do, and asked her to help me.

She listened earnestly while I talked, peering into my face too astonished to make any reply. At last she said, "Are you crazy to-night?" "No, I am not crazy. My mother, sister, and brothers are very sorrowful, and my own heart is almost broken; therefore I have decided to offer my own life as a sacrifice for my father's."

At this point she threw her arms around me, and after we had wept for some time in each other's embrace she said: "I will do as you wish, but if you die I want to die with you."

The ceremonies connected with prayer for the life of a friend were very solemn and awful, involving the sacrifice of the suppliant's life for that of the sick person, if necessary. First, the hair was cut off and offered as a sacrifice—the most precious which could be offered; then the body was stripped, and cold water poured over it to purify and make prayer acceptable.

Taking a razor, I cut off my hair close to the scalp and hung it up under a tree. Next I took off all my clothing, and throwing it down on the grass, seated myself on a board by the well. Otama then poured three bucketsful of water on my head, causing it to run down over my entire body. I shook so with the cold, both from the water and the north wind that was blowing, that I could not utter one word of prayer at first; but after a while I did not feel the cold quite so much, and looking up toward the sky began to pray thus: "O true God! If you stay somewhere in the sky, please hear my voice! Please let me die for my father, for if he dies my mother will die also. Save the lives of my father and mother, I pray, O God, and I will sacrifice to you not only my hair, but my soul and body. If you do not spare my father's life I hope you will kill me just now! O, is there no true God in the world? I am so hungry to hear God's voice! O, please speak to me and save my father's life?"

After Otama had poured the water on my head she sat down on the grass behind me and listened to my prayer. Just as I was uttering the last sentence she cried with a loud voice. This attracted my grandmother's attention, and, taking a lighted candle in her hand, she with my nurse hurried into the garden. When they discovered us they were greatly shocked at my condition. My nurse caught up my clothing, and wrapping it

around my naked body, carried me to the house and put me down by the fire, while my grandmother and friend followed us.

Grandmother looked into my face, put her hand on my head, and whispered something to my nurse; then both cried for a long time.

It was about eleven o'clock when nurse took me to bed, my friend staying to sleep with me. Not being able to sleep, I got up about midnight and went softly through the hall to my father's sick-room. Listening carefully at the door, I heard some one laugh. "That is my mother's voice," I said. "I believe God has heard my prayer and made my father better, or mother would not be laughing." Just then mother came out and saw me standing by the door. She looked into my face and said: "My dear, father is a little better; you did him good. Now run right to bed, and get a good sleep; then you may get up early and come to see him."

I obeyed, and slept soundly all the rest of the night. Rising early, I went to my father's room and looked anxiously into his face to see how he was. "My dear," he said, speaking slowly and in a very weak voice: "I am much better this morning, and think I will soon be well; you need not feel troubled about me any more. I hope that you will go to school to-day and have good lessons."

I ran away by myself and cried for joy. "Surely there is a true God somewhere," I said, and prayed again: "O, true God, I thank you very much for saving my father's life. Now I wish you would please keep him alive many years, and take my life any time instead." Then I went to school and played with the children.

My mind was perfectly at rest about my father from that time, and by Christmas, two months later, he was entirely well.

(*To be continued.*)

(Printed in the *Parents' Review* with the kind permission of Madame Tel Sono, in the hope of interesting many in her noble educational work.)

THE POT OF GREEN FEATHERS.

By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.

Part II.

We have seen, then, how each impression that we receive from external objects is consciously or unconsciously interpreted and made known to us by a kind of internal classification, through which it is referred to that part of our store of knowledge to which its resemblance connects it. We have now to see that in this process of interpretation of a new impression by that which is old, the previously existing mass of knowledge which interprets the new is itself modified and made clearer. Suppose a child lives in the flat of the fen near Cambridge, and that by going to the Gogmagog Hills he learns to form an idea of what a hill is. Then suppose him to be transported to Birmingham, where he goes out to the Lickey Hills. These he will recognise as hills by aid of the previous conception of a hill which he has formed in his mind, but at the same time he enlarges his ideas of a hill, and if he travels further west and climbs the Malvern Hills and the Welsh Hills he will still further amplify his conception. Now let him study the elements of geology and physical geography, and learn to trace the connection between the shape of hills and the rock or soil composing them, together with the action of wind and water, heat and frost, and the word hills will still have yet an extended meaning. Every time you refer an object to a class, as when you say, "Yonder mass—it may be Ingleborough—is a hill," you not only explain the thing about which you are talking (Ingleboro'), but you also add to your idea of the *class* to which you refer it (hill). The new thing is explained by old or already existing ideas, but for the service which the old does the new in thus interpreting it, the old idea receives payment or

recompense in being made itself more clear. Suppose you have a dozen pictures—apes, bears, foxes, lions, tigers, &c. Then every time you show one of these to a child, and the child learns to say "that tiger is an animal," "that lion is an animal," he not only learns something about the tiger, the lion, and the rest, but also extends his conception of what an animal is. Hence we can see when it is that learning a name is instructive, it is when the name is a record of something actually witnessed. If, however, you tell a child who does not know what a ship is, or what wind is, or what the sea is, that a sail is the canvas on which the wind blows to move the ship across the sea, the names are only names and do not add to his knowledge of objects.

So far as we have chiefly considered the case where impressions from the outside world or from *outward objects* are being interpreted by the mind, as in the case of violets, the pot of ferns, and the like; but a similar process goes on wholly in the mind between ideas which exist there after external objects have been removed. Consider how weak fugitive impressions may be strengthened and held fast by this process. Alongside the feeble, and therefore fugitive, impression arises a mass of previously acquired and nearly connected impressions and ideas, dominating the former, and by means of connections with other stores of knowledge, setting up a movement in the mind which lights up the obscure impression, defines it and fixes it in the mind ineradicably. For example: I find a little white flower on the top of Great Whernside, *Rubus chamæmorus*. I might notice it for a moment and pass on oblivious. Suppose, however, that it occurs to me next day to think of the so-called zones of vegetation, and how the Pennine Hills were once covered with the ice-sheet like Greenland now is, and how England then had an arctic flora, and how it may be that this flower, which in England only grows 2000 feet above the sea, being killed by the warmth of lower levels, may perhaps be a botanical relic of that surprising geological epoch, and then what interest attaches to that flower. Why the very spot on which it stands seems stamped in the mind indelibly.

Nothing new, then, can be a subject of knowledge until it is not merely mechanically associated (as a passing breeze with the story which I read under a tree), but associated by a

psychological process with something in the mind which is already stored up there, the new seeking among the old for something resembling itself, and not allowing the mind peace until such has been found, or until the new impression has passed out of consciousness. This process of interpreting impressions and ideas by reference to previous impressions and ideas must not be confounded with the reference of such interpreted impressions to self. When you refer this process to self, when you recognise yourself as going through the process, and as being the subject of the assimilating process, this is self-observation. You may have this self-consciousness either along with the interpreting process, or after it, or not at all. Dogs, parrots, and many animals clearly interpret impressions and objects as one of a class, as a kitten did who, after eating a piece of raw meat, afterwards chewed a ball of red blotting-paper, inferring it to be meat from its colour; but they do not do this with recognition of self as the subject of the process. Children do not appear to be conscious in their thoughts and actions much before they are three years old, and their minds seem at first much to resemble the minds of animals. We may now further apply this principle of the growth of the mind to practical work in the class-room.

When something new presents itself to us, it does not as a rule, except when it affects the emotions in some way, arrest our attention, unless it is connected with something already known by us. A young child visited the British Museum, and was next day asked what he had noticed. He remarked upon the enormous size of the door-mats. Most other impressions were fugitive, being isolated in his mind. The mats he knew about, because he compared them with the door-mat at home. Among all the birds the only one he remembered was the hen, and passing by the bears and tigers with indifference he was pleased to recognise a stuffed specimen of the domestic cat. The child only remembered what he was already familiar with, for the many impressions from other objects neutralised each other and passed into oblivion. One great art in teaching is the art of finding links and connections between isolated facts, and of making the child see that what seems quite new is an extension of what is already in his mind. Few people would long remember the name and date of a single Chinese king

picked by chance from a list extending back thousands of years. Facts of English history are not much easier to remember than this for children who are not gifted with strong mechanical memories. Hence the value of presenting names, dates, and events in connection with external memorials, such as monuments, buildings, battlefields, or with poems and current events, and the like. Story, object, and poem illustrate and strengthen each other. It ought not to be hard to teach English history in the town of York, where there is a continuous series of objects illustrating the course of affairs from pre-historic times to the present date. Our object in teaching should be to present facts in organic relation to each other, instead of getting them learnt by heart as a list of disconnected names.

If, then, all the growth of the mind takes place from earliest to latest years, through the apprehension of new knowledge by old, then the first business of the young child in the world is to learn to interpret rightly the impressions that he receives from objects. To receive and master the gifts of his senses is his first duty. But this task cannot in the early stages be fulfilled in a strictly systematic way. You cannot present all the world piecemeal to the child, object after object, in strictly logical order. One educationist objected to little children visiting a wood or forest because the different sorts of trees were there all jumbled together instead of being scientifically classified and arranged as they would be in a botanical garden. The child, however, must take the world as he finds it. Impressions come crowding in upon him in such numbers that he has no time at first for paying minute attention to any one. In truth, so massed and grouped are his impressions, that one may almost say that the outer world presents itself to him as a whole—of course an obscure unanalysed whole—and that it is a matter of difficulty to isolate one perception clearly from its concomitant perceptions. The whole must be analysed into parts bit by bit. Out of the mass of obscure and ill-defined impressions, educationists should study which are they which stand out and arrest attention most readily, and in what order they do this? We do not find that those impressions are most striking which are logically the most important, but rather those to which the practical needs of daily life give prominence—food, clothing, parents, brothers, sisters, other children and their experiences.

Such are the things that children are most taken up with. But each impression once grasped is the basis or starting-point for understanding another, and thus the manifold variety of objects is simplified and brought within the compass of memory by a sort of unconscious reasoning. A child, for instance, who kept a chicken, but never saw chicken at table, being limited in its meat diet to beef, when at last the chicken came to table roasted, called it "hen-beef," clearly interpreting by an elementary process of reasoning the new by the old. Take a child to a wild beast show and observe how he names the animals by aid of a very general resemblance to those he may previously know. The elephant is a donkey because he has four legs, the otter is a fish; and so on. These comparisons are not jests, nor even mere play of fancy, but the result of an effort of an inexperienced mind to assimilate new impressions. The child is only following the mental process which we all have to follow in becoming masters of our impressions and extending our knowledge. Clearly the limited stock of ideas of the child renders it easier for him to make mistakes than for us to do so, but in some matters it is well to remember that we are no further advanced than children, and consequently often behave as such. A little French child, a year old, who had travelled much, named an engine Fafer (its way of saying *Chemin de fer*); afterwards it named steamboat, coffee-pot and spirit-lamp, anything, in short, that hissed and smoked, "fafer"—the obvious points of resemblance spontaneously fusing together in the child's mind and becoming classified not quite incorrectly. Another child, who learnt to call a star by its right name, applied star as a name to candle, gas, and other bright objects, clearly interpreting the new by the old, by use of an unconscious elementary classification or reasoning. Thus we see the value and helpfulness of language in the process of acquiring and interpreting impressions. Having once separated out from the indistinct masses of impressions borne in upon him from the outside world some one distinct impression, and having marked that impression with a name, the child is thenceforth readily able to recognise the same impression, in this instance that of brightness, when mixed up with quite other masses of impressions, and to fix its attention on that one alone. Thus the word helps the mind to grow and expand. The use of the word is a real help to the know-

ledge of things. The name when learnt in connection with the observation and handling of an object is not merely a name—a barren symbol for nothing signified—but is a means for acquiring fresh knowledge as occasion serves. A name thus learnt —*i.e.*, in presence of the object—when applied by the learner to a new impression exactly resembling the former is really an expression of, and an addition to, the mental stores. It is then as the filling in of a sketch, or as the further completion of an unfinished circle. How different is such naming from learning by heart names of objects without handling the things signified. How often have text-books of science, geography, and history been prescribed to be got up for examination! and how often have the results been disappointing! The student thus taught sees only the difference of a letter in the alphabet between CarboNic Acid and CarboLic Acid, JacobiN and JacobiTe, and a mere transposition of a figure in expressing an incline as 8 inches in 1 mile, instead of 1 inch in 8 miles. The words call up no mental image. The figure 8 is a symbol only, as it does not call up the image of 8 things. A name given in the presence of the object serves afterwards to recall the image or picture of that object, and it does this the more perfectly the more accurately the object is studied in the first instance. Children, for want of language, signify many of their impressions by gestures before they can describe them in words; and *gesture* language, especially if encouraged, precedes spoken language, besides accompanying it. Children are imitative: they love to act over again what they have seen, especially when much impressed, as in George Eliot's pathetic description of the baby-boy attending his mother's funeral in puzzled wonder, and thinking how "he would play at this with his sister when he got home." With children, this "acting," or "playing at being," more resembles talking over, giving expression to, and describing what has been seen, noted, and assimilated, than aimless exercise of the muscles and the intelligence. How profoundly right, therefore, Froebel was in making so much of action-songs in his Kindergarten, and how excellent his games are, in which every action of the child corresponds to some observed impressions with which the child is familiar. Froebel's actions correspond to realities, and are not mere physical movements. They are

forms of expression of things. They correspond to facts, and advance the observation and knowledge of things which ought to be familiar to every one, such as sowing, reaping, and the like.

Now to go back to my pot of ferns. The child sees ferns for the first time, and cannot tell what they are. He receives impressions which are new, and these seek interpretation in the manner which I have described. They hunt about in the mind for similar impressions previously received; at last the impression of the fern attaches itself to the impression of feathers; the crisp curl of the frond and its delicate branches much resemble feathers; it is true there is a hindrance to the judgment; the fern is not quite like the feather; some points are like and some are not; in the end, however, those which are alike overpower those which are unlike and the child says, "these are feathers." The child has not got false impressions; he interprets wrongly; further study, fresh observation and comparison, will soon rectify the error. Hence the need of taking careful note of children's mistakes, distinguishing between thoughtless answers and those which, although very wrong, arise from mental effort misdirected. Careless answers should be checked, but well-meant thought, even if unsuccessful, should be encouraged. Therefore an answer like that of the green feathers should be dealt with in the way of praise rather than censure.

Sometimes it is not merely an object that is incorrectly interpreted, and subsequently better understood. It occasionally happens to us that a whole group of thoughts is thus modified by the acquisition of some new knowledge, and instead of the new merely forming an addition to the old it wholly changes it. Such was the result of the teaching of Copernicus and Galileo, and in our own day of Darwin. The discoveries of these men caused such wide-reaching alteration of preconceived ideas that the new knowledge was at first received with discomfort and mental uneasiness, which caused the discoverer to be looked upon with suspicion, regarded as an enemy, and persecuted. When in the case of an individual, some new conception changes the character in this way by some powerful influence, as in the case of St. Paul, we call it a conversion. Well, then, it may be said, in these cases your position is given up. The new should be regarded as the means by which the old is known, instead of

the old as interpreting the new. But this is not the case, for however overpowering the new conception may be for a time, yet in the end the whole store of knowledge in the mind proves too strong for it, overpowers it, and finds some place for it, after which the mind is at peace with itself, and appears to have been enlarged and not diminished or divided by the fresh experience, however strange and unusual it may have been.

A PARADISE OF BIRDS.

By H. D. Geldart.

My garden is about an acre in extent (including site of house); it slopes down sharply to the valley, and is a dense mass of trees with undergrowth of hollies; it is, in fact, a little bit of primeval forest of scrubby oaks and hollies, which used to clothe the low hills on the north side of the River Yare, and which was kept by the Bishops of Norwich as a hunting ground, and some of the hollies (the oldest trees) may very well have seen as seedlings the building of both castle and cathedral. Although it is within a mile of the centre of a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and close by the railway terminus, which is never quiet all the twenty-four hours, excepting for about three-quarters of an hour between 3 and 4 A.M., and has all the trains, both in and out, passing at a short distance, it is a veritable birds' paradise. No gun is ever fired, and no nests are taken save those of sparrows, and sometimes of blackbirds when the latter prove a nuisance and steal my pears from a kitchen-garden at the side.

On a terrace in front of the house, and about ten feet from the window, stand two pans of water, where on a summer's day are birds bathing, drinking, fighting, flirting, nearly all day long, but specially at certain hours—10 A.M., 2 and 5 P.M., seem favourite times—and so bold and confident are they that you may sit at the open window, and watch them without their minding.

Fully a score of different birds have been seen to drink at these pans: woodpigeon, missel thrush, song thrush, blackbird, flycatcher, robin, redstart, nightingale, blackcap, bullfinch, hawfinch, chaffinch, greenfinch, sparrow, hedge sparrow, great tit, blue tit, marsh tit, cole tit, chiff-chaff, Jenny Wren.

Besides these, many others come and rest in the trees, rooks come for acorns, starlings come and chatter, swear and whistle, imitating every sound they hear. In the winter, nuthatches sometimes come for nuts which are put out for them, and red-

wings for the holly-berries. I have counted over forty in one tree; these latter birds, too, never sleep; go out at any hour of the night, and you will find them stirring in the hollies over your head and calling gently to each other. I have once or twice seen little flocks of Bohemian waxwings perching for a short time, and then moving on. In spring come wrynecks, and sometimes a tree-creeper. On a summer's evening, as the twilight draws on, I have heard goatsuckers "burring" on the heath about a mile behind. Cuckoos are often heard, and in years gone by the owls used to hoot in the woods across the valley—these, alas! have all been killed. Swifts come up from the town and hawk for insects, shrieking; and as the sun goes down herons cross us flying home from the "Broads" to the herony, about three miles beyond the town. We have no swallows, nor any wagtails.

Every year one, and sometimes two pairs of woodpigeons build in the taller trees, and we see their young ones—look out early (4 o'clock), and on the terrace you may see a pair of hawfinches with their chicks, the old ones bullying the blackbirds, and driving them away with thrusts of their enormous beaks. Bullfinches build close at hand; a flycatcher has brought off her brood within a foot of the dining-room window. Chaffinches and greenfinches nest in hollies, and every year there are about a dozen nests of missel and song thrushes and blackbirds; nightingales have sometimes built. Robins are in the banks every year, and we are rarely without at least one Jenny Wren and family. For the tits and redstarts, we put boxes—inside measurement, 7 inches long by 5 inches broad, and 5 inches high at the back; the lid, which turns up on two pins, overhanging the front, and sloping forward to throw off the rain; with a hole bored in the right-hand top corner of the front about 1¼ inch diameter for the small tits, and 1½ to 1¾ inch for the great tits and redstarts, *for a little bird will not build in a box with a hole much larger than so that it can just get in.* The great tits are very shy, and are off the nest before you get within a yard of it. Redstarts are not quite so shy, but as for the small tits, blue, marsh and cole, you may raise the lid and stroke their backs while they sit on their eggs, and when my daughter was young she would often amuse herself with "taking Mrs. Tommy for a walk." Lifting the blue tit gently off its nest, she would carry it about in her hand for five or ten minutes, and put it back again without the bird struggling or objecting in

any way farther than a little sharp hiss when it was put on the eggs again. The great secret of lifting the lid without frightening the bird lies in never for an instant putting your hand over the hole; if you do the bird thinks it is trapped, leaves the eggs, and tries to escape. The boxes are nailed to a tree-trunk or a wall—last best; but they must be so far below the top of the wall that it is not possible for a cat to sit on the wall and catch the bird as it flies in or out. I have known a cat jump from the top of a wall, and alighting on a box with all its weight tear out the nail, and bring box, bird, young ones, and all to grief. The boxes should be made of half-inch stuff (old packing-case does well), and if painted should be done the summer before they are to be used; if any smell of paint remains, the birds will not go near them.

None of the birds do me any harm, excepting sparrows, blackbirds, and bullfinches. Sparrows pull my flowers to pieces; steal everything they can, fruit, peas, buds from the gooseberry bushes, and, worst of all, spoil pears. Blackbirds, too, are very keen on pears. Sitting on a branch, they pick a small hole at the base of the stalk; they will do this to a dozen pears instead of eating up one; the flies and wasps follow them, and in a day all those pears are rotten. Bullfinches bite out the little sweet piece at the base of the apple blossom that would form the future apple. I have watched a bullfinch and his mate and seen them completely clear an apple-tree in a day or two. On the other hand, the tits do a great deal of good; they pick about the buds, but never touch a sound one; if a tit is seen pulling a bud to pieces, be sure that there is a grub in it—he is doing good, not harm. I feed the tits in winter. Cut off a little piece from each end of a small cocoa-nut, pass a string through and hang it up in a tree. The tits will begin at each end, and eat till they meet in the middle; very often two, one at each end, will be at work at the same time.

The birds repay one well for the care taken of them by the pleasure they give both by their pretty ways and their songs. I have from my hall-door heard five nightingales singing at once, and very often a thrush will come to the same twig of the same bush every evening for weeks and there sit singing while we walk about underneath and close at hand. Sometimes we get too much of this—it is hardly pleasant at 2.45 A.M. to be woke by a bird singing within twenty yards of one's bed. "Hi-jiddy-jiddy-gee. *Did* he know it? *Did* he, *did* he know it?" &c.

This provokes retaliation—out of bed, find a missile, lump of coal does well, open window: "There, you brute! now *you* know it. Let me go to sleep again."

Besides the birds my garden yields a few animals, all of which are preserved, except the rats—war to the knife with them! They steal the fowls' food and kill the chickens sometimes. When the river floods the meadows they come up the hill, and they come down from my neighbour's farm some way behind in swarms. The pretty little long-tailed field-mice do a little damage among bulbs, and steal the fresh-sown peas if you do not "paraffine" them; but they are so pretty I cannot find it in my heart to kill them, and they flourish. There are generally at least two bats who hibernate behind the rain-water pipes. One came out and had a little flutter about a week ago, and then went to bed again; they are never hurt. Squirrels come sometimes in winter and early spring. I have seen three at once, but they never stay with us. Every now and then a hedgehog is found amongst the heaps of leaves; he is brought up to be looked at, and then returned. One has been here this winter, and has been dug up a time or two for the benefit of admiring children.

Slow-worms, I fear, are extinct. Say what one will, the labourers will kill them. "There was one at the railway once, and it bit a man, and his hand swelled up as big as your head, sir, and he died," said an old gardener to me, when he found one and chopped it up with his spade, and no demonstration that it could not have done so by any possibility would persuade him. "I know ter was so." "Well, did you see it bite the man?" "No, but I heared on it, and I *know* ter was so, and he died, sir."

We have always in summer a toad or two with whom we are well acquainted, but I have never found them at all tameable; they tolerate your presence and wink at you with preternatural solemnity, but we never get any further.

These hanging woods are inhabited by a race of prodigious spiders—"Tegenariæ." A tale was started that they were tarantulæ, and were introduced by the Romans, and this was published in a would-be scientific work, but it is all nonsense. They come into houses in autumn, and are so large and so hairy that I have known them several times to have been mistaken for mice when running across a floor or up bed-curtains in an uncertain light.

HOW TO LEARN A LANGUAGE.

By the Rev. Henry W. Bell, M.A.

The appearance of Monsieur Gouin's book on "The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages," is a fact full of interest and significance to linguists. It is a sign that light is breaking upon the darkness of the old methods of study; and we even begin to hope that some of its rays will penetrate the closed cloisters of our universities. A living book, that is, a book in which principles are expounded that go to the foundations, is an active influence, let loose amid a world of forces, and it will control and guide them to true and noble issues. Such a book is the one which we are at present noticing. It has laid hold of the great foundation principle on which the true method of learning languages rests, and it has built upon it a fabric of thought and exposition that has no parallel in its own department. It is not too much praise to call it the "*Novum Organum* of Linguistic Study."

The fundamental principle on which it is based is the postulate that a foreign language should be learned in the same way as its mother tongue is learned by a child. The written page must not intervene between the mind and spoken speech. The uttered words must reach the mind by the direct channel of the ear, must be assimilated by the mind, and be imitated by the tongue. It is thus every child of sane faculties learns, and infallibly learns, his own language, which to begin with is unknown or foreign to it; it is only thus that the man can learn an unknown speech. He must become as a little child, taking in his humility the noblest attitude, moral or spiritual, that man can take. He thus enters Nature's school, which is God's School, and among other great and greater achievements, learns, readily and pleasantly, foreign tongues. He thus finds, what pedagogues are so slow to find, that the natural is the true, that the false is an abortion.

This principle came, as the author in his interesting autobiographical section tells us, as a revelation to him, and the price which he paid in the endurance of the Purgatory of the old hard and grinding method was not too great for the discovery, for his chastened and humbled spirit stooped to learn from a little child. This principle, a discovery to him, has been known and acted on by others, especially, as I shall show in the sequel, in recent Scottish linguistic life. To this author, however, belongs the everlasting honour of having reared on this foundation the most original and wonderful system for learning languages that this or any other age has produced. Into the particulars of the system I cannot enter; I shall only touch upon its salient features. With marvellous insight and stern logical method, this principle that we must learn a language as a child learns its mother tongue, is carried out from beginning to end, till even the abstract and dry rules of grammar become concrete realities. The results that are reached are astonishing not merely for their profoundness, but for their limpid simplicity, thus showing that all true profoundness is simple with the divine clearness of truth.

The leading conception, or natural device, of the system, as based on the fundamental condition of assimilation to Nature, is the striking one of *the series*. These rule the whole from first to last; everything is linked on to them, even abstract grammar throughout its whole extent; all becomes concrete and living, even as it is to the child's wondering eye and ear. These series are connected progressive sentences, bound together by the living experience of the being who acts and utters them, whose very life and individuality they unfold. The child thus lives the language, and so learns it. The chain of sentences thus becomes his natural history. The *nexus* that unites them into a whole is the child's life; and as that life moves through them in progressive order the ruling relation among them is that of *succession in time*, or, more profoundly, that of *cause and effect*. For, a child, that is to say Nature, is rigidly logical, and thus a rigid logic binds the sentences of a series into a connected process.

This relation of succession in time, or of cause and effect, rules the acquisition of language by a child, because it is this very relation which he sees illustrated in the facts and processes of the outer world amid which he moves. He witnesses some

external process; he marks the succession that rules in its parts; he hears them described in language, largely in reply to his own questions; he forms a concept of the whole in his mind; and he reproduces the mental picture in acts and sentences of his own, and these acts and sentences are marked by the same progression that marked the external scene. Language is thus the expression of his experience. It thus becomes a living thing instinct with the sense of that action which he saw in the progression of external Nature. Hence it is the verb on which his mind first dwells, and on which he hinges the expression of the whole process. And Nature guides him with unerring skill, for the verb carries with it every other part of the sentence, the subject, the predicate, and gradually, as his experience demands, the adjuncts and attributes and extensions. Thus language is really the web woven, like the spider's, out of the child's own life, it is the garment of its own experience. This is a profound thought, and it cuts by the roots the unnatural and false methods of the schools.

In Monsieur Gouin's system the conception of the series is, as we have said, sovereign and all-pervading. It is the principle of order which brings the whole system into an harmonious unity. All the different forms of language are linked to this conception, and are thus made concrete and, as concrete, memorable. He divides language into three kinds: the *objective*, or that which expresses the facts of the outer world; the *subjective*, or that which, as the language of the mind, is the expression of the mind's reflection on these facts; and the *figurative*, or the expression of the "purely ideal." The conception of the series runs through the whole of these. By the ingenious device of the *relative phrase* the subjective language is attached to the series, while the figurative is shown to be the objective idealised so as to become the poetry of the natural.

In the domain of grammar the series make abstract principles and rules concrete. Persons, moods, tenses, the parts of speech, the forms of syntax are all brought to the same touchstone, and are shown to be only the modes or subjects of a child's experience. For they are attached to the series, and thus become concrete. This portion of the work seems to me the most original and powerful part of it. It makes grammar a thing of life, reduces it, as it were, to action and fact, and

makes it to the learner, as the author claims, as simple and pleasant as a game.

The daring attempt is even made, and successfully made, to *unify* grammar, that is, to produce a universal grammar, one that shall be applicable to all languages. Such an achievement is by no means impossible, for it is the *thing* grammar, and not the rules of pedagogues, that regulates the forms of speech, and that is determined by the universal laws of the mind. It is a truly scientific attainment, as much so as Newton's in resolving the laws which regulate the movements of the planets into the sovereign law of attraction.

The secret of Monsieur Gouin's success lies in his strict loyalty to Nature. This is the thread which has enabled him to pass with ease and grace through the labyrinth of difficulties peculiar to the subject. Nature, to which he has appealed, has given him her secret, hence the truth and clearness of his exposition.

We have to note finally, in regard to the series, their *exhaustiveness*. The whole of the objective language is overtaken, every word of the vocabulary is embraced, within the compass of fifty series and their subordinate themes.

It will readily appear from our cursory and imperfect description of this book how remarkable a work it is, and how certain to influence the future of linguistic studies. At the same time, it is essential for the more rapid spread of its influence that its principles be shown in operation. We are accordingly pleased to learn that the first book of the "Author's Series Lessons" in French and German, along with a Teacher's Book, is in course of preparation for the press, and will be published early. This will bring the system within the reach of linguistic scholars in a practical form. We are also pleased to learn that a school for instruction in accordance with this system is to be opened in London. In the meantime, the experiment in the family of the editor of the *Review of Reviews* is watched with deep interest, and we hope to hear from him of still further remarkable results. But more must be done. Lectures and public lessons, illustrative of the method, should be given in every leading city and town, and popular classes for instruction and regular schools should be established as extensively as possible. It is hopeless to expect reforms in our existing schools and in our universities until the people are educated and demand a

change. It will be with linguistic as it is with all other reforms; it will begin with the people and rise to those classes where prejudices die hard.

By no persons in the community will the movement be more eagerly welcomed than by the large numbers in Scotland to whom the natural method in its leading principles is well known, who have been learning foreign languages by the use of the organ of the ear, by imitation of sentences spoken by their teacher, and by their frequent repetition. In this movement of reform several names may be mentioned.

It only remains, in closing, to acknowledge the accuracy and beauty of the translation of Monsieur Gouin's book by Mr. Howard Swan and his collaborateur, Monsieur Bétis. A rendering more clear and attractive could not be conceived. In reading the luminous pages of the work in English one feels that he is not reading a translation, but an original treatise.

CARPACCIO.

BY HONOR BROOKE.

THERE is a special charm about all Venetian Art. The city where it sprung had its own peculiar life and history. It was cradled in loneliness and poverty, nursed amongst the salt waves, and it sprung up into a strong and vigorous youth, with the wealth of nations at its feet, the severe dignity of its earlier manhood passing into an old age of such prosperity and magnificence as made it the wonder of the world.

If we remember the strange beginning and career of this city, we may well be curious to know what form the Arts took there: the book of it is open; he that runs may read—only this is certain, that if we want to read it carefully we must read it *there;* its book is chained to its altars and walls, and cannot be removed, and it is best that it should be so.

In her Architecture and in her Painting we see that she was debtor to both the East and West; she stood, as it were, midway between the two, and with a hand outstretched to each received of their fulness; but the national and individual Life of the State became so strong and powerful that all outside influences were absorbed, and passed into the heart of the Republic, issued out in that distinct and significant type of Art known as the Venetian—the last to survive, for although corrupted by taint of Death, it was supremely powerful until the year 1600.

The greatest genius of the fourteenth century had spread his influence all over Italy, an influence carried by his followers to the remoter cities of the peninsula. Although we never hear of Giotto being in Venice, we know he was for a long time in the neighbouring city of Padua, working at the frescoes of the Arena Chapel; and people travelling from the one place to the other brought an account of the freer method and simpler treatment of natural forms which so characterised the man.

Afterwards there rose up in this same city a company of artists with Mantegna at their head—men whose singular excellence in detail and fine knowledge of perspective created a higher standard of work, which made this school both famous and influential. But the early Venetian painters owed even more to their contact with Germany than any Florentine or Paduan influence. The rich and brilliant hues of the old Dutch masters passed, with their exquisite truth of detail, on to the canvases of the brothers Vivarini, who formed on the island of Murano the first school of painting that can be called Venetian. In fact, the close commercial relations between the sea-born city and the opulent towns of the Netherlands brought about a constant interchange of artistic ideas, beneficial, no doubt, to both nations.

But in reviewing the various influences that were at work on the early art of Venice, one soon loses count of them; the Republic, increasing in power and influence, soon developed an Art of its own—the outcome and expression of its own peculiar and splendid character.

Carpaccio is said to have been born in Istria. He began as an artist under the Vivarini; from them he gained something of that soft, rich, harmonious colouring that belongs to them. But none of these lesser painters owned any one master, but were disciples of one or the other for a season. Thus Carpaccio turned afterwards to the Bellini, and whilst continuing to form his own style [he did, after all, what is the only true way of learning] he gained from others just that help and insight which he was able to adapt to his own genius, and to draft into his own manner: for he had a way of painting of his own, and a very distinct one.

He is called by critics in art, one of the lesser painters; but he is that only speaking relatively. Ruskin says of his "Presentation in the Temple": "If you don't delight in it, the essential faculty of enjoying good art is wanting in you; you may measure yourself outside and in—your religion, your taste, your knowledge of art, your knowledge of men and things—by the quantity of admiration which honestly, after due time given, you can feel for this picture."

So little is known of the life of Carpaccio that we are thrown on the fewest facts.

There was a painter called Bastiani, in the year 1470, of the

school of San Girolamo, and he and Carpaccio, it seemed, worked out together their experience of Paduan teaching, previous to forming a manner of their own. In the church of SS. John and Paul, at Venice, there is a picture by these two artists—a joint production — which shows what they were capable of in riper years. In the same church worked Gio Bellini, in concert with Luigi Vivarini and Carpaccio, but unfortunately all these latter pictures are lost. Between Bellini and Carpaccio there was no rivalry; they ever worked harmoniously together, and both were employed by the State on some of the most important works of the time.

Carpaccio's best work belongs to the period immediately following 1490. He executed then a magnificent series of paintings for the chapel of the Scuola di Sant Orsola, a beneficent institution founded for the support and education of female orphans, and so placed under the protection of the patron saint of maidenhood. They relate in the most delightful and vivid way the legend of the saint, and at the same time acquaint us with the manner and costume of the time, for all the figures and the architecture are that of the fifteenth century. They are full of life and movement. One seems to be gazing out at a world of human beings passing in and out of buildings, embarking in boats, entertaining ambassadors, conversing in groups, walking through corridors, bending before kings and popes—yet all is harmonious, easy, and natural; there is no crowding, but rather constant clear spaces, where one can see the sky, and glimpses of perfect architectural drawing.

The story of Ursula, as told by Carpaccio, differs slightly from that told by Hans Memling, a German artist of the same time, whose exquisite little pictures on the shrine at Bruges give a very bright account of the eccentricities of the saint. He makes her martyred at Köln, and in the distance he has naïvely put the celebrated cathedral in all its finished beauty. But our Venetian painter has arranged it otherwise. He has given us:

I. Maurus, King of Brittany, receiving the English ambassadors, and talking with his daughter touching their embassy.

II. St. Ursula's dream.

III. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favourable answer from his daughter.

IV. The King of England receives the Princess' favourable answer.

V. The Prince of England sets sail for Brittany, receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging with 11,000 virgins, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, with certain cardinals, join their pilgrimage.

VII. The Prince and whole company arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there.

VIII. St. Ursula received into glory in Paradise.

It is impossible to look at this series of paintings without feeling that Carpaccio was a man who had great enjoyment of life, not seeking for the extravagant or unlikely, but content with viewing and taking pleasure in every-day events. He delights in the tale he has to tell, and his quaint and homely touches show what an observer he was. He is noticeable, too, for his careful finish, corresponding to the finish of the Dutch masters of the North, so that one may count the blades of grass that spring beneath the stones of the marble pavement; yet he never sacrifices mass to detail. The latter is *there* carefully worked out, but never obtruded on the eye. Nor is he afraid of introducing scenery, for he is perfectly correct in linear perspective, every part of the picture being made to vanish in due proportion, and bewitching bits of scenery being as much delighted in as nearer masses of stately buildings. But one is always led to think first of the saint and her princely lover. They, and the bright gathering of the people, are ever the most interesting. The women have a special charm about them. Contrast them with those opulent and splendid beings that look out at us from Titian's canvas—how different they are! Their adornment is that of a meek and quiet spirit; their drapery falls in sharp, precise, yet graceful folds. Their hair, which is always worn long, falls over their ears, and down over their shoulders. Their faces, set in this frame, are of a type full of feminine reserve and sweetness. I remember a side-scene, so to speak, where King Maurus and his wife are represented talking in their bedroom about Ursula's marriage. The queen sits by the bed; her husband stands before her, explaining, with one finger laid on the other, what he thinks. On her face there is an expression of anxious care, such as an affectionate mother might feel under the circum-

stances. Lower down Ursula's old nurse is seated, her stick resting beside her, pondering deeply over the matter, and apparently not quite happy at losing her charge. This old woman, so quaintly characteristic, is infinitely superior to the more celebrated, but far uglier, old woman with the egg-basket in Titian's "Presentation of the Virgin."

The dream of St. Ursula is one of those series which we often see photographed. There is not much represented—only a quiet room, a sleeping girl, and an angel softly coming in. What calm! what quiet repose is here! The room is so airy and still one almost listens to hear the sleeper breathing. There are one or two things to be noticed about this room. The first is: there are not too many things in it! A modern leader in art says that a room ought to have "nothing in it but what is either useful or beautiful." I think that all Ursula's things may come under the head of either one or the other. I was going to except the dog! but then he is useful as her guardian, and if the visitor were other than angelic he would be up and loudly barking. As it is he appears to smile complacently. Everything in her room is expressive of a mind at peace with itself. She is fond of reading, but likes best a few books, and has been reading in one of them before she put out the light. They are all richly bound and well cared for. She is fond of flowers, but besides these there are no accessories scattered about. Her airy, lofty room suggests comfort without display, and an occupant who cares more for the fitness and perfect order of her room than having it garnished with gewgaws. People nowadays overdo their rooms with ornament and decoration, until whether it be a drawing-room or bedroom the puzzle is how to move without upsetting something or where to place anything one may want to lay down—so many needless nothings fill the tables; at the same time the eye gets fidgeted by a constant appeal to recognise things that are worthless, useless, and nearly always unbeautiful. Now here in Ursula's room there is plenty of space, each article of furniture has its destined use, and rests in its own place. As for the Saint, every disturbed sleeper may well envy her deep repose—she is dreaming of the angel, but angel thoughts are nothing new to her, and they cannot break the still contentment of her slumber. Nor does the angel look out of place—he enters, "gliding in serene and slow," in harmony with all that surrounds

him—"soft and silent as a dream"—and yet all Ursula's future life depends on this vision.

As it is known by every one that Venetian painters were celebrated for their love of colour, I must say a word about Carpaccio's colouring; it is lovely—pure and rich, without, however, showing that feeling for *tone* which is so exquisite in Bellini, but in concert with him and Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret, he painted the sky in luminous splendour, always enjoying the distance, and never sacrificing it to any fulness of colour in the foreground.

He was thought by the Venetians to be better fitted for painting scenes of life and action than religious calm, and he was kept incessantly employed by them in this way. One picture is interesting from showing us what old Venice was. The subject is "The casting out of a devil by the help of a relic." It shows the old Rialto bridge in the background, and the palace of the Patriarch of Grado, as existing at the end of the fifteenth century.

Such bits of ancient Venice as this, and also what Gentile Bellini gives us, are intensely interesting—we feel as we look at them how like and unlike the city of the fifteenth century is to that of the nineteenth. Perhaps our gondola is rocking at the steps outside the Accademia, and as we enter it again we wonder where the wooden bridges have gone to—the gaily frescoed palaces and brightly dressed people! Yet enough remains to make us feel that we are in the self-same place, "tho' fallen on evil times." The same brilliant sun lights up the dancing water, washing, with its changeful yet everlasting tides, the marble palaces that have stood through the drift of centuries—mute witnesses of the greatness and gentleness of the Venetian people.

About 1450 the Dalmatians inhabiting Venice founded a school of refuge for distressed seamen of Dalmatian birth, in connection with the priory of the Knights of St. John. The priory had fallen into decay, and it was to be rebuilt under the name of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni. These "schools" were very common in Venice, showing that the Republic was not careless of the poorer classes; they answered to our present beneficent societies, clothing clubs, and mendicity institutions, &c. They provided services for boys and dowries for maidens. They became very rich from the liberal donations given them,

and some of the buildings in which they assembled are amongst the most remarkable in ancient Venice—for example, the School of St. Roch, which is splendid as a building, and full of some of the grandest works of Tintoret. The walls of the chapel San Giorgio were hung with scenes taken from the lives of the patron saints of Dalmatia—namely, St. George and St. Jerome. The church is very small, with a low wooden ceiling, and the pictures are those on the right and on the left. Those dealing with the life of St. Jerome are the most interesting, showing much of his earlier vehemence. "St. Jerome in his Study" has always been a favourite subject for artists. Carpaccio has painted him leaning in meditation on the sash of his window, his room full of books and writing materials. In the "Death of St. Jerome" Oriental costumes are introduced, reminding us that Gentile Bellini, after his return from the East, must have often described to his friend the scenes he had witnessed in Constantinople. This last of the series was finished in 1502. The consternation of the monks, flying in alarm from the lion who is hollowing with his paws a grave for the saint, is most amusing and quaint. I have mentioned the friendly terms that existed between Carpaccio and the Bellini, who chose him to value Giorgione's frescoes on the Fondaco dei Tedeschi. No competition had ever taken place between them until called on to execute a work for San Giobbo, where there was an altar-piece already, by Bellini. How beautifully he succeeded is known to all who have gazed in rapture at the "Presentation in the Temple," now in the Academy at Venice. He never so nearly approached Giovanni—in delicate severity and precision, in softness of tone, beauty of drawing, tenderness, and deep religious feeling. The little angels who forget to play their music in looking upward at the child and its mother are the most exquisite examples of childish innocence and holy feeling —more beautiful than any proceeding from the pencil of Fra Bartolommeo or Francia. The whole picture is so perfect as an idealised representation of the scene that criticism is mute, and one stands before it in utter contentment and satisfied pleasure.

In speaking of the Art of Venice, Ruskin calls the time I am now speaking of "the Carpaccian epoch, and that it was sometimes classic or mythic, as well as religious." In the picture I have just mentioned one feels that *purely* religious art is still

with us, though we are in the early part of the sixteenth century, and that when religion had died out of art in the rest of the peninsula it was still vital in Venice. There is nothing "mythic" or "classic" in this picture; it is worthy of being placed alongside one of Fra Angelico's divine representations of heavenly scenes. The only different note struck by Carpaccio is in that of the middle child-angel, who appears to be struggling with an instrument too large to conveniently play on! and so diverted for a moment from the rapt contemplation her companions feel. The action of this child has always been significant to me—foreshadowing the reign of infantine beings that were soon to become so universal in art; but I know none so beautiful in childlikeness of religion as these three little beings. They typify in their innocent holy rapture the ideal aspect of religion in the mind of childhood.

The measure of Sainthood accorded by the Romish Church has ever appeared to me incomprehensible. If so many have been given that honour since the birth of Christ, why is it denied to the holy people of the Old Testament? The lovely picture I have been speaking of was placed in San Giobbo. Venice at least thought that the long-suffering Job deserved to be placed amongst the worthies of Christendom. But I know not if there be a church or spot elsewhere dedicated to him.

A most busy period now came on of our painter's life. A splendid work of his is in San Salvatore at Venice, preserved under the name of Gio Bellini. He did his best in the great Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, where he painted "The Indulgence of St. Mark"; but this, with other precious pictures by the great painters of Venice, were all destroyed in a fire that swept them away.

It was the pride of the Venetian people to decorate the walls of her council-chambers with such reminders of the greatness and glory of the State, as should be like silent incentives to her magistrates; the room in which they sat, speaking, as it were, from wall and roof, of the famous deeds at home, and on the high seas, of conquest and renown; and when her Senators for a moment left the council-chamber, and stepped forth into the marble balcony that overlooks the Piazzatta, what did they see but the city that they governed, lying like a jewel on the blue water, flashing and lovely in light and splendour, its churches

rising with white cupolas and slender campaniles—the long line of its palaces, tracing out the sweep of the Grand Canal—the Lagune, bright with the incessant movement of gondola and barge, and boats that brought her trade from far—the low line of Lido beyond—and beyond again white-sailed ships that sailed on the Adriatic.

It is significant that Venice had the power, that magnetic force of attracting and keeping by her those who once felt her fascination. We never read that Carpaccio left her shores, or, like other painters, journeyed to Rome ; he lived on in Venice, or in its neighbourhood. Various pictures followed, to be found in the Brera, the Louvre, and Berlin ; but his hand seemed to have lost its cunning. Was it weariness, or old age? Who can tell? In 1516 he painted, with something more of his old vigour, "The Lion of St. Mark" (done for one of the Venetian Courts). Then we can trace his existence by means of pictures up to 1519 ; after that he fades from view. But it is not to these late productions of Carpaccio that we must look for delight and joy—it is to those beautiful examples of the skill of his hand, and the rightness of his heart, that we see in the Academy in Venice. And once seen they are hung in that inner room of the memory, which in quiet moments we visit, that we may look on what we love and take pleasure in.

THE CULTURE OF CHARACTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART II.

SUPPOSE the parent see that the formation of character is the ultimate object of education, see, too, that character is, in the rough, the inherited tendencies of the child, modified by his surroundings, but that character may be debased or ennobled by education; that it is the parent's part to distinguish the first faint budding of family traits—to greet every fine trait as the highest sort of family possession, to be nourished and tended with care; to keep up at the same time the balance of qualities by bringing forward that which is of little account, the more so, when they must deliver their child from eccentricity—pitfall to the original and forceful nature;—suppose they have taken all this into the *rôle* of their duties, there yet remains much for parents to do.

We are open to, what the French call, the defects of our qualities; and, as ill weeds grow apace, the defects of a fine character may well choke out the graces. A little maiden loves with the passion and devotion of a woman, but she is exacting of return, and jealous of intrusion, even with her mother. A boy is ambitious; he will be leader in the nursery, and his lead is wholesome for the rest; but there is the pugnacious little brother who will not "follow my leader," and the two can hardly live in the same rooms. The able boy is a tyrant when his will is crossed. There is the timid, affectionate little maid who will even tell a fib to shield her sister; and there is the high-spirited girl who never lies, but who does, now and then, bully; and so on, without end. What is the parents' part here? To magnify the quality; make the child feel that he or she has a virtue to guard—a *family* possession, and, at the same time, a gift from above. A little simple reasonable teaching may help. But let

us beware of much talk. "Have you *quite* finished, mother?" said a bright little girl of five in the most polite way in the world. She had listened long to her mother's sermonising, and had many things on hand. A wise word here and there may be of use, but much more may be done by carefully hindering each "defect of its quality" from coming into play. Give the ill weeds no room to grow. Then, again, the defect may often be reclaimed and turned back to feed the quality itself. The ambitious boy's love of power may be worked into a desire to win by love his restive little brother. The passion of the loving girl may be made to include all whom her mother loves.

There is another aspect of the subject of heredity and the duties it entails. As the child of long lineage may well inherit much of what was best in his ancestors—fine physique, clear intellect, high moral worth—so, also, he has his risks. As some one puts it, not all the women have been brave, nor all the men chaste. We know how the tendency to certain forms of disease runs in families. Temper and temperament, moral and physical nature alike, may come down with a taint. An unhappy child may, by some odd freak of Nature, appear to have left out the good and taken into him only the unworthy. What can the parents do in such a case? They may not *re*form him—perhaps that is beyond human skill and care, once he has become all that is possible to his nature—but *trans*form him, so that the being he was calculated to become never develops at all; but another being comes to light blest with every grace of which he had only the defect. This brings us to a beneficent law of Nature, which underlies the whole subject of early training, and especially so this case of the child whose mother must bring him forth a second time into a life of beauty and harmony. To put it in an old form of words—the words of Thomas à Kempis—what seems to me the fundamental law of education is no more than this: "One custom overcometh another." People have always known that "Use is second nature," but the reason why, and the scope of the saying, these are discoveries of recent days.

A child has an odious custom, so constant, that it is his quality, will be his *character* if you let him alone: he is spiteful, he is sly, he is sullen. No one is to blame for it; it was born in him. What are you to do with such inveterate habit of nature? Just

this : treat it as a bad *habit*, and set up the opposite good habit. Henry is more than mischievous ; he is a malicious little boy. There are always tears in the nursery, because, with "pinches, nips and bobs," he is making some child wretched. Even his pets are not safe ; he has done his canary to death by poking at it with a stick through the bars of its cage ; howls from his dog, screeches from his cat, betray him in some vicious trick. He makes fearful faces at his timid little sister ; sets traps with string for the housemaid with her water-cans to fall over ; there is no end to the malicious tricks, beyond the mere savagery of untrained boyhood, which come to his mother's ear. What is to be done ? "Oh, he will grow out of it !" say the more hopeful who pin their faith to time. But many an experienced mother will say, "You can't cure him ; what is in will out, and he will be a pest to society all his life." Yet the child may be cured in a month if the mother will set herself to the task with both hands and set purpose ; at any rate, the cure may be well begun, and that is, half-done. Let the month of treatment be a deliciously happy month to him, he living all the time in the sunshine of his mother's smile. Let him not be left to himself to meditate or carry out ugly pranks. Let him feel himself always under a watchful, loving, and approving eye. Keep him happily occupied, well amused. All this, to break the old custom which is assuredly broken when a certain length of time goes by without its repetition. But, one custom overcometh another. Lay new lines in the old place. Open avenues of kindness for him. Let him enjoy, daily, hourly, the pleasure of pleasing. Get him into the way of making little plots for the pleasure of the rest—a plaything of his contriving, a dish of strawberries of his gathering, shadow rabbits to amuse the baby ; take him on kind errands to poor neighbours, carrying and giving of his own. For a whole month the child's whole heart is flowing out in deeds and schemes and thoughts of loving-kindness, and the ingenuity which spent itself in malicious tricks becomes an acquisition to his family when his devices are benevolent. Yes ; but where is his mother to get time in these encroaching days to put Henry under special treatment ? She has other children and other duties, and simply cannot give herself up for a month or a week to one child. If the boy were ill, in danger, would she find time for him then ? Would not other duties go to the wall, and leave her little son, for the

time, her chief object in life? Now here is a point all parents are not enough awake to—that mental and moral ailments require prompt, purposeful, curative treatment, to which the parents must devote themselves for a short time, just as they would to a sick child. Neither punishing nor letting him alone —the two lines of treatment most in favour—ever cured a child of any moral evil. If parents recognised the efficacy and the immediate effect of treatment, they would never allow the spread of ill weeds. For, let this be borne in mind, whatever ugly quality disfigures the child, he is but as a garden overgrown with weeds, the more prolific the weeds the more fertile the soil; he has within him every possibility of beauty of life and character. Get rid of the weeds and foster the flowers. It is hardly too much to say that almost any failure in life or character made by man or woman is due to the happy-go-lucky philosophy of the parents. They say, "The child is so young; he does not know any better; but all that will come right as he grows up." Now, a fault of character left to itself can do no other than strengthen.

An objection may be raised to this counsel of short and determined curative treatment. The good results do not last, it is said; a week or two of neglect and you lose the ground gained; Henry is as likely as ever to grow up of the "tiger" order, a Steerforth or a Grandicourt. Here science comes to help us to cheerful certainty.

There is no more interesting subject of inquiry open just now than that of the interaction between the thoughts of the mind and the configuration of the brain. The fair conclusion appears to be that each is greatly the cause of the other; that the character of the persistent thoughts actually shapes the cerebrum, while on the configuration of this organ depends in turn the manner of thoughts we think. Now, thought is, for the most part, automatic. We think without intention or effort as we have been accustomed to think, just as we walk or write without any conscious arrangement of muscles. Mozart could write an overture, laughing all the time at the little jokes his wife made to keep him awake; to be sure he had thought it out before, and there it was, ready to be written: but he did not consciously try for these musical thoughts, they simply came to him in proper succession. Coleridge thought "Kluba Khan" in his sleep, and wrote it when he awoke; and, indeed, he might as

well have been asleep all the time for all he had to do with the production of most of his thoughts.

> "Over the buttons she falls asleep,
> And stitches them on in a dream,"—

is very possible and likely. For one thing which we consciously set ourselves to think about, a thousand words and acts come from us every day of their own accord, we don't think of them at all. But, all the same, only a poet or a musician could thus give forth poetry or music, and it is the words and acts which come from us without *conscious* thought which afford the true measure of what we are. Perhaps this is why such serious weight is attached to our every "idle word"—words spoken without intention or volition.

We are getting, by degrees, to Henry and his bad habits. Somehow or other, the nervous tissue of the cerebrum "grows to" the thoughts that are allowed free course in the mind. *How*, Science hardly ventures to guess as yet: but, for the sake of illustration, let us imagine that certain thoughts of the mind run to and fro in the nervous substance of the cerebrum until they have made a way, a rut, there: busy traffic in the same order of thoughts will always be kept up, for there is the easy way for them to run in. Now, take the child with an inherited tendency to a resentful temper: he has begun to think resentful thoughts; finds them easy and gratifying; he goes on; evermore the rut deepens, and the ugly traffic becomes more easy and natural, and resentfulness is rapidly becoming *himself*, that trait in his character which people couple with his name.

But, one custom overcometh another. The watchful mother sets up new tracks in other directions; and she sees to it, that while she is leading new thoughts through the new rut, the old, deeply worn "*way* of thinking" is quite disused. Now, the cerebrum is in a state of rapid waste and rapid growth. The new growth takes shape from the new thoughts: the old rut is lost in the steady waste, and the child is *re*formed, physically, as well as morally and mentally. That the nervous tissue of the cerebrum should be thus the *instrument* of the mind need not surprise us when we think how the muscles and joints of the tumbler, the vocal organs of the singer, the finger-ends of the watch-maker, the palate of the tea-taster, grow to the uses they are steadily put to; and, much more, both in the case of

brain and of bodily organs, grow to the uses they are *earliest* put to.

This meets in a wonderful way the case of the parent who sets himself to cure a moral failing. He sets up the course of new thoughts, and hinders those of the past, until the *new* thoughts shall have become automatic and run of their own accord. All the time a sort of disintegration is going on in the place that held the disused thoughts; and here is the parent's advantage. If the boy return (as, from inherited tendency, he still may do) to his old habits of thought, behold there is no more place for them in his physical being; to make a new place is a work of time, and in this work the parent can overtake and hinder him without much effort.

Here, indeed, more than anywhere, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour but in vain that build it"; but, surely, intelligent co-operation in this divine work is our bounden duty and service. The training of the will, the instruction of the conscience, and, so far as it lies with us, the development of the divine life in the child, are carried on simultaneously with this training in the habits of a good life; and these last will carry the child safely over the season of infirm will, immature conscience, until he is able to take, under direction from above, the conduct of his life, the moulding of his character, into his own hands. It is a comfort to believe that there is even a material register of our educational labours being made in the very substance of the child's brain; and, certainly, here we have a note of warning as to the danger of letting ill ways alone in the hope that all will come right by-and-by.

Some parents may consider all this as heavy hearing; that even to "think on these things" is enough to take the joy and spontaneousness out of their sweet relationship; and that, after all, parents' love and the grace of God should be sufficient for the bringing up of children. No one can feel on this subject more sincere humility than those who have not the honour to be parents; the insight and love with which parents—mothers most so—are blest, is a divine gift which fills lookers-on with reverence even in many a cottage home; but we have only to observe how many fond parents make foolish children to be assured that something more is wanted. There are appointed ways, not always the old paths, but new ones, opened up step by step

as we go. The labour of the mother who sets herself to understand her work is not increased, but infinitely lightened ; and as for life being made heavy with the thought of these things, once make them our own, and we act upon them as naturally as upon such knowledge—scientific also—as, loose your hold of a cup, and it falls. A little painstaking thought and effort in the first place, and all comes easy.

Parents, who have to do the most important of the world's work, compare at a disadvantage with all other skilled workers, of hand or brain. There is a literature of its own for almost every craft and profession ; while you can count on the fingers of one hand the scientific works on early training plain and practical enough to be of use to parents. Hitherto there have been no colleges, associations, lectures for parents ; no register of discoveries in child nature, of successful treatment ; no record of the experience of wise parents, no means of raising public opinion on the subject of home training, nor of bringing such opinion to bear. Every young mother must begin at the beginning to work out for herself the problems of education, with no more than stray and often misleading traditions for her guidance. One reason for this anomaly is, that the home is a sanctuary—where prying and meddling from without would be intolerable ; and without doubt the practices of the home are sacred matters between each family and Him Who maketh men to be of one mind in an house. But the *principles* of early training are another matter; and no more helpful work is open to us than to bring these principles to the doors of parents, of whatever degree. How cordially parents of all classes welcome any effort in this direction, you have but to try to be convinced. There is a feeling abroad that it does not do to bring children up casually ; that there are certain natural laws, divine laws also, which one must work out in order to produce human beings at their best, in body, mind, and moral nature ; and, indeed, it is no easy matter to get at these laws ; and here is where parents demand, thorough ventilation at least, of the questions that concern them.

OLAF; OR, THE FAIRY GIFTS.

BY MRS. COLLES.

PART I.

ONCE upon a time, in the days when everything strange, astonishing and delightful happened, there was born into the world a little baby, who was also a Prince. This Prince was the son of a king, and his mother, consequently, was a queen.

Of course, therefore, when he was christened many fairies were among the guests, as was the custom in those days, and, as was expected, they gave him gifts of great and strange value.

They found it a little difficult, however, to think of anything new and original for their little godson. They and their sister fairies had so often bestowed on other royal babies, as well as on many who were not royal, beauty, cleverness, and wealth, that these endowments had become quite hackneyed and cheap in consequence, and the fairy godmothers felt it was high time to invent some fresh ones.

So they had put their heads together, and had succeeded on this occasion in choosing for the baby-prince certain fairy gifts which had not been given over and over again just in the same shape and order to the other little godchildren at whose christenings they had presided.

When the moment came for bestowing these gifts, the first to do so stepped up to the cradle, and, waving her shining wand over the baby's little bald head, uttered the following words, in a soft musical voice:

"Let all the birds, whose happy nests
The woodlands hide, while pours their chant,
To you the secrets of their breasts,
Tell, as their trusted confidant,

The gospel, which is purely true,
That winter-death means better life,
That victory is the end of strife,
That tireless love makes all things new."

The next fairy then came forward, and doing the same as her sister, said :

"The gift I give thee, little child,
Is drawn from Nature's goodly store.
Smell sweet for him, ye flow'rets wild ;
For him the garden's fragrance pour
In one uprising incense cloud !
Thus richly is he hence endowed."

The next spoke thus :

"O ! baby-eyes, which vacant gaze,
And see not what before them lie,
For you let Earth's best beauty blaze !
Enraptured look on sea and sky !
Ay, *see*, and then to you shall seem,
Earth fairer than the fairest dream !"

She drew back, and the fourth took her place, and said :

"Along the path of daily life,
The wayfarers who with you walk,
Shall stop and gaze with smile of love
On you, and joy with you to talk.
You hearts shall win where'er you be,
And winning, keep. My gift to thee."

The fifth followed thus :

"Best prize of all 'tis mine to give.
She whose first love can never change,
Who best can teach you how to live,
Whom naught can alter or estrange,
Your mother, and her love to know ;
This gift of gifts I now bestow."

So saying she hung round the little Prince's neck a beautiful golden chain, on which were suspended five rich jewels, each of which contained, in some wonderful manner which I should find too difficult to explain and you too difficult to understand, the marvellous gifts just described.

The gems were evidently of different colours, but had a certain dimness as though they needed to be polished, but the fairies told the king and queen that time alone could reveal their hues, which were wonderfully brilliant when they shone

out, moreover, that the chain must never be removed from the baby's neck, but would stretch with its growth.

One person alone was to have the supreme charge of cleaning and rubbing it every time the little one was washed, and that person was his mother the queen, and they added solemnly that his first reading lesson (as well as many others) was to be taught by her alone.

So saying, they bade her and the king an affectionate farewell and departed.

Weeks, months, and years passed rapidly, and the little Prince grew much as other healthy and well-cared-for babies grow, and became a strong, bright and beautiful boy—always with his mother as much as was possible, and daily washed and dressed by her own gentle hands.

When he was six years old, the queen determined to teach him to read, and one bright morning, a short time after he had picked up almost at play a knowledge of the alphabet, she placed before him a beautifully illuminated book with words in it, the letters of which blazed with bright colours, and were ornamented with delicate scrolls, leaves and flowers. She set him to read one word, and very gently and patiently helped him in doing so, but little Prince Olaf was lazy and cross, and disinclined to learn.

The sun was shining through the stained-glass windows, and lit up the pages of his beautiful lesson-book, but it only made him long to go out into the garden.

His mother let him lean against her knee while learning his lesson, but it made him all the more discontented at not being allowed to ride on her foot and play at "Ride a cock-horse."

This state of things grew worse and worse, and no attempt would he make to give his mind to his lesson. It came at last to the queen having to get up with a grave face, and saying, "I cannot stay any longer, Olaf; I have other duties to attend to. Your lesson-time for to-day is over, but you have wasted it sadly." So saying, she stooped down, and Olaf thought she was going to kiss him, but with a very sad expression, she raised her head again, and said, "No, I *cannot* kiss you; I would if I could, my child, but I cannot until your lesson is learnt."

Olaf felt very miserable; he was still cross, but the crossness was turning into great unhappiness.

He gazed out of window, and the sunshine seemed cruel and

heartless for looking so bright. He heard the birds singing, but they only seemed to be trying to tease him by their cheery voices.

Then he thought of his mother's going without kissing him, and he said to himself that she did not love him in the least; and with that thought came over him a dreadful loneliness, and he felt himself to be like one of the beggars, whom he had seen sitting by the roadside, and asking alms in tones of dreary complaint.

"I *am* a beggar; I have nothing to make me happy," he said to himself, and then a fancy came into his head to go and sit by the roadside too, and beg for help from any one who passed. Miserable as the fancy was, it somehow seemed to give him a kind of dreary pleasure, and he set off at once to carry it into act.

He wandered out of the Palace, and as no one thought of the little Prince doing such a strange thing, no one was on the look-out to stop him, so he easily got away through the beautiful flowery garden, and passing by, without heeding them, its rich roses and lilies and bowers of sweet-smelling jasmine, and making his way down the long lime avenue, murmurous with bees, finally arrived at the dusty roadside which lay beyond the Palace grounds.

He was very tired, hot, and uncomfortable now, for his house-shoes were not intended for a journey of this sort, and his head ached from the heat of the sun.

He had not chosen to put on a hat. Down he sat by the road, and felt and even looked, in his now dusty clothes, like one of the beggars whom he wished to imitate.

Presently he began to find this very dull work, for to tell the truth, as there was no one there to notice him, it was not what he had expected. He saw a little bird hopping a few yards off; but it seemed quite indifferent to his presence, and as though it did not even see him; this made him feel strangely irritated, and in his anger he took up a little pebble and threw it at the bird, which, though not struck, was startled, and flew away with a sharp cry; and as it did so, a number of other birds from the bushes and trees around rose in flight and vanished into the forest.

And Olaf felt more than ever desolate and alone.

While he was in this state he suddenly heard a light step

approaching, and, looking up, saw a little girl in a scarlet cloak and hood, and carrying a basket, out of which peeped a yellow pat of butter, a wheaten loaf, and some new-laid eggs.

She had a sweet friendly face and shining curls, and her blue eyes looked kindly and inquiringly at Olaf as he dismally returned her glance.

Then Olaf recollected his rôle of beggar, and, holding out his hand, whined out an entreaty for help in the tone of voice which he had so often heard, and (as children are so fond of doing) had imitated sometimes in his games.

"What is it that you want, and what is the matter with you?" asked the little red-hooded girl in great surprise.

"I am very unhappy," complained Olaf. "I am poor and lonely; even the little birds won't come near me; they all fly away."

The little girl's look of surprise changed to one of grave disapproval; she drew back a step or two, and said:

"O, how can you! You are only pretending. You are not a real beggar at all, but a king's son; I see a fairy gift round your neck;" and with these words she left him, and stepping briskly along the road, soon disappeared from view.

Olaf felt more deserted than ever now, but, strange to say, he was also more than ever resolved to persist in playing the part he had chosen for himself, and to be a beggar; and, indeed, he had almost succeeded by this time in persuading himself that he was one.

He felt very hot and thirsty, and there was a smell of dust by the roadside where he had chosen to plant himself.

How nasty everything was! No pleasant scents of flowers such as he was used to from the rich Palace gardens and thymy slopes where he was daily taken to walk and play.

Presently he saw some one else approaching. This time it was a tall lady with a flowing robe and wonderful hair which fell around her like a golden veil.

She was very lovely and very gentle in expression, and in her hand she held a crimson rose which she often put to her face. Olaf began his begging appeal to her when she came near, and the lady turned and looked at him very gently and with surprise, and asked what he wanted.

"I am so tired, and hot, and dusty," answered Olaf. "And I can smell no nice flowers—everything is disagreeable."

The lady raised her beautiful eyebrows and said with great dignity:

"Everything disagreeable! Why, my one red rose gives scent enough to perfume the whole road. It grew in Beast's garden—he who is my Prince now." And here she blushed and looked very happy, but turning again to Olaf she said gravely: "I am afraid you are only pretending. Take care, or you may turn into a beast. I know you are a king's son and no true beggar, for I see a fairy gift round your neck"; and so saying she turned away and passed on.

And Olaf felt more lonely than ever, and ashamed too, but still he would not give up his miserable little "make-believe."

O, how horrid everything looked! He hated the sun for shining, and the sky for being blue. The breeze which now and again stirred the boughs overhead only teased him by floating his curls into his eyes. He felt crosser than ever, when just then some one else drew near, and looking up he saw another lady, gentle and lovely to look on.

Very quietly she glided towards Olaf, and always with a strange dreamy look as of one who had been long asleep, and who, now that she had awakened, was surprised and wondering at all she saw. Suddenly Olaf's begging caught her ear, and she turned her wondering eyes on him.

"What can you want, little boy?" she asked kindly.

"I am so miserable," answered he, "and everything is so horrid, and the world looks so ugly."

"The world so ugly?" she echoed in a tone of utter astonishment. "If you had been asleep for a hundred years you would only feel how impossible it is to take in the perfect beauty of the world. You would never wish to close your eyes again, but only to look and look and try to see for ever, but"—(and here she started away from him). "Oh, fie! you are only pretending. You are a king's son, for I see a fairy gift round your neck." And with a glance of reproach she, too, passed on.

And Olaf was left more than ever alone.

"No one likes me—no one pities me!" thought he. "I *am* a beggar! How unkind they all are!"

As he was nursing this thought there drew near another passer-by.

This time it was a young girl with a pretty but rather plain-

tive little face, and clothes which appeared old and soiled, as though they had been worn among dust and cinders. She stopped and looked at Olaf with kind sympathy in her eyes and they filled with tears when he began to beg of her.

"What is your trouble?" she asked gently.

"I am so lonely," whined Olaf. "No one loves me—no one feels for me."

"Have you no father or mother living?" she asked.

"Y—es," faltered Olaf, for he could not but feel ashamed of himself as he thought of his loving father and tender mother.

"Oh! then, how *can* you say no one loves you? If you had had nobody to live with except two proud step-sisters, who made you drudge for them, and never thanked you for anything you did or showed you any affection, you might say 'no one feels for me'; but if you have a father and mother—Oh!" (and here she, too, broke off in sudden disapproval) "I see you are only *making believe* to be a beggar, and that is a dreadful thing to do in a world where there are real troubles. You are a king's son, and wear a fairy gift round your neck. For shame!" And she too left him.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

INFLUENCE.

For all my wilfulness
  Carelessly shown,
For all my thoughtlessness
  Which thou hast known,
By thy sweet gentleness,
By thine unselfishness,
By thy white faultlessness,
Pardon me, pardon me, pardon me.

Oft by thy hushing hand
  Soothed into ease,
Oft by thy magic wand
  Charmed into peace,
Chains of my misery
Break at the sight of thee,
Demons of memory
Fly from thee, fly from thee, fly from thee.

If thou forsakest me
  On the bare road,
If thou betakest thee
  Swifter to God,
Thy light shall lighten me,
Thy spirit brighten me,
Flooding the night in me,
Guiding me, guiding me, guiding me.

Then when thy rarer soul
  Her race hath won,
Watch from thy distant goal
  My work begun—
God's work that but for thee,
Thee and thy charity,
Curséd by Him would be,
But for thee, but for thee, but for thee.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

THE first and second numbers of the *Westminster Budget* have special interest for the members of the P.N.E.U., containing as they do illustrated articles descriptive of the nursery at Haddo House, and of the occupations and amusements of the children of our President, Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

A circular has been issued by the Education Department, says *Sketch*, to the managers of Infant Schools, enforcing the following leading principles as a sound basis for the education of early childhood:—(1) The recognition of the child's spontaneous activity, and the stimulation of this activity in certain well-defined directions by the teachers. (2) The harmonious and complete development of the whole of a child's faculties.

This has been the means of introducing me to *Hand and Eye*, the organ of the Sloyd Association, in which the full text of this circular appears; and those of your readers who have not seen this new magazine will doubtless be glad to have it brought under their notice. It is published monthly by O. Newmann & Co., and in the five numbers which have already appeared are to be found contributions by such well-tried friends of our Union as Mrs. Steinthal, Mr. T. G. Rooper, and others.

The *British Weekly* has before now given kindly mention of the *Parents' Review*, and in the issue of February 23 nearly a column is devoted to an account of our work. In the current number I see that Alphonse Daudet is engaged on a book dealing with the way children are brought up at the present day. The eminent novelist is himself a most devoted father, and personally superintends the education of his children. His boys, till they are ten years of age, are taught entirely by their mother. When they are ten they are sent to the Lycée, and all their home-lessons are prepared under their father's supervision. Daudet says that, although the work is sometimes tiring, it is wonderful how children's lessons refresh the memory and improve the knowledge of a grown-up man.

The symposium in the *Idler* this month is devoted to the discussion of the question whether childhood is the happiest period of one's existence or the most miserable. In a semi-humorous fashion, but with much truth, G. R. Sims, Miss Florence Marryat, Mrs. Panton, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, and others point out why this happiness, which is a child's due, is in so many cases not attained.

Mr. St. Clair Buxton, Surgeon to the Ophthalmic Hospital in Marylebone, has been calling attention to the alarming increase in cases of myopia or short-sight. Caused in many cases by heredity, it is fostered by mal-nutri-

tion, and by studying in badly-lighted and badly-ventilated schoolrooms, and by the use of badly-printed books. He urges all concerned in the education of the young to give this matter their most serious consideration.

I cannot do more than refer to the lecture delivered by Miss Hughes, of Newnham, before the Teachers' Guild, on the Value of Illustrations, pictorial, verbal, and dogmatic in teaching, an account of which appears in the *Westminster Gazette* of to-day.

I have left until last the most important article of all, "The Teacher's Training of Himself," by the Head Master of Harrow, in this month's *Contemporary*. After insisting on the exceeding dignity and responsibility of the teacher's office, as the only profession that "touches the whole trinity of man's being, body, mind, and soul," Mr. Welldon goes on to say that while strictness is absolutely necessary, this is of no value without sympathy. Courtesy is essential both towards parents and scholars, and the former are not to be regarded as natural enemies, but in the highest degree helpful and considerate. He has ever found them more than grateful for services rendered by the teacher, and sensible and tolerant of his difficulties. A teacher must likewise possess good temper and good health. A special danger that besets the teacher is the cramping and narrowing effects of his work on his own mind, and to avoid this, the schoolmaster must not be a schoolmaster only, but must extend his interests by travel and wide reading. He can hardly read too much or too variously. All knowledge illustrates other knowledge. Finally, the end of Education is Character: to think nobly, and act nobly, that is the sum of all true teaching.

March 4. PATER JUNIOR.

DEAR EDITOR,—Please call attention to a little 1*s*. book, published by Hodder & Stoughton, called *Baxter's Second Innings* (specially reprinted for the . . . . School eleven).

Its gay Blazer-like cover is most attractive to a boy, and once opened no boy would lay it down (unless he was being watched) until it was finished. It could be read in a short half-hour; but might make its mark on a lad's "scoring sheet"—*i.e.*, character—for life.

Baxter had been "bowled out" first ball in a match, and a good bit injured; and his captain comes to have a chat with him, which drifts into a chat over the game of life.

"Temptation," the "greatest bowler in the world," is described, with his changes of bowling, to harass the man in "swifts," "slows," "screws."

The captain urges that it is an honour to be challenged by him: "That's what makes a boy 'play up' . . . . how could you score if there were no bowling? . . . . Every ball the bowler sends in is a chance to score."

Baxter, who has lost all confidence in himself, asks "Is there a ghost of a chance? I might block for a bit perhaps; but I could never score!" but, encouraged by his captain, decides: "I was almost funking it, but *I think I'll go in.*" E. V.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have tried to get "La Conquête de la Lune" mentioned in the paper on French books in *Parents' Review* from Hachette, but they do not know it; *La Nature*, a periodical, is not at all suitable either for children or young people; perhaps it would be as well that it should be known, to prevent others getting it. A. A. J.

Popular Lessons on Cooking, by Mrs. Boyd Carpenter (Percival & Co.). This is truly a fascinating cookery-book; you turn over page after page, and find yourself carried along as if you were reading a story-book. It is a great thing to treat the little details of daily living in the simple serious lucid manner of this little volume. This is "only" a cookery-book, but it is dictated by that reverence for human nature the increase of which is one of the most promising signs of the times. It would be difficult to overstate the practical value of this manual; it is no mere collection of recipes which you remember or forget as may happen; but for every process you have the principle; for each dish, its value as a food-stuff. Then, nothing is regarded as trivial or unimportant; every smallest detail of preparation and serving is given with the clearness of a practised teacher. We wonder, by the way, why there is nothing about porridge. Countless pleasant, wholesome new dishes, easily prepared and not costly, should make Mrs. Boyd Carpenter's book a treasure trove in any household.

A Young Heart of Oak, published by Hodder & Stoughton, is the beautiful and touching story of the noble life of Henry S. Boldero, R.N. Told by the Dean of Gloucester, in a simple quiet way befitting the story of a true Christian hero, it carries one's sympathy, and it would be difficult to read it without emotion. Through the whole of the short life of twenty-four years the brave soul shows itself, strong in purpose, upright, self-sacrificing; helping others by earnest sympathy and bright example, giving gladly from a heart overflowing with Christian graces to all who needed his help. Henry Boldero, or Bold-hero as his messmates called him, has left an example that will help all who read the story of his life, so ably told. No better book could be found to give to our sailor boys, as they will feel intense pride in the hero as one of themselves, in addition to the interest always felt in a well-told tale. In reading the story boys will feel that it is true, and not a goody-goody story with a smug moral to be swallowed at the end. The story of an early death caused by a noble disregard of self in devotion to duty will never be felt by them to be what they call, "*too pi*."

Canterbury Chimes (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) contains Chaucer's well-known tales re-told for the children; it is a very useful book for reading aloud, and also to give to children for their bookcase. The romance of Palamon and Arcite is always loved by them, and is a good tale for older children to learn to tell to the younger ones. To read it over a few times, and then to tell it as well as they can, is a capital exercise for children's memories. The post of story-teller is always enjoyed, and most children can learn to tell tales if once set going.

A Year with the Birds (W. Warde, Fowler; Macmillan) is a capital book for reading aloud to children interested in the doings of birds. Every page of it is delightful, and few boys would object to possess such a well-written account of bird-life. The book is pleasant reading from one end to the other.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—I should like to say how thoroughly I agree with your suggestions in your first article, on "Faith and Duty," with regard to those passages in the Bible unsuitable for children's reading. It is quite time that steps were taken in the matter of expunging these stories of shocking cruelty and coarseness, which, to say the least of it, are utterly useless as teaching for the youth of this century. I for one would welcome the appearance of a Bible which should contain nothing unfit for a child to see, or that could shock the feelings of pure young womanhood; and I feel most strongly that we have no right to place these "suggestions of evil" in our children's way. We may well beware lest by our carelessness or wilful stupidity we dim the purity of those innocent hearts, whose beauty Christ surely felt most deeply when he said, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

L. R.

DEAR MADAM,—As a subscriber to your most instructive magazine, the *Parents' Review*, and as a mother of sons, I venture to write and ask if some articles could be introduced in reference to the special training requisite for the Royal Navy and for the Royal Engineers. Both are noble professions, and I think many mothers would be glad of some information on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

M. J. H. R.

Brightfield, Iver Heath, Bucks,
Feb. 8th, 1893.

DEAR EDITOR,—If my experience is likely to be of any use for A. W. she is welcome to it.

Should a child of mine show disinclination to go on an errand, or dawdle in a purposely aggravating way about it, I would not show any vexation about it, but say quietly, "Very well, mother will get the book herself as Tommy is so slow about it. Mother can do it quicker, and won't send Tommy any more messages."

I think A. W. will find this quite punishment enough, as all children really love the importance and responsibility of being sent on errands.

I have no doubt the little boy is just trying to show his power. Many

children tease and annoy their elders, I believe, from no other motive; and if they see our vexation they feel they have succeeded; so it is best to show as little annoyance as possible. But let the *consequences* to himself prove to the child he has made a mistake.

Yours truly,

January 24th. MATER.

DEAR EDITOR,—I also feel with "A. G. S." the difficulty with regard to the salary of the much-to-be-desired "Tante," for it is beyond my means, as that of many other middle-class mothers, who really need the help and enlightenment she would afford.

Do not suppose that I think the sum beyond her *value for one moment*, as I know that if she carries out all you desire and are aiming at, the sum is not in the least exorbitant. What I feel is that *we* who need it most are unfortunately precluded from benefiting thereby. Could not her salary be augmented from outside by lessons, thus enabling her to take less actual salary from the mother?

This, as all other matters pertaining to the all-important subject of education, is of great interest to me, both as a personal and social affair.

Hoping for some solution of the question,

Yours gratefully,

January 19th, 1893. F. S. P.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think that the writer signing herself "Mary Wilkins," has hardly met on their own ground the thoughts expressed in my little paper on "Children's Difficulties," which appeared in the July number of the *Parents' Review*. She objects to the use of the word "*dead*" as applied to the change which seeds undergo before becoming what they are destined to be—living and growing plants. It is hardly necessary to say that the process to which she alludes, namely, the organic change in the living seed, is a very familiar one to any one who is at all acquainted with the most elementary facts of botany, but I do not think that it in the least interferes with the truth of the broad and deep symbolism pointed out by our Lord Himself, drawn out into fuller detail by St. Paul's words, and brought home to our hearts by the reverent commentary of F. D. Maurice.

Surely when our Lord uttered His mighty saying, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and *die*, it abideth by itself alone; but if it *die* it beareth much fruit," the analogy was amply borne out by the universally recognised fact that the grain of wheat "*died*" *as a grain of wheat*, that when its outward covering decayed, and the living part within sprouted, it became something else, namely, a plant.

His hearers, even without the help of modern science, were not led to suppose that death or destruction occurred to the *entire seed*. Of course, they were perfectly aware that the very reverse of this was the case, and knew as well as we do in this enlightened nineteenth century (although they may not have understood the chemistry of the process), the difference between a dead seed—*i.e.*, one incapable of growth—and a living one.

I think we may still allow ourselves to use His words, and find them the truest and most illuminating, and also find that His great Apostle was no mere dupe of "ancient error," when he wrote his pæan of Victory over the Death which was then, and is still, but the condition and pledge of new and more glorious life.

Indeed, as it seems to me, your correspondent's argument really lends itself to St. Paul. She says the seed is "*living*"; now as I tried to point out in my paper, when St. Paul speaks of sowing ("that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be"), which in his argument is equivalent for dying, he is referring to our *whole earthly existence* consummated by what we usually term death. In one sense, this is a *living* state, but by comparison with the life to come, it is only *dying*.

Perhaps the following story told of Robert Browning may serve to bring your correspondent and myself on common ground: "Death, death! It is this harping on death, I despise so much," he remarked with emphasis of gesture as well as of speech. "This idle and often cowardly, as well as ignorant harping! Why should we not change, like everything else? In fiction, in poetry, in so much of both, French as well as English, and I am told in American art and literature, the shadow of death, call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference, is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I, that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crapelike, churchyardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Pshaw! it is foolish to argue upon such a thing even. For myself, I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead!"—I am, dear Editor, yours sincerely,

E. C.

OUR WORK.

House of Education Naturalist Club Notes.—The real enthusiasm with which our students have taken up the work for the club, both by observation and in their note-books, has been most heartening to witness. Much has been done this month that could not have been undertaken later in the season. February and March are less busy months for naturalists than those that follow. The time has been well employed in learning the contours of trees, painting twigs and buds in brushwork, noting the fructification of many mosses, and generally clearing the way for the fuller studies of April and May. The note-books are fast becoming a source of great pleasure, and the illustrations painted directly from Nature are very careful exact work. Great interest has been taken in the oak galls, and as the season advances many may be seen in the first stages of formation. If the members of the club who are interested in this subject will look out carefully they may, perhaps, find the following oak galls, oak apple, oak gall, oak-root gall, artichoke, nut, spangle, button, currant and woolly galls ; of these the name is almost a sufficient description. The balaniform galls, so called from a fancied resemblance to barnacles, are found at the base of the smaller branches—where they form clusters of conical galls not unlike the barnacles on an oyster.

The woolly galls are more rare, but they may be seen sometimes covering the trees with what looks like cotton grass or bits of cotton-wool. The hunt for galls is a very delightful one, and any of our members who are in the neighbourhood of either Woolmer Forest or the New Forest will be pretty certain to find all of those mentioned. A paper on birds in a Norwich garden has most kindly been sent for the benefit of the members of our club, which they will find in this month's number of the *Parents' Review*. The notes on the birds in our Ambleside garden must be left for next time, as we have no space for them. M. L. HODGSON.

The House of Education.—The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and our pudding is eating very well. Already we get delightful reports of the successful and happy work of our ex-students. We have been wondering how to bring some of the benefits of training home to mothers, and have arranged a *Mothers' Training Course* for the month of June. Of course a month's training cannot produce the same results as a year's training, but much may be done in a month, both in the way of inspiration and impulse, and also as putting mothers in the way of beginning various subjects which cannot be described on paper, such as modelling, basket work, Tonic Solfa, brushwork, Fésole Club drawing, M. Gouin's method of learning languages, out-of-door natural history and botany, the best methods

of teaching various subjects, &c. We hope many mothers will avail themselves of this opportunity. They will find out at the same time how delightful Lakeland is in the month of June, and return rested and refreshed for the summer holidays. In some cases mothers may be able to bring their governesses and children; we need hardly say so much the better. Lodgings may be had at a reasonable rate in June. Mothers who think of entering on the course should write by the middle of April, that there may be time to make arrangements. Fee for the course, three guineas—of which one guinea should be sent as entrance fee when the names are sent in.

Mothers' Educational Course.—No part of our work has given us greater pleasure than the examination papers sent in by mothers after their first term of study. It would be difficult to over-praise some of these papers, which show not merely the ability of a clever student, but also the wisdom which comes of experience to a thoughtful mother. The students in the Mothers' Educational Course do not appear to find the work too much for them. New students may begin at any time, taking up, of course, the first session's work.

The Fésole Club.—We are glad to hear that the students in this Club find their work very helpful and delightful. Leader, W. G. Colinwood, Esq., Lane Head, Coniston.

As the P. R. School grows, the revision of examination work becomes a serious task, but it is always an inspiriting and delightful one, because the personality of the little people finds its way into their papers. How an examiner of schools who complains of the deadly weariness of reading the same thing over and over, the same idea clothed in the same words by hundreds of diligent pens, how he would delight in the originality and individuality of the examination work that comes to us!

Once again we have to assure "Our Parents" that their children maintain a very high standard. The work done in the P. R. School is unusually thorough, intelligent, and methodical. The children in this school do what they like because they like what they do; this they have in common with nearly all children who attend good schools. We claim that we have succeeded in introducing the school into the family; quite young children enjoy the sense of having definite prescribed work which is entirely within their range, and is to be produced finished by a given time. Work is joy to them; the teaching they receive appeals to the principle of curiosity, or, let us call it, desire of knowledge, which is as much part and parcel of the healthy child as is the appetite for his dinner. "I want to know" is the child's unceasing demand, and we are careful to give him just what he wants.

Of all the subjects set for the study of children of seven and upwards the favourite appears to be Greek history as told by Plutarch in his *Lives*. The children keep mother or governess employed in writing page after page of vigorous narrative with now and then a lapse of memory and a funny statement. It is of course necessary to choose with discretion the passages to be read to children, but we know of nothing more distinctly formative than the familiar *Plutarch*, upon which many of us have grown up; nor do we know of any book which does so much to enable the children to realise how personal and intimate is the relation of the individual to the State. The

younger children in Class I. enjoy the *Tanglewood Tales* perhaps as much. In these days, when it is important both for men and women to be able to speak lucidly, coherently, vigorously, and to the point, it is more necessary to narrate freely than to write meagrely. Will the members of the school observe that we are very anxious to save the children from becoming bad spellers by writing copiously with a spelling of their own invention. No doubt it is sometimes a relief to the teacher to set a child to write from memory an account of such and such a thing he has read about. Much better let him tell the account, or if he must write, let him anyway learn how to spell all the words he does not know, leaving him to make the selection. We are delighted to have capital Natural History papers, and good Reports as to mounting wild flowers, collections of fruits, &c. Perhaps no part of a child's education is so valuable as that which puts him in touch with Nature. What he sees for himself he knows. What you tell him of, he may know *about*, which is a very different thing.

The Picture Talk of the programme for little ones, which appears to puzzle some mothers, is another exercise in seeing of the very simplest kind. You show a child a picture, not a mere nursery print, but a study worth looking at, and give him three minutes to look at it. Then let him shut his eyes and tell you all he has seen in the picture. You will find yourself inclined to contradict him and say there is no dog or bird or cow in the picture. But beware how you do so ; he knows his subject down to the tall bents reflected in the water, and all you need take trouble about is to give him a little lesson in language and in the ordering of his thoughts as he describes it.

Bible narratives and English history are done almost as well as Greek history. The *Tales of a Grandfather* will be very helpful for this term's work. We get many questions as to what brushwork is. Set a child to copy a twig, leaf, vase, toy, any object that interests him, with his brush and colours, without attempting any outline beforehand. It is far easier to imitate form thus than in a pencil outline, and at the same time the child teaches himself to see and to imitate colour. There should be no attempt to give the idea of relief until the child is able to give a flat presentation, as on a Japanese fan, for instance.

We have spoken most fully of the work of young children, because, from the educationalist's point of view, this is the most important ; but we have had capital work done in the higher classes. The linguistic work in Class IV. is especially good ; the pupils doing papers in French and German literature and history in these languages, writing, that is, their French papers in French, and their German papers in German.

Arithmetic is the only weak subject ; possibly some families would find it an advantage to get lessons once a week from the master or mistress of an elementary school. Easter examination begins on April 10th.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BRANCH.—Our February P.N.E.U. meeting took place on the 20th of the month. The paper was by C. Simmons, Esq., M.A., Master of the Preparatory Branch of University College School, on "School-Hours and Holidays." Rev. J. Kirkham, M.A., took the chair, and contributed to the discussion, which did not bring out any very definite opinion on the desirability of the changes advocated by Mr. Simmons. These were chiefly in the direction of curtailing the long holidays, and giving more occasional ones, and especially such as would be commemorative days. The audience was unusually large and greatly interested. Hon. Sec., Miss C. Playne.

"Education is a painful, continual and difficult work; to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise; but, above all—by example." JOHN RUSKIN.

"Religion is a spirit, a life, an aspiration."—JAMES MARTINEAU.

"The matin hymn to God is brilliant with hope and praise."—JAMES MARTINEAU.

N.B.—DEAR EDITOR,—These cuttings may interest your readers.—J. F.

KENDAL BRANCH.—A paper was read by Dr. Mason, of Windermere, in the Museum Lecture Room, on Thursday, February 23rd, 1893, on some practical points in the Physical Education of Children (nerves, clothing, exercise, hours of work, sleep, and food). The chair was taken by James Gandy, Esq., High Sheriff of Westmoreland. There was a very good attendance, and the audience seemed much interested.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

A CLASS.

SIX little boys in a row,
  Learning their dates and their kings;
Some quick, and some—very slow,
  Pondering irrelevant things.

Six at their desks every day
  Learn, or make blots, or spill ink;
This is the small schoolboy's way,
  Whilst he is trying to think.

* * * * *

Six little boys go to play
  After the "lines" are all done;
Proud if their schoolfellows say,
  "Bravo! that little chap's won!"

Then when the daylight dies out,
  Busy exchanges are made:
Stamps travel quickly about,
  Butterflies' merits are weighed.

Business more urgent is done,
  To the small schoolboy's clear mind,
Than did that far-off King John,
  When Magna Charta he signed.

Six little boys in their beds,
  Sleeping all cobwebs away,
While Night her sweet mantle spreads
  O'er them till dawns the next day.

Ah! 'tis a world of its own,
  School-life, this life of our youth;
There many harvests are sown,
  Ripening to falsehood or truth.

* * * * *

Dear little boys in their beds!
  Tread softly, put out the light;
God bless the six curly heads,
  Sweet be their dreaming to-night!

R.

HOLIDAYS.

By the Editor.

"Now, let us address ourselves to the serious business of the evening. Here we are:

> 'Six precious (pairs), and all agog,
> To dash through thick and thin!'

Imprimis—our desire is for reform! Not reform by Act of Parliament, if you please; but, will the world believe?—we veritably desire to *be reformed!* And that, as a vicarious effort for the coming race. Why, to have conceived the notion entitles us to sit by for our term of years and see how the others do it!"

"Don't be absurd, Ned, as if it were all a joke! We're dreadfully in earnest, and can't bear to have the time wasted. A pretty president you are!"

"Why, my dear, that's the joke; how can a man preside over a few friends who have done him the honour to dine at his table?"

"Mrs. Clough is quite right? It's 'Up boys, and at it!' we want to be; so, my dear fellow, don't let any graceful scruples on your part hinder work."

"Then, Henderson, as the most rabid of us all, you must begin!"

"I do not know that what I have to say should come first in order; but to save time I'll begin. What I complain of is the crass ignorance of us—of myself, I mean. You know what a magnificent spectacle the heavens have offered these last few frosty nights! Well, one of our youngsters has, I think, some turn for astronomy. 'Look, father! what a great star! It's big enough to make the night light without the moon! It isn't always there; what's its name, and where does it go?' The boy was in the receptive 'How I wonder what you are' mood; anything and everything I could have told him would have been his—a possession for life.

"'That's not a star, it's a planet, Tom,' with a little twaddle

about how planets are like our earth, more or less, was all I had for his hungry wonder. As for how one planet differs from another in glory, his sifting questions got nothing out of me; what nothing has, can nothing give. Again, he has, all of his own wit, singled out groups of stars and, like Hugh Miller—wasn't it?—pricked them into paper with a pin. 'Have they names? What is this, and this?' 'Those three stars are the belt of Orion'—the sum of my acquaintance with the constellations, if you will believe it! He bombarded me with questions all to the point. I tried bits of book knowledge which he did not want. It was a 'bowing' acquaintance, if no more, with the glorious objects before him that the child coveted, and he cornered me till his mother interfered with, 'That will do, Tom: don't tease father with your questions!' A trifling incident, perhaps, but do you know I didn't sleep a wink that night, or rather, I did sleep, and dreamt, and woke for good. I dreamt the child was crying for hunger and I had not a crust to give him. You know how vivid some dreams are! The moral flashed on me. The child had been crying to me with the hunger of the mind. He had asked for bread and got a stone. A thing like that stirs you. From that moment I had a new conception of a parent's vocation and of my unfitness for it. I determined that night to find some way to help ourselves and the thousands of parents in the same ignorant case."

"Well, but, Henderson, you don't mean to say that every parent should be an astronomer? Why, how can a man with other work tackle the study of a lifetime?"

"No, but I do think our veneration for science frightens us off open ground. Huxley somewhere draws a line between science and what he calls 'common information,' and this I take to mean an acquaintance with the facts about us, whether of Nature or of society. It's a shameful thing to be unable to answer such questions as Tom's. Every one should know something about such facts of Nature as the child is likely to come across. But how to get at this knowledge! Books? Well, I don't say but you may get to know *about* most things from books, but as for knowing the thing itself, let me be introduced by him that knew it before me!"

"I see what you mean; we want the help of the naturalist, an enthusiast who will not only teach but fire us with the desire to know!"

"But don't you find, Morris, that even your enthusiast, if he's a man of science, is slow to recognise the neutral ground of common information?"

"That may be; but, as for getting what we want—pooh! it's a question of demand and supply. If you don't mind my talking about ourselves I should like just to tell you what we did last summer. Perhaps you may know that I dabble a little in geology—only dabble—but every tyro must have noticed how the features of a landscape depend on its geological formation, and not only the look of the landscape, but the occupations of the people. Well, it occurred to me that if, instead of the hideous 'resources'—save the word!—of a watering-place, what if we were to study the 'scape' of a single formation? The children would have that, at any rate, in visible presentation, and would hold a key to much besides.

"My wife and I love the South Downs, perhaps for auld sake's sake, so we put up at a farmhouse in one of the lovely 'Lavants' near Goodwood. Chalk and a blackboard were inseparably associated; and a *hill* of chalk was as surprising to the children as if all the trees were bread and cheese. Here was *wonder* to start with, wonder and desire to know. Truly, a man hath joy in the answer of his mouth! The delight, the deliciousness of pouring out answers to their eager questions! and the illimitable receptivity of the children! This was the sort of thing—after scrawling on a flint with a fragment of chalk:

"'What is that white line on the flint, Bob?'—'Chalk, father,' with surprise at my dulness; and then the unfolding of the tale of wonder—thousands of lovely infinitely small shells in that scrawl of chalk; each had, ages and ages ago, its little inmate, and so on. Wide eyes and open mouths, until sceptical Dick—'Well, but, father, how did they get here? How could they crawl or swim to the dry land when they were dead?' More wonders, and a snub for that small boy. 'Why, this hillside we are sitting on is a bit of that old sea-bottom!' And still the marvel grew, until, trust me, there is not a feature of the chalk that is not written down in *le journal intime* of each child's soul. They know the soft roll of the hills, the smooth dip of the valleys, the delights of travellers' joy, queer old yews, and black-berrying in the sudden 'bottoms' of the chalk. The endless singing of a solitary lark—nothing but larks—the

trailing of cloud-shadows over the hills, the blue skies of Sussex, blue as those of Naples—these things are theirs to have and to hold, and are all associated with the chalk; they have the sense of the earth-mother, of the connection of things, which makes for poetry.

"Then their mother has rather a happy way of getting pictures printed on the 'sensitive plate' of each. She hits on a view, of narrow range generally, and makes the children look at it well and then describe it with closed eyes. One never-to-be-forgotten view was seized in this way. 'First grass, the hill-slopes below us, with sheep feeding about: and then a great field of red corn-poppies—there's corn, but we can't see it; then fields and fields of corn, quite yellow and ripe, reaching out a long way; next, the sea, very blue, and three rather little boats with white sails; a lark a long way up in the sky singing as loud as a band of music; and *such* a shining sun!' No doubt our little maid will have all that to her dying day; and isn't it a picture worth having?"

"Mr. Morris's hint admits of endless expansion; why, you could cover the surface formations of England in the course of the summer holidays of a boy's school-days, and thus give him a key to the landscape, fauna, and flora of much of the earth's surface! It's admirable."

"What a salvage. The long holidays, which are apt to hang on hand, would be more fully and usefully employed than school-days, and in ways full of out-of-door delights. I see how it would work. Think of the delicious dales of Yorkshire, where the vivid green of the mountain limestone forms a distinct line of junction with the dim tints of the heather on the mill-stone grit of the moors, of the innumerable rocky nests where the ferns of the limestone—hartstongue, limestone polypody, beech fern, and the rest—grow delicately green and perfect as if conserved under glass. Think of the endless ferns and mosses and the picturesque outlines of the slate, both in the Lake country and in Wales. What collections the children might form, always having the geological formation of the district as the leading idea."

"You are getting excited, Mrs. Tremlow! For my part, I cannot rise to the occasion. It is dull to have 'delicious!' 'delightful!' 'lovely!' hailing about one's ears, and to be out of it. Pray, do not turn me out for the admission, but my own

feeling is strongly against this sort of dabbling in science. In this bird's-eye view of geology, for instance, why in the world did you begin with the chalk? At least you might have started with, say, Cornwall."

"That is just one of the points where the line is to be drawn; you specialists do one thing thoroughly—begin at the beginning, if a beginning there is, and go on to the end, if life is long enough. Now, we contend that the specialist's work should be laid on a wide basis of common information, which differs from science in this amongst other things—you take it as it occurs. A fact comes under your notice; you want to know why it is, and what it is; but its relations to other facts must settle themselves as time goes on, and the other facts turn up. For instance, a child of mine should know the 'blackcap' by its rich note and black upstanding headgear, and take his chance of ever knowing even the name of the family to which his friend belongs."

"And surely, Mr. Morris, you would teach history in the same way; while you are doing a county, or a 'formation'—isn't it?—you get fine opportunities for making history a real thing. For instance, supposing you are doing the—what is it?—of Dorsetshire? You come across Corfe Castle standing in a dip of the hills, like the trough between two waves, and how real you can make the story of the bleeding prince dragged over the downs at the heels of his horse."

"Yes, and speaking of the downs, do you happen to know, Mrs. Tremlow, the glorious downs behind Lewes, and the Abbey and the Castle below, all concerned in the story of the great battle; and the ridge of Mount Harry across which De Montfort and his men marched while the royal party were holding orgies in the Abbey, and where, in the grey of the early morning, each man vowed his life to the cause of liberty, face downwards to the cool grass, and arms outstretched in the form of a cross? Once you have made a study on the spot of one of those historic sites, why, the place and the scene is a part of you. You couldn't forget it if you would."

"That is interesting, and it touches on a point to which I want to call your attention; have you noticed that in certain districts you come across, not only the spots associated with critical events, but monuments of the leading idea of centuries? Such as these are the ruined abbeys which still dominate every

lovely dale in Yorkshire; the twelfth-century churches, four or five of which—in certain English counties—you come across in the course of a single day's tramp, and of which there is hardly a secluded out-of-the-way nook in some counties that has not its example to show; such, again, are the endless castles on the Welsh border, the Roman camps on the downs, each bearing witness to the dominant thought, during a long period, when men had some leisure from fighting."

"And not only so. Think of how the better half of English literature has a local colouring; think of the thousand spots round which there lingers an aroma of poetry and of character, which seems to get into your brain somehow, and leave there an image of the man, a *feeling* of his work, which you cannot arrive at elsewhere. The Quantocks, Rydal valley, Haworth Moors, the Selborne 'Hanger,' the Lincolnshire levels—it is needless to multiply examples of spots where you may see the raw material of poetry, and compare it with the finished work."

"All this is an inspiring glimpse of the possible; but surely, gentlemen, you do not suppose that a family party, the children, say, from fifteen downwards, can get in touch with such wide interests in the course of a six weeks' holiday? I doubt if, even amongst ourselves, any but you, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Clough, have this sort of grasp of historical and personal associations."

"We must leave that an open question, Mrs. Henderson; but what I do contend for is, that children have illimitable capacity for all knowledge which reaches them in some sort through the vehicle of the senses: what they *see* and delight in you may pin endless facts, innumerable associations, upon, and children have capacity for them all: nor will they ever treat you to lack-lustre eye and vacant countenance. Believe me, ''tis their nature to' hunger after knowledge as a labouring man hungers for his dinner; only, the *thing* must come in the first, the words which interpret it in the second place."

"You mean that everything they see is to lead to a sort of object lesson?"

"Indeed I do not! Object lesson! talkee, talkee, about a miserable cut-and-dried scrap, hardly to be recognised by one who knows the thing. I should not wonder if it were better for a child to go without information than to get it in this unnatural way. No, let him see the thing big and living before him, behaving according to its wont. Specimens are of infinite use to the scientist whose business it is to generalise, but are mis-

leading to the child who has yet to learn his individuals. I don't doubt for a minute that an intelligent family out for a holiday might well cover all the ground we have sketched out, and more; but who in the world is to teach them? A child's third question about the fowls of the air or the flowers of the field would probably floor most of us."

"That's coming to the point! I wondered if we ever meant to touch our subject again to-night. To skim over all creation in an easy, airy way is exciting, but, from an educational standpoint, 'tis comic to the father with a young swarm at home who care for none of these things."

"Of course they don't, Withers, if they have never been put in the way of it; but, try 'em, that's all. Now, listen to my idea; I shall be too glad if any one strikes out a better, but we must come to a point, and pull up the next who wanders off on his own hobby. Each of us wishes to cover all, or more, or some of the ground suggested in our desultory talk. Difficulty, we can't teach because we don't know. We are in a corner with but one way out. *We must learn* what we should teach. How? Well, let us form ourselves into a college, or club, or what you like. Now, it's simply the A B C of many things we wish to learn. Once organised, we shall see our way to the next step. Even in the small party here to-night, some know something of geology, some are at home in the byways of history; what we cannot evolve from our midst we must get from outside, and either recruits or professional folk must be pressed into service; recruits would be much the best, for they would learn as well as teach. Then, when we are organised, we may consider whether our desire is to exhaust a single district in the way suggested, or to follow some other plan. Only, please, if it be a district, let it be a wide one, so that our intercourse be confiued to 'speaking' in passing, like ships at sea. Don't, for pity's sake, let it be a social thing, with tennis, talk, and tea!"

"Suppose we do enrol ourselves, how frequent do you think should be our meetings?"

"We'll leave that question; in the meantime, those in favour of Mr. Morris's motion that we form ourselves into a society for the consideration of matters affecting the education of children —the parents' part of the work, that is—will signify the same in the usual way."

"Carried unanimously!"

PRACTICAL STUDIES IN APPERCEPTION.

By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.

It is thought that some of the readers of the *Parents' Review* may be able and willing to co-operate in psychological research bearing directly upon the practical work of education.

Those who undertake such research (for which parents have special opportunites) will not only assist students of philosophy, but also throw light upon methods of imparting knowledge to children.

As a guide to those who are ready to join in such an undertaking, Messrs. Walton and Rooper have forwarded us the subjoined series of questions.

It has been thought best to confine the present inquiry to intellectual training, but it is hoped that in a later number of the Review a second series may be submitted dealing with moral education and the training of character.

General Suggestions.

(1) It is important that each answer springs from special observations made in connection with the particular point considered.

(2) It is recommended that each observer should confine his attention to one, or at most two, particular points at a time.

(3) A careful record should be kept of all observations or experiments at the time of making them. The collected results should be forwarded to J. Walton, Esq., Yorkshire College, Leeds, before 30th of June.

(4) Each return should state :—

(*a*) The number of children observed.
(*b*) Sex, age, and character of home.
(*c*) The dates on which the observations were made.
(*d*) The dates on which the observations were recorded.

(*e*) Nothing but what is actually observed as distinguished from inferences and corrected statements of what the observer believed the child to mean.

N.B. (1) Great care should be taken that the children are not aware they are being observed.

(2) It is the normal action of child-mind that is being studied, and not the abnormal and remarkable. The abnormal should only be recorded as throwing light on the normal, and should be distinctly noted as abnormal.

(3) The questions which children *spontaneously* ask about an object presented to them are good guides to the student of apperception.

INQUIRIES IN APPERCEPTION. I.

I. Elementary Conceptions of Number.

(1) In what proportion do children picture in their minds the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c.?

(*a*) As mere symbols, or (*b*) as groups of separate objects (balls, cubes, &c.)? For instance, in adding six and three do they add by an effort of verbal memory, or do they picture to themselves at once nine objects in two groups of six and three and give the result as an act of inner perception?

(2) When number is taught through mere exercise of verbal memory, can children get an immediate grasp of the actual nature of a number? For example, from knowing that six and one make seven, can they get an immediate intuition that four and three make seven, that five and two make seven, and so on; or must each of these additions be acquired by a separate act of verbal memory?

(3) Again, when learnt by verbal memory, is subtraction immediately recognised as inverse addition? For example, from the knowledge that six and one make seven, can children *immediately* see that one from seven leaves six, or must that be a separate acquisition of the verbal memory?

(4) Do children more easily arrive at the conception of the nature of number (as distinguished from counting) by dealing with a promiscuous variety of objects, such as apples, pebbles,

panes of glass, legs of animals, &c., or by confining their attention to a series of objects of the same kind, such as balls in a frame, cubes, or the bricks of Tillich's Brick Box? (Tillich's Bricks present the idea of number as continuous and not discrete; thus two is not two bricks, but a block the size of two bricks, and so with three, four, and the rest up to ten, number being thus represented by *length*.)

(5) When children learn to count (say from 1 to 20) before they study the analysis of number (as in Sonnenschein's Number Pictures, Tillich's Brick Box, or Neuman's Eclipse Frame), is it a help or a hindrance to their comprehension of number and power of computation?

II. Object Teaching, or Training in Perception.

(1) When a new object is presented to the eyes of children, in what order do the attributes colour, form, movement, and size generally arrest attention? Do children differ in this respect? Is the order affected by the striking nature of any of these four characteristics?—*e.g.*, bright colour as distinguished from dull, exceptionally large or small size, or form unusual to the children?

(2) When a new object is presented to the touch, in what order do children recognise attributes of hardness, temperature, roughness, and weight?

(3) When a child does not know at once to what class a novel object belongs, and cannot at once apperceive it, what kind of attributes appear to guide him in his attempt to classify it? For instance, a child saw for the first time a pot of ferns; being asked what it was, he replied, "A pot of green feathers." In this case the child apperceived the object by means of the attributes of size, shape, and flexibility.

N.B. It is clear that a wrong apperception is often more instructive than a right one to observers of mental growth.

(4) How early in life is the association formed between visual and tactual qualities? How soon, for instance, can a child say, by merely *looking* at an object, that it is hard or soft, rough or smooth, warm or cold, &c.? Are certain of these associations formed earlier than others, and if so, in what order?

(5) Does a child from the first appear to estimate with gradually increasing accuracy magnitude by means of a visual

standard? For instance, can a child tell by the eye alone that a particular apple is larger than an orange placed beside it, or that a two-cube block in Tillich's Bricks is bigger than a one-cube block? Can they at a slightly later age recognise visually how many cubes are contained in one of the longer blocks? Can a child estimate visually at a still later age the actual size of an object at varying distances? If so, does he appear to use a visual or a tactual standard? When do children begin to estimate with fair correctness the relative distances between objects—for instance, that object A is twice as far from B as B is from C? Is there any difference in the accuracy of this estimation according as the distances are vertical, horizontal, or oblique? Is there a further difference when one distance belongs to one of these classes, and one to another?

(6) *Weight.*—Is any difference observable between children in respect of their power of estimating whether one object is heavier or lighter than another? Is the delicacy of discrimination greater when the two objects are held simultaneously one in either hand, or when they are held successively in the same hand?

(7) *Colour.*—Do the children vary much in their power of discriminating shades of colour, and how rapidly does this power increase with age?

(8) *Shape.*—Child's power, according to age, of recognising, *without counting* (immediately), the number of sides in a given regular polygon? How does the size of the polygon affect the accuracy of the estimation?

(9) Novelty in familiarity.

(*a*) What kind of objects are found to be more attractive to children than others? What relative proportions of novelty and familiarity appear to have the greatest attractive power?

(*b*) Of its own accord, does any child show power of taking interest in those attributes of an object which are practically quite unfamiliar to it? For instance, does a child take interest (of its own accord, and unaided by questioning, &c.) in the machinery of a watch as anything more than a collection of moving and sounding objects?

(10) *Continuity of attention.*

What kind of things do children grow tired of observing

quickest? What kind of thing slowest? What variations in these respects, arising out of age or subject, are observed? Give time measurements.

III. Memory.

(1) Test for verbal memory.

Give evidence of exceptionally strong and weak powers of verbal memory as tested by (1) the children attempting to reproduce orally a random series of figures as 82,573 read out once (with an equal pause before the utterance of each figure to avoid aid by rhythm).

(2) Where children show varying powers, to what extent does the variation appear (as by the way in which they utter the series) to depend upon their having mentally grouped the figures into twos and threes, &c.? If they thus group the figures, in which way do they do it?

(3) Exhibit a row of three to a dozen (according to age) coloured squares of paper, and quickly withdraw it as soon as the children have had time to recognise the colours. Note what varying powers they show of stating in their original order the names of the colours seen.

(*b*) Does any particular order or class of order seem easier to remember than another? Have you any evidence of progress made in this exercise in respect of (*a*) quickness of eye, or (*b*) retentiveness.

(4) Is the spelling of a word learnt quicker by being continuously present to the eye for a brief period or intermittently during the same period as when written on a slowly revolving roller?

(5) When a simple object like an apple has been presented to a class without comment, and has been withdrawn again after time has been allowed for observation, what evidence have you of varying power in the children to answer questions as to colour, shape, comparative size, and special features?

IV. Miscellaneous.

(1) *Geography.*

(*a*) What kind of facts do children remember most readily?

(*b*) Since connected facts are more readily retained than disconnected, what ways of connecting them secure their remembrance most effectively?

(*c*) What effect have pictorial illustrations in aiding the connection of fact with fact; for instance, a picture of the Tyne with vessels being laden with coal?

(*d*) In illustrating a geographical fact by an historical one, in case the historical fact is entirely new to the child, and not connected with its historical knowledge, so that no apperception is possible, is it found that the mere association of the two facts tends to the better remembrance of both or either?

(2) *History.*

(*a*) What is the best way of first approaching the study of the history of one's own country, so as to give the children a working conception of State and Government? Can you give instances of mistakes made by children taught on the usual plan which indicate a want of apprehension of these two essential points?

(*b*) Have you any light to throw on the results of teaching history (i.) as a continuous story from the beginning, and (ii.) in *disconnected* scenes, incidents, biographies, &c.?

(*c*) At what age are children able to apperceive historical facts—that is, to get an intelligent grasp of the subject?

(*d*) What means do you find most efficacious in giving children an idea of historical perspective?

(*e*) What evidence can you adduce of the varying powers of children to present to their minds historical and geographical facts in the form of a picture—that is, to visualise them? What helps or what hindrances have you found most operative in this respect?

TEL SONO, A JAPANESE REFORMER.

"I am a little Japanese woman."

(*From her Autobiography*).

CHAPTER III.

AT the age of nineteen my parents betrothed me to an officer of the king's treasure, to whom I was soon married. He took me to his home, where his parents and two sisters-in-law also lived. The following year (1866) there arose a rebellion that caused much excitement for a time, but was soon quelled. I had been spending the night with my mother, and very early in the morning we were awakened by the firing of guns in rapid succession. Mother's maid came running into the room and told us to get up at once, that the rebels were fighting in our town, Manaba. Rising quickly, I looked toward my husband's home and saw that it was completely enveloped in smoke and fire. "I must go right home!" I exclaimed. Mother remonstrated with me, and said, "You cannot go, child, for you might have to pass right through the blazing fire and be burned to death."

But I scarcely knew what she was saying; and, dressing hurriedly, I hastened home. My husband and father-in-law being officers of the king's court were of course on duty, and I found my mother and sisters-in-law with their treasures tied up and just ready to escape from the house. "Mother, I think you had better wait a while," I said, "because when father wants more arms he will send a messenger for them, and if we leave who will give them to him? Our goods will be stolen if we leave the house; besides, the fighting will probably stop soon, and if it does not the king will have us taken to his fort." But my mother-in-law said she could not wait so long for deliverance, and that she was going to look after her own life and the lives of her daughters. "If you want to stay alone and watch the house you may do so," she said.

After they had gone I washed my face, changed my dress, took one of my husband's swords, and seated myself on the front doorstep to watch the battle.

The enemies were soon scattered, and by evening our town was in peace and quiet. When peace was restored, those who had fled from their homes in fear crept quietly back like so many spiders, carrying their bundles with them.

My husband was called to Tokio on matters of business occasioned by the rebellion, and was detained there a year. On his return I noticed that he had begun to drink wine. Many times I begged him to stop, but he would not listen to me. In my country the *Enarimasure*, or Fox holiday, is celebrated the second day of February. Small temples are built in the yard of each king, and sumptuous feasts are spread for the officers and their guests. On one such occasion my husband spent all day feasting and playing with his friends, and came home at seven o'clock in the evening very drunk and wanted me to drink wine with him. "No," I said, "I will *never* give you wine to drink in my house." He left the room, but soon came back bringing a bottle of wine, and commanded me to make a wine feast for him. This I refused to do, and took the glass from his hand, out of which he was about to drink. At this he became very angry and struck me. Then I concluded that it would be better for me to go back to my father's house, and to do so at once, while my husband was rich. Should I wait until he became poor, he would say that I left him because of his poverty and would hate me. Accordingly, I took my little daughter, then three years old, and returned to my home, May 2, 1871. My grandmother had died the year before, and in her house, which was in the same yard as my father's, I lived with one servant. There I established a free school for the poor and taught it for three years.

My father and I resumed our study together, and in addition to other studies we read books of law.

My daughter's future, and how to provide for it, was a great question in my mind. She must be educated, and I wondered what I, a woman, could do to earn money sufficient. At last I decided to be a lawyer. Closing my school, and leaving my daughter with my mother, I went to Tokio to pursue my studies.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR three months I held the position of secretary of judgment, and then began the practice of law.

There is in my country no tradition of a woman lawyer, and up to the present time I have been the only one.

Many people came to see me every day as I went to court, and when I passed through the yard the people on both sides of the judicial and assize courts would stand up to gaze at me. They thought it very wonderful and strange for a woman to be a lawyer.

That year much that was new from America and other countries was introduced into Japan, among which was the telegraph, steam-carriages, electric light, and photography.

At this time two poets who lived in the city of Tokio, N. Ohash and S. Keta, wrote one hundred poems about the wonderful things Japan now possessed. One poem was about the woman lawyer, and thus, when the book, *Tokishensh*, was published, my name became known throughout Japan.

For twelve years I followed the practice of law, and my career was recognised by all as most successful. In this profession the low position of woman was brought more clearly than ever before my mind, and in my heart there burned a desire to elevate her by giving her an education.

My wisest course to accomplish this object seemed to be to visit America and learn the customs of a people where woman stood on a level with man. But no opportunity for me to leave my business presented itself. One day a poor woman who had been ensared by a wicked man, and led to make a great mistake through her ignorance, was tried and condemned.

How my heart burned! I grew impatient of delay. Soon I would be too old to do the work now within my power. To America I must go, and that at once. Four days after the decision against the poor ignorant woman, and my decision following that, I set sail for America. But before describing my life in America I will relate a few incidents descriptive of my benevolent work during the twelve years in Tokio.

As the buildings in my country are mostly of wood, fires often break out, and, sweeping along with terrible force, destroy whole blocks. Such a fire raged through the streets of the poor one

winter night, the loud ringing of fire-bells awakening me about eleven o'clock. The river which ran through the street was frozen over so that water enough to put out the flames could not be obtained, and when morning dawned the homes of almost three hundred poor families had been burned to the ground. At an early hour I opened a store to feed these homeless ones. To each person I gave fifteen pounds of rice, and to the children candy and crackers. For two weeks I carried on this benevolent work, and about three months after received a letter from the Emperor in acknowledgment of my work.

At another time a fire broke out about a mile from my house and quite near many buildings which I was just having put up. The night was calm at first, but suddenly a strong west wind rose, driving the flames with fierce rapidity until my new buildings were reached and then my home. Thirty-six strong men came to the rescue, carrying out all my household goods, but being quite unable to save the buildings. All the night they guarded my goods, while I went to a quiet place to rest. The following morning I took them with me to a great restaurant, gave them a good dinner, and offered money to each. The money they would not accept, saying it was their duty to help in time of fire.

"We have often helped others," they said, "but never had such a feast after our work, and we certainly never saw any one with such a pleasant face after being burned out. You have ever been ready to help us, and we are glad to do this for you."

Then one of them told about my gardener, who it seemed would not leave my home to save his own, saying if his was destroyed he could bring his family and live with me. I told them that I understood all their kindness and appreciated it, but could not rest without paying them for their services, and that the very experience through which I had just passed would enable me to make more money in my business. At this they gladly received the money. Then they took me back to my home, and standing in rank before the door sang a happy song.

Through the kindness of friends a new home was quickly built for me. My loss through this fire was very great.

The third year of my business life my father came to visit me. "I have come to bid you good-bye," he said, "for I have a sickness with which I must soon die."

He brought a letter from my mother in which she charged

me to comfort him and give him good care, for he would probably die that year. After three months he returned home, and soon became very sick. When I went home to nurse him he said, "You must not trouble. The end of my life is come, and such is the will of heaven." He had been accustomed to say, when he saw wicked persons come into danger and distress, "It is the judgment of heaven."

A month later, on the evening of October 3, 1876, he told us, "I shall die about four o'clock in the morning." Then he dictated a short poem, which my sister wrote:

> "He in whose hand my breath has been held now opens his hand.
> And my soul goes away."

At the hour named he passed away.

CHAPTER V.

As in childhood I had loved to help the needy, so in womanhood, with increased opportunities, this work was one of my chief delights.

Every year on Christmas Eve I invited to my home the women and men who worked for me. To each one I lent money that they might prepare for the New Year, and cancelled the old year's debt, telling them they must work well the next year. On the New Year, January 7, I invited all the poor in the neighbourhood, with my working-people, to a soup dinner.

Each at my request brought a handful of something to put in the soup, which was being prepared in a large iron kettle. They all gathered around me when it was done, while I tasted to find how good the soup was and who had brought in the best thing for it, giving credit to each one for good taste. When the dinner had been eaten I gave parcels of clothing, comforters, towels, stockings, aprons, cakes, candies, and other things to the poor, and to my rich friends who came to see the condition of the poor I gave boxes tied with bright ribbons, which they were not to open until they went home. In these boxes were baked potatoes, turnips, and onions. Early the next morning the poor would return to thank me, and my friends to laugh over the funny contents of their boxes. I remember now with

pleasure these New Year days and the glad faces of my people on such occasions.

One morning, not long after the New Year, my handmaid came to my sitting-room to tell me the gardener was crying in the back kitchen. I bade her call him in, and inquired concerning his trouble. He said his mother had died the night before, and that he had no money to bury her. "I cannot ask you for money," he said, "for you are always doing so much for us." However, I gave him the needed money for the funeral expenses. To the poor sick I used to send my doctor, also money and food, and many times paid their funeral expenses.

In December 1879, a young man came to me with the following sad story:

"Two weeks ago a gentleman came to the clothing store where I worked and said that his family wanted some clothes for the New Year. He chose high-priced goods, and at his request I carried them to the house that his family might see them. Then he asked me to leave them all night until his mother came home, as they wanted to ask her opinion about what was best to buy. After some consideration I decided to leave them, as the home was not a poor one, and I thought he probably was an officer of the law. But I could not sleep that night, because in leaving the goods I had broken the law of the store, and I felt that I had done wrong. Early next morning I went to the house, but it was shut up and no person answered my knock. My heart beat like dashing waves or the quick ringing of bells. All day I watched, and in the evening saw the family return. I went to the man and asked him for the goods. He said a person whom he owed had taken them away in payment of his debt. He was sorry, he said, but the only thing he could do was to give me three dollars every month until the price was paid. After that he would have nothing more to say to me. My master has said that I must pay for the goods if I do not bring them back to the store. He will not forgive me, because he says others will do the same by-and-by. I have no money to pay, and am a stranger, having come from the far north country. Will you not speak for me and get back the goods that I my return to my work?"

I felt very sorry for him, and went as he requested to the man who had stolen the goods. The cause of his committing the evil deed was easily explained. He had been rich; then,

on account of poor eyesight, his business had failed, but being proud he wished to keep up a good appearance. I told him judgment would come upon him for his wickedness, his deceit, and theft. He was greatly ashamed and afraid, knowing what I had said was true. When I had finished talking he bowed down until his face almost touched the floor, saying, with tears:

"Will you not save us with your great virtue? I committed this iniquity because we have become poor on account of my failing eyesight. If you make this public I shall be sent to prison as you have said, and my dear mother, wife, and child will die with hunger. Please save my family."

His wife, who sat beside him, cried so loudly that his mother's attention was arrested, and she came downstairs. His daughter also came in, and, though she did not know what was the trouble, stood by her father weeping. He said to her: "Dear, your father has committed a great sin, and this lady can send him to prison. What will you do if I go to prison? You will die of hunger, and so will your mother and grandmother. Ask this lady to forgive my sin for the sake of our family."

Then the child, who was about ten years old, and the grandmother of seventy, and the wife, all came to my side and worshipped me, their tears falling like rain. I felt most sorry for the grandmother and child, who had not known of the wrong that had been done, especially for the poor grandmother. Her face was thin, her hair white, and she looked ready to die. My heart began to move with compassion for them. I asked the man what restitution he could make. He said he received thirty dollars from the Emperor every month, and could pay ten out of that money until the eighty for which he had sold the goods was refunded. Taking him with me, I went to the man who bought the goods, and told him the circumstances. He was greatly troubled about having stolen property, and on my paying him eighty dollars collected the goods and sent them home with me. I put them into the hands of the young man, who, with a grateful heart, took them back to the store. I accompanied him and excused him to his master, who allowed him to come back to his work. The debtor promised to pay me ten dollars every month, and thus the matter was settled.

Three years later I read in a newspaper the sad condition of a poor woman, who lived in a wretched street, with a blind, sick husband, and two children, one a baby. The paper said the

children were crying of hunger, all were like skeletons, and the mother was almost crazy with grief. I at once went to see if what I had read was true, taking some food in my buggy to give them if they were in need. I reached the place only to find their condition worse than had been described. The man was lying on the floor covered with a thin comforter, and the children on a large piece of thick paper covered with an old sheet. They were dressed in summer clothes, the bones stood out on their faces, and they were in such a weak condition they could not move. The first thing I did was to give them the food which I had brought. The woman acted very strangely from the first; her face turned red when she saw me, and she did not seem to receive very willingly what I gave her. She said to her husband, "Miss Tel Sono has called, and she has brought many things for us; she has also given me much money."

"Who did you say had visited us?" he said, starting up. "What shall I do? Please cover my face."

Then he assumed a worshipful attitude toward me, as did also his wife, their tears falling fast. A long while I stood in the kitchen wondering who they were. At last I remembered this was the man who had stolen the goods, and I then understood their strange manner. He had not kept his promise in regard to paying me, and after sending twenty dollars had moved away, and I had heard nothing from him.

I told them not to trouble about that, the matter had quite passed from my mind, and that I then forgave them. "You are in trouble now," I said, "therefore I will think of you as my new friends, and do what I can to help you."

I sent them warm clothes, and my doctor attended the sick man. A month later he died, and was buried at my expense. Seven days after the funeral I sent the family to their relatives in the north.

As I look back now I understand that it was God who visited this man in judgment for his sin. I forgave him, but he could not escape the justice of God.

Very early one October morning a poor woman came to see me. My maid told her she had better come later, as her mistress had not yet risen. She would not move from the front step, however, but pleaded that she might see me, saying I could save her life. When the maid told me what the woman

said I had her called in. She was about forty years of age, and wore a summer dress though the day was cold. In answer to my questions, she told me the following story: "Four months ago my husband and I came from the south country to the city of Tokio that he might be convenient to his business. We brought our clothes and other personal belongings, but sold our house and household furniture, and since being here have boarded.

"At first my husband returned from business every day, then he did not come home so often. Three weeks ago he returned and said: 'My business has failed and my money is all lost. I need money to-night to begin business again. Will you lend me your possessions? I will give them back to you within a week with a reward.' I did as he asked, giving him both my money and valuables. Every day since I have looked for him, but in vain.

"Soon after his disappearance I began to receive letters from those whom he owed, and creditors began to call on me. This was the first that I knew of his having contracted a large debt, and the knowledge occasioned me much sadness. I searched in his business places for some trace of him, but could find none. A week ago my landlord said he could not keep me any longer unless I paid my board. On my promising to give him some money soon he allowed me to stay a little while longer.

"I determined to seek help from a rich aunt whom I had not visited for ten years on account of having angered her by a mistake I made, hoping she would forgive the past. When I told her of my trouble, and asked her to lend me some money, she coldly said she could lend me no money unless I mortgaged something. I had nothing to mortgage except the clothing I wore, but my need was great; so taking off some of my garments I gave them to her in exchange for a small sum of money.

"With this I paid my board, then searched again for my husband. This morning the landlord said he could keep me no longer. 'I feel very sorry for you,' he said, 'for I do not believe that you will find your husband.' Then he told me of you, whom he knew to be a kind, brave woman, and said he believed you would help me. That is why I am come to you."

While considering her case, the words of a wise man came to my mind: "If a bird escape from one hunter's hand and seek refuge in the hand of another hunter, the latter would not take

her life." Then I decided that as the poor woman had come to me for help I could not turn her away. "You may come and live with me," I said, "and I will help you." At this she wept for joy.

Taking her with me, I went to her landlord, paid the remainder of her debt for board, and had her bring what few things she owned to my home. Then I went and spoke to her aunt about the wrong she had done in taking the clothes her niece was wearing. She was greatly ashamed, and gave back the clothes, but would not keep her niece, saying I was free to do for her as I wished.

For a year and a half I kept the woman in my home, to the great anxiety of my friends, who feared she would rob me. I told them they need not trouble; she was only a poor woman, and not able to carry away my goods. When I gave her anything the same as my family had, she would begin to weep. This I thought very strange, but was made to understand it when I, too, became a stranger in a strange land. Often the kind words spoken to me when lonely and sad have received no other answer than a flood of tears.

(*To be continued.*)

(Printed in the *Parents' Review* with the kind permission of Madame Tel Sono, in the hope of interesting many in her noble educational work.)

SECONDARY EDUCATION.

BY J. S. MILLS.

AFTER the lapse of a quarter of a century we seem to be on the eve of a practical embodiment of the educational principles so memorably set forth in the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1868. The Endowed Schools Commission established by the Act of 1869 and the Charity Commission which succeeded it have done a good deal since that Report was published in the manipulation of endowments and in reform of more obvious abuses. But most of the educational criticism in the Report still holds good of the present state of English secondary education, and, after twenty-five years' continuous work, its final and satisfactory organisation has still to be achieved. The main feature of the Commissioners' scheme was the provision of secondary instruction in three grades, adapted respectively to boys who are likely to remain at school up to the ages of nineteen, sixteen, or fourteen. "The wishes of parents," says the Report, "can best be defined in the first instance by the length of time during which they are willing to keep their children under instruction." This is precisely the principle upon which liberal educationists have been lately insisting so strongly. Most boys who leave our classical forms at the age of sixteen or seventeen enter life, strictly speaking, without any real education at all. They have been carried to a certain point in a curriculum applicable only to boys of exceptional opportunities and ability, and assuming a further course of training at college or university. They toil through the wilderness for weary years without ever seeing, much less entering, the promised land. Obviously these two classes of boys with their different prospects and opportunities require a corresponding different treatment and curriculum. "It was found in practice," writes Mr. Benson, "that the attempt to combine the education of these different classes of boys in one school prevented any class from

getting what it really wanted." Since 1868, of course, our public elementary schools have taken the place of the Third Grade Schools in the scheme of the Commissioners. But there is still an urgent need for organised provision of schools on the two higher grades. The mere classification of existing schools by the Charity Commission is insufficient. In every district schools of two or three grades should be provided, so that parents may exercise a deliberate choice and obtain for their children the education exactly adapted to their requirements. The Birmingham school system as nearly as possible fulfils this ideal. There the elementary school, the grammar school, and the high school are in close correspondence with those divergencies of social class and educational requirement.

The Commissioners' criticism of the classical teaching in endowed schools has lost little of its force. "The classical training prescribed in a large majority of the grammar schools," says the Report, "is a delusive thing. It is given to very few boys in any form. It is not carried to a substantial issue in the case of 5 per cent. of the scholars. But it furnishes the pretext for the neglect of all other useful learning." Again, "The boy seeking a commercial education finds himself regarded as an inferior being who may be left to the lifeless teaching of a lower master, and cannot expect any further culture than can be extracted from the Greek and Latin accidence." The establishment of modern sides has to some extent narrowed the incidence of these remarks. Nevertheless much, perhaps most, of our classical teaching is still worthless and fruitless. Our schools still suffer from the tyranny of head-masters who apply faded academical ideas to the theory and practice of popular education. No reform in this direction can be expected until the entire system of secondary education has been subjected to the wholesome influence of an awakened public opinion. It is for this reason that those who have for some time ceased to bow the knee to the classical fetish regard with an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm this movement for the reform of our secondary schools.

That some reorganisation is necessary is apparent to the most conservative observer. The Commissioners of 1868 found that, "in at least two-thirds of the places in England named as towns in the Census, there is no public school at all above the primary schools, and in the remaining third the school is often

insufficient in size or in quality." The efforts of the Charity Commission to distribute endowments, to treat them as a "liquidated fund to be carried about and applied where most wanted," have been generally frustrated by the objections of interested districts to such a process. The gross amount of available endowments has also been found insufficient for any adequate provision of schools. Again, many of our best endowed schools, founded originally for the use of the neighbourhood, have been left stranded by the depopulation of country districts and no longer fulfil their original purpose. What is needed, then, is the arrangement of existing schools and the foundation of new ones in two grades, on the principle of distribution suggested by the School Inquiry Commission—namely, one first-grade school for every 20,000 people, one second-grade for every 5000, a first-grade boarding school for every four million of the people, and one second-grade boarding school for every hundred thousand. The educational course in these two classes will differ considerably. In schools of the second-grade intended for boys who enter life at the age of sixteen or seventeen, no Greek, for instance, will be taught: and the instruction in languages, science, and mathematics will be so arranged in accordance with the special requirements of the pupils as to confer a complete and rational training. Greek will be confined to first-grade schools, and even there will be further restricted to boys who show some special aptitude for the study, and modern sides, or, as the Commissioners preferred, modern schools will be established conferring a sound culture in "modern" subjects amply sufficient to absorb a boy's energies until the age of eighteen or nineteen. The grading of the schools should present no difficulty. The main principle to be observed is that each school shall provide a continuous and self-complete course of training, not be merely preparatory to the university or to a school of a higher grade. Otherwise the new scheme will involve one of the most crying abuses of our present system—that so many boys receive a small fraction of a course of training in reality only applicable to boys of exceptional opportunities and ability. The school fees will probably be regulated by the average fee already paid in the public or private schools of the districts. There is no conceivable reason why the cheapening of secondary schools should be an object in the scheme of reform. The proposal is simply

to provide schools where people may obtain for their money the education they desire, and not pay for a worthless article which is expensive at any cost.

It is to be hoped that the framers of the Secondary Education Bill will disregard a good deal of advice freely bestowed by School Board organs and elementary teachers. The *School Board Chronicle*, regarding the question of secondary education as part of its critical province, has published a series of articles on Secondary Schools, in which the following passage appears: "The intention of the Bill of last Session (Sir Henry Roscoe's Bill) was to keep the School Boards out in the cold, and give the real power to the County Councils, and such, no doubt, will be the purport of any legislative proposals brought out under the auspices of the Technical Instruction Association, unless School Boards assert their claim to be the authority for the supply of secondary education. By the isolation of the elementary schools from schools of advanced instruction, the progress upwards of those children of the masses possessing intellectual faculties fitting them for advancement will be retarded." Elsewhere the writer maintains that the ultimate object of educational reformers must be to free all secondary schools. No advice could be more perverse and ill-timed. So far from subjecting Middle Class schools to the jurisdiction of the School Board, it is the obvious and unavoidable duty of the reformers to maintain very strictly the distinction between the two provinces of education. However unjust in one sense it may be to identify advanced with middle-class education, for present practical purposes such identification is an essential principle. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the coming measure concerns chiefly and primarily the middle-classes, and simply proposes to do for them what the Act of 1870 did for the working-classes. Any measure founded upon a disregard of existing social conditions is foredoomed to failure. It may be impossible to analyse and explain the thrill of joy which a middle-class parent feels on receiving his school bills; nevertheless, he still prefers to pay for education, and still considers to some extent in the choice of a school the social class of the children with whom his own will associate. The result of putting the school he uses under the School Board, the result of freeing or greatly cheapening secondary education, will simply be that the middle-class will decline to use the new schools, the

working-classes will absorb them, and the work of reorganising middle-class education wlll have to be started afresh. This social distinction, together with the more advanced subjects of instruction in secondary schools, and the greater complexity of educational problems involved, justify a different and a more widely representative governing unit than the School Board. The Carnarvon Joint Committee has proposed a scheme of government which, with modifications, might be generally adopted. It proposes to form a County Governing Board, composed chiefly of County Councillors, and a Local Governing Board within that, representing Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, School Boards, &c. The scheme also defines the duties of the two bodies. Here, however, some modifications would be necessary. It must not be forgotten that education is a science requiring from its proficients the most liberal culture and the widest sympathies. It seems doubtful, therefore, how far arrangements of curriculum could be entrusted to a local governing body so constituted. All such arrangements should in any case be subject to the approval of a wider representation, including educational experts. Again, inspection of schools should be conducted nationally, and not provincially. The inspector would be more of an inspector and less of an examiner than in the Elementary Department. A cut-and-dried educational code would of course be inapplicable to secondary schools; to inspect efficiently without interfering unduly with the liberty of the individual teacher and school would require great tact and educational experience, the efficiency of a school being tested not by concrete and visible results of examination, but by conformity to the general educational principles laid down in the Report of the School Inquiry Commission of 1868.

The cleavage, then, between the elementary and secondary school must be jealously maintained, so as to secure the acceptability of the new and newly organised public schools to the great body of the middle-classes, for whom they are intended. This, of course, does not mean that the working-classes are to be excluded from the opportunities of higher education. As long ago as 1882 the Charity Commissioners had created three thousand scholarships, tenable at secondary schools, most of which were restricted to *bonâ fide* scholars of elementary schools, and the County Councils, under powers conferred by the Local

Taxation Act of 1890, are at present busily engaged in adding to the number of such scholarships. A continuous linkage or ladder is thus contrived, by which a boy of ability may climb from the lowest standard of the elementary to the highest form of the secondary school, and thence to college or university. If it be objected that this system creates social distinctions within the walls of the school, we can only urge that no positive injustice is thereby committed, that no legislation can remove or affect social distinctions by simply disregarding them, and that whatever be future social conditions, our present object is to provide for the middle-classes schools in every way acceptable to them, and adapted to their requirements.

"We may look upon secondary schools," writes Mr. Llewellyn Smith, "as mainly middle-class institutions, or as the crown of the edifice of primary education." For present purposes we are bound to take the former view. When the social millennium arrives, and class distinctions are wiped out, we may then have one uniform organisation and government of national education. Every English child will then enter the primary State school at a tender age, and proceed or not, according to his ability, to the secondary State school. The universities will by that time have been completely reorganised on a democratic basis, and the whole machinery of national education adapted to the selection and evolution of the best intellect of the nation. But these times are not yet; and meanwhile, having satisfactorily organised the elementary education of the working-classes, we must in turn provide for the well-defined middle-class, in proportion to its means, condition, and requirements, schools which, without barring their doors upon poorer children and thus accentuating social distinctions, shall nevertheless be acceptable and serviceable to those for whom they are primarily intended.

ISOLATED PONDS: A BOTANICAL STUDY.

By Edward F. Linton, M.A.

It is an interesting question how ponds that have no water communication with streams or long-existent sheets of water acquired their variety of aquatic or waterside plants. The ponds I am writing about mostly exist for the sake of furnishing cattle with a water-supply, and are filled by surface-water—*i.e.*, by the rain that falls in its immediate neighbourhood. And yet such pools, even though made in recent times, are seldom without aquatic or riparian vegetation; in fact, I may say never, unless overstocked with ducks or geese, or greatly disturbed by horses, cattle, or sheep. That the plant-life of ponds is destroyed or kept down in this way may be seen by comparing one that has been for some time railed in, or protected, as is often the case, on three sides, with another such as one often sees on a common or near the entrance to a farmyard, which is easy of access to all sorts of bibulous creatures on every side. The latter may often be found to have no sign of vegetable life in it or on its margin; mud and desolation reign supreme.

When pools of water have an outlet or overflow, which is usually the case when they are fed by a rivulet or a strong perennial spring, it is obvious that in the lapse of time water-loving plants may have arrived by the waterway. On this ground I limit my inquiry to *isolated* ponds, which have no water communication. I will also at once dismiss all Cryptogams—the liverwort, the moss, or the occasional fern—since we know that their multitudinous spores are carried freely in the air, to germinate wherever they alight on congenial soil.

Let us note the contents of such a pond as we are studying. Here is one that will do for a start in a retired field, far from farmyard or poultry-rearing cottager, and safe from

the depredations of the omnivorous duck. See, the surface is uniformly green, except at the side where a gentle slope invites thirsting cows to drink. With a stick we draw out a number of small oval fronds, $\frac{1}{8}$–$\frac{1}{4}$ in. in length, that floated so thickly strewn as to cover the surface; this is the Lesser Duckweed; these fronds with a rootlet form the whole plant; they very rarely flower, but young plants are freely reproduced laterally, sessile on the sides of the old, soon to become independent and have families of their own. It is almost the smallest British flowering plant, and is easily carried about from pond to pond, adhering to the legs of waterfowl in the same way as it adhered to the stick we used just now. The smallest flowering plant belongs to this order, *Wolffia arrhiza* by name; it has no rootlet, and is only $\frac{1}{20}$ inch long!

In many a pond, if not quite smothered with duckweed, we may find one species or another of Pondweed (*Potamogeton*), a genus of submerged aquatics, which only raise their flowers above water during the process of fertilisation, and sink them again while they mature their fruit. You may sometimes see oval leaves floating on the water, 2–4 in. long, which are of a brownish hue while young, then pass through olive to green. These are the floating leaves of *Potamogetan natans*, the commonest species of this order in ponds, and on their lower side are often deposited the eggs of water-snails. Another species, of a ruddier hue (*P. rufescens*), which also has some floating leaves, I have found in a pond in Lancashire, and also in a small pool at the great elevation of nearly 3000 ft. in Perthshire, which was isolated except when flooded by rains. At this height the plant never flowered, but spread only by stolons or elongations of its creeping rootstock; the plant was dwarfed also in this exposed situation, averaging only 4 or 5 inches instead of 2—3 ft. *P. pusillus*, *P. crispus*, and *P. densus*, three species which develop no floating leaves, but have all their leaves arranged alternately up the stem, have also been observed. The last bears some resemblance to the "American weed" (*Elodea canadensis*), which has so often caused obstruction in canals and rivers in this country by its rapid spread. It has a peculiar mode of fertilisation, resembling that of the *Valisneria;* the pistillate flowers rise by long slender flaccid stalks or *tubes*, till the stigma can rest on the surface and await the chance arrival of the fertilising pollen—an arrival for which it waits in vain in this

country; for the plant is diœcious, and the pollen-bearing plant has not been met with in England. It readily spreads, however, wherever water carries fragments of its brittle stem. Occasionally it has been observed in ponds, where its presence is not easy to account for; but as its leaves are pellucidly thin, and cling, when taken from the water, to any object they touch, it may possibly have travelled adhering like the duckweed to the legs or feet of waders.

In a large modern pond in the grounds of a Suffolk rectory a Water-crowfoot and a *Chara* grow. The latter was *C. fragilis*, and this is perhaps the most frequent member of the whole order to be found in ponds. I have, however, observed *Nitella opaca* in an isolated moorland pit in Skye. The Water-crowfoot is perhaps the commonest plant occurring in ponds or pits; and its showy white flowers with their yellow centres are no little adornment to the sheets of water on which they float. But it must be remembered that this aggregate name embraces numerous varieties or closely allied species. Another species of this genus, *Ranunculus Lenormandi*, grows in very shallow water, or on the muddy margin. I have seen it in a moorland pit in Glamorgan. No doubt the commoner *R. hederaceus* would occur; *R. Flammula* (lesser Spearwort) is frequent, and some of its forms spread by rooting at the nodes. Seedling plants of this buttercup have a tuft of narrow stalked leaves, which remind one of a very much rarer species belonging to an entirely different order, *Limosella aquatica* (Mudwort), a humble herb with inconspicuous flowers. The rare plant is sometimes overlooked, I daresay, from its resemblance to young plants of the much commoner species, and is so far protected by the resemblance: and, if mimicry exists among plants, as it no doubt does among insects and their larvæ, this may well be a case in point. I have met with the two growing together by a roadside pond in Derbyshire.

The large order of *Compositæ*, or compound flowers, which have their corollas aggregated together within a general involucre, as the calyx enveloping the head is called, contributes no aquatics to the flora of ponds. There are, however, two or three members of this order which haunt the margins. For example, the two species of Bur-marigold (*Bidens*), so called, presumably, because, while their heads are something like a marigold, their seeds stick like burrs. Their seeds are of a

narrow oblong shape, much compressed and four-angled, and from the upper end of the angles strong bristles project, two in one species, four in the other. These bristles are armed with recurved teeth, and consequently stick fast in any soft material they penetrate. I had an experience of these barbed seeds last September, when the plants had matured their fruit. After walking round part of one of the smaller meres in the Mere district in Shropshire, when I was keeping near the edge in order to observe any plants growing in the water, I noticed in a little while that I was carrying about one or two hundred *Bidens* seed! Clusters of them were standing out at right angles to the cloth in which they had buried their barbs. This gave me a forcible illustration of the manner in which some seeds can travel. Those of Bur-marigold take hold of the soft fur of rabbits or the hair of dogs, or, perhaps, even of the feathers of waterfowl, and take their chance of being dropped sooner or later in a spot favourable to their germination. This mode of transportation is not very uncommon, but it is quite unusual with water plants.

The meres of Shropshire are for the most part isolated ponds on a large scale, their overflow being carried off by a subterranean passage, often of considerable length. One or two are connected with the Ellesmere Canal. Before these artificial outlets were made, some of the meres appear to have had no outlet at all. Round their borders several of the sedges had their habitation. The common Bulrush (*Scirpus lacustris*) abundantly fringed the shore in places, growing in water 1–3 ft. deep, and rising 3–5 ft. above the surface. The tiny *Eleocharis acicularis*, a plant closely allied to the last, creeps in the shallow water or in wet turf here and there. *E. palustris* of course abounds. The handsomest plant (British) in this order, *Cladium Mariscus*, is to be found there, its rigid branching panicle with numerous clustered spikelets admirably adapted for decorative purposes. But take care how you handle the leaves! Their edge is like a fine saw, and quite as capable of giving a deep cut to the unwary hand that is drawn along it.

Another handsome plant abounded by some of the meres, the Reed-mace (*Typha latifolia*); it seemed to threaten the very existence of Sweatmere, a small sheet of water adjoining Crosemere. Its tangled roots and erect stems, here and there crowned with a rich brown cylinder of fruiting flowers, floated out on the

deep mud and water of the mere, far beyond the farthest point to which I dare venture on the quaking mass—I cannot call it *ground*, where the substance is nearer akin to fluid than solid. This is, however, the way in which a good deal of ground has been formed, by the annual decay of vegetation and the progressive extension of aquatic growth closing in by degrees upon the lessening sheet of clear water that remains. Many a "moss" in Lancashire and Cheshire is the outcome of an ancient mere, that in course of ages has been choked with aquatics, and even submitted to be drained and tilled!

Some seeds are provided with feathery appendages, or a tuft of silky hairs, by aid of which they can float long distances before the breeze. In this way the seeds of both willows and willow-herbs are carried to the moist banks of ponds, and the presence of these plants here is easily accounted for. But aquatic plants generally have no such contrivance for locomotion. Their seeds are usually smooth, and many are of fair size. The Bur-reed (*Sparganium*) has smooth pear-shaped fruits with a conical top, which no wind could carry. Yet I have seen *Sparganium simplex* in a pond on the high level of a moorland common a few miles from Swansea; and *S. ramosum*, with its still heavier fruits, has been observed in ponds far away from waterways not unfrequently. How did the original seeds reach such stations?

There can be little doubt that waterfowl have usually been the transporting agents. Obtaining their food from rivers, lakes, and ponds, they seldom alight far from some aqueous haunt. Their feet, commonly more or less webbed, carry away some of the soft mud as they rise from the water's edge, and with it aquatic seeds, which abound in such mud, will often adhere to these unconscious porters and be dispersed wherever next the birds take to their natural element. In this way the roundish seeds of Pondweed, or the pear-shaped fruit of the Bur-reed, or the smaller seeds of *Callitriche* or *Zannichellia* may travel long distances through the air, and the mud which conceals them will be more likely to be washed off in water than to drop off in any other way.

It is possible that some of the harder seeds may accompany birds in their flight as inside passengers, and so take the chance of being deposited in their watery haunts. We know that the seeds of holly and yew, of hawthorn and roses, are distributed by this means, to the promotion of germination in the case of

these woody seeds. Yet it does not follow from this that any seeds of *aquatic* plants can endure the heat of the bird's body and preserve their vitality. None of them are *woody;* and some proof may well be demanded before accepting a hypothesis against which so strong an objection lies. But there is nothing irrational in the theory that water-birds convey seeds of aquatics in the mud that adheres to their feet, when they take flight, as they often do, from a soft muddy margin.

The last aquatic mentioned, *Zannichellia,* is a genus that grows entirely submerged, of the same order as the Pondweed. I have seen it in a brickyard pool of modern origin, and it has been seen in a similar situation, as well as in a pond on the Sussex downs, by another observer. The same naturalist mentions having found Hornwort in a pond on the downs, but only once. Water Starwort (*Callitriche*) is not an unfrequent occupant of still water, some three varieties having come under observation.

There are some plants which one might expect to find in these situations which, I believe, are usually absent. Watercress, Arrowhead, and Flowering-rush seem to require running water. *Helosciadium nodiflorum,* related to celery, has been found half-starved (var. *ochreatum*) by stagnant water; but its close ally, *H. inundatum,* a submerged Umbellifer with finely divided leaves, I have met with flowering and fruiting freely in a heathland pond. The common Horsetail (*Hippuris vulgaris*) is reported—from ponds in Hampshire, *e.g.*—but I have no evidence of its occurrence in *isolated* pools. All three species of Water Milfoil have been noticed in such places; one of them (*M. alternifolium*) I detected last year in a dew-pond near the top of a high ridge near Swanage. These grow entirely submerged; but, like the Pondweed, exsert their spike of flowers for fertilisation.

There is an interesting species of St. John's Wort (*Hypericum elodes*) which looks very different from the rest of the genus, as we know it in Britain; the upper half of the plant is emerged during its flowering and fruiting season, and the masses of roundish leaves, grey with thick pubescence, and graceful few-flowered panicles, readily catch the eye. I have seen this twice at least as a denizen of a pond, on one occasion with a quantity of *Alisma ranunculoides,* a Water Plantain with flowers that remind one of a white buttercup. The common Water Plantain

is not unfrequent as an occupant of ponds and brickyard pits, but usually absent from chalky ponds.

Very little reference has been made to sedges, and none to grasses and rushes, for the reason that so many of them are inhabitants of damp ground rather than water plants; and when found flourishing by a pondside, it may be that they occupied the spot before the pond was dug. There are, however, two or three species of *Glyceria* which are confined to watery places, and are not unfrequently at the edge of isolated ponds—as, *e.g.*, in S. Derbyshire, where *G. pedicillata* is usually present. A rare fox-tail grass (*Alopecurus fulvus*) is in my experience a thorough aquatic; I have seen it in a pond and by a mere, both in Norfolk and entirely isolated, coming into flower only when the water had subsided to a low level with summer drought, but submerged the greater part of the year.

Littorella lacustris, a diminutive member of the Plantain order, is of a similar character, often clothing the shallow bottom of lake or pond with its tufts of linear leaves, but I believe only flowering when the subsidence of the water exposes it to the air. There are, however, a few plants which actually flower and are fertilised under water, and, what is more, produce good seed. I have already mentioned *Zannichellia* and *Callitriche*. The two *Elatines* grow in water from a few inches to 1½ ft. deep; and I have found both of them *fruiting* in water that was permanently over a foot in depth. This was in one of the three large Cutmill Ponds, which are entirely isolated. There is, too, a little Crucifer, *Subularia aquatica* (Awlwort), which flowers and fruits (1–3 ft.) below the surface; and also the rare little *Naias flexilis;* but these I believe are only found in lakes or pools which are drained and fed by watercourses.

SOME PRACTICAL POINTS IN THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.*

NERVES, CLOTHING, EXERCISE, HOURS OF WORK, SLEEP AND FOOD.

BY JOHN MASON, M.D.

PART II.

NOW I must pass to another period of life altogether, *school time*, and under this head I will discuss shortly

1. Hours of Work.
2. „ Sleep.
3. Food and Drink.

1. *Hours of Study.*—In English schools about six and a half hours is the average amount of book-work per diem. I have obtained papers from several public and preparatory schools giving statistics of the hours of work, of sleep, and of food and drink. To take the hours of work first.

At *Kendal High School for Girls* five to five and a half hours is done.

This, I fancy, would be extended by many girls working overtime at home, and here comes in the great drawback of all day-school work, that the parents do not know how much time the boy or girl should spend in preparation of new work, and so cannot be expected to supervise it as well as they would if the whole tuition were in the hands of the same person.

School.	Ages.		Hours of Work a day.	
Haseley Manor (Preparatory)	8–14	...	6 hours.	
			Summer.	Winter,
Rottingdean (Preparatory) .	8–14	...	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6–6\frac{1}{2}$
Harrow	13–19	...	$6\frac{1}{2}$	

* A Lecture delivered before the members of the Parents' National Educational Union at Kendal.

School.	Ages.		Hours of Work a day.	
Millfield, Keswick (Preparatory)	9–15	...	$6\frac{1}{2}$	
Barrow-in-Furness (High School) . . .	9–18	...	$6\frac{3}{4}$	
Sherborne	12–19	...	$7\frac{1}{2}$	
Clifton College . . .	14–19	...	$7\frac{1}{2}$–8	
			Winter.	Summer.
Rossall	under 15	...	$7\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
	15–17	...	$8\frac{1}{4}$	$8\frac{1}{2}$

The hours given are those on *whole school* days, they are not the average including half holidays.

I have tabulated these schools in the order of increasing duration of work.

Of the first five, three are preparatory schools for young boys, and here naturally the hours are shorter than generally prevail at the public schools. They are, in my opinion, and in that of many competent judges, quite long enough for small boys. Six hours a day for an average boy under twelve, and six and a half for boys under fourteen, are quite sufficient. The great point is to keep the mind applied during the lesson—to work while you work, and play while you play. It might be thought that Harrow coming amongst the preparatory schools with regard to length of school hours, implied that there the working day might be longer. But, as the time for "preparation" out of school varies considerably with different boys, the average may be higher than I have calculated.

Of Sherborne and Clifton I have no remark to make; but with regard to the eight and a quarter hours (winter), and eight and a half (summer) which the boys over fifteen perform at Rossall, and that with only one half holiday during part of the winter and Easter terms, I cannot but think it is rather long. No doubt the school carries off abundant honours at the universities, so there is room for a contrary opinion, and nowadays various forms of light work or even entertainments, such as interesting lectures and concerts, occasionally take the place of the evening study. Such, the head-master informs me, is the case at Rossall.

There is so much to be said on "over-pressure" in schools (chiefly existing perhaps in Board schools and girls' schools) that it is difficult to know where to begin, and perforce the greater part must be left unsaid. I shall, however, give an extract

from Herbert Spencer, quoted by M. Guyau with M. Guyau's * remarks on it.

"Excessive study is a terrible mistake, from whatever point of view regarded. It is a mistake in so far as the mere acquirement of knowledge is concerned. For the mind, like the body, cannot assimilate beyond a certain rate; and if you ply it with facts faster than it can assimilate them, they are soon rejected again: instead of being built into the intellectual fabric they fall out of recollection. . . . . It is a mistake, too, because it tends to make study distasteful. . . . . It is a mistake also, inasmuch as it assumes that the acquisition of knowledge is everything; and forgets that a much more important thing is the organisation of knowledge, for which time and spontaneous thinking are requisite."

M. Guyau adds:

"The over-pressure of which Spencer complains is much more exceptional in England than in France, where it may be said to be the rule. The pupils of the Lyceums in Paris have four hours daily in class, and seven hours of preparation: eleven hours altogether; and those who take up rhetoric and philosophy are allowed an additional half-hour. Eleven and a half hours' work per day! During the scanty time allowed for recreation, they stop in a corner of the playground and talk together, or walk about like "grave citizens." Of games of ball or tennis the boys in our Lyceums know nothing. 'Are there many grown-up men among us who work eleven hours a day?' asks M. Simon.† Quality of work is far better than quantity. This has been shown experimentally in the London schools. Chadwick, inspector of either schools or workshops in England, was one of the founders of 'half-time' schools. His experiment in London was as follows:—He divided the boys of a school into two series of almost equal strength—the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, and the 2nd, 4th, 6th, and 8th classes respectively. One of the series worked all day, the other worked half the day; after a time they were set to work together. The half-time school often beat the whole-time school. It was shown that two hours' good work was of more value than four hours' indifferent work."

* "Education and Heredity," p. 133, published by Walter Scott, in "The Contemporary Science Series," 3*s.* 6*d.* A book to be cordially recommended.

† M. Jules Simon was Minister of Education.

2. *Now for Sleep.*—"Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool!" I do not know if that is exactly the authentic statement of the person who originally said it (was it George III.?), but at any rate it is about as foolish as any rule of life that ever was given. It is absurd. Let us look at it from the beginning of life onwards. For the first few days of its life a baby should sleep all day and all night. At the end of three years or so the sleep has been gradually reduced to about fourteen hours a day.

From about 4 to 6 years 13 hours is usual.
" 8 to 10 " 12 " "
At 12 years 10½ to 11 hours.
At 18 or 19 years 9 or 10 hours.

These numbers are taken partly from my own observation and partly from the statistics of the nine schools I have mentioned. There is usually half an hour, and sometimes an hour, difference in the amount of sleep between summer and winter, and rightly so, I think; it seems physiologically likely, and I should expect such a rule to extend to the lower animals in a greater degree. I have observed a considerable difference in Rossall School; it stands out from the others I have mentioned, not only in the length of working hours, but also in the boys having from half an hour to an hour less sleep than boys of the same age in other schools. Possibly the air makes a difference, it being a fine, bracing, seaside place.*

From the age of twenty onwards through life the amount of sleep necessary and, I may add, possible for the normal brain, steadily diminishes. From thirty to forty perhaps eight hours or eight and half is the average. With the elderly, that is those over seventy, a sleep of five or six hours is common, and those

* The amount of sleep required varies according to the amount of work done, especially brain-work. A hard-working business or professional man finds he can quite comfortably do with an hour less sleep when he is taking a holiday abroad, or at his shooting in Scotland, provided he is not overworked and suffering from what has been termed "the new disease called 'run down'" beforehand. Again, climate has a marked effect; the first few days' residence at the seaside are productive of drowsiness and lethargy as a rule, the reverse effect being felt later on. On the other hand, one of the chief troubles connected with the health resorts in high altitudes in Switzerland and Colorado is the difficulty the invalids have to obtain sufficient sleep.

who can get it may rest very thankful, for a short two or three hours in the twenty-four is far from uncommon.

I have a few, a very few, remarks to make about *food and drink*. The question is so large, especially that for infants and young children, that I shall avoid it.

But there are one or two things I may with advantage touch on. First teach your children to masticate their food. Habitually they swallow it in lumps, and though in youth the stomach will digest almost anything, whether in lumps or not, yet it will soon cease to do so, and the sooner the habit of chewing is learnt the better. Besides, a very important part of digestion of all cereals and potatoes takes place in the mouth. The starch of which they are chiefly composed is changed into *dextrin*, a change which is absolutely necessary, and which the gastric juice is not able to effect, though one of the secretions lower down in the digestive tract has that function. So that besides the mechanical breaking up and crushing of the food, there is the further important point of thorough mixing with the saliva that takes place in the mouth.

Secondly, do not let children have sweets or cakes *between meals*. I do not object to a piece of bread or a drink of milk in the middle of the morning, for instance, but it is the bonbons, sweet cakes, and chocolates that interfere with digestion when taken while the stomach is busy with the last meal.

Thirdly, do not give children meat more than once a day until they are eight or ten years old.

I do not include in this prohibition bacon or fat ham, which are equivalent to butter as an article of diet, nor white fish or sausages, though these should only be taken sparingly.

Lastly, shun as poison all wines and beer as habitual drink. I find in nearly, if not in all, public schools boys are allowed beer. They do not all take it, but they may have it if they like, and the habit of accustoming boys to beer is, I think, a most pernicious one. I do not say that it has any deleterious effect on their stomachs or their heads either; it is usually too light and too sound to do that; but you do not know how many boys you may have in the school whose parents are drinkers, and who themselves have that most terrible curse within them —the tendency to drink. Boys are such queer things, so mon-

strously conservative, and such slaves of school public opinion, that the knocking off beer would be a difficult thing to do. Yet I would ask all thoughtful parents to look for and seize every opportunity of putting an end to this custom. It is only parents who can do it, and they only by creating a general feeling against it.

OLAF; OR, THE FAIRY GIFTS.

By Mrs. Colles.

Part II.

And Olaf was all alone, and very desolate. And now he not only felt tired and hungry, but he also sadly longed to be with his mother, and to feel her arms around him, and her warm kisses on his face, and he would have gone home to her but for the recollection that she had not kissed him that morning when he had refused to learn his lesson.

Of course he had known why this was so, and that it had pained her not to do it, but somehow he would not let himself think of this, but insisted on believing her to be, or rather on making himself regard her, as unkind and unloving.

"She *can't* love me, or she would have kissed me," he said to himself, and with that down he sat again determined to stay away from home and secretly hoping that every one would be anxious at his absence, and that his mother would come to look for him. While this unamiable mood grew upon him another wayfarer drew near, and his slow step caught Olaf's ear, absorbed as he was in his gloomy thoughts. The traveller stopped this time without being spoken to, and when Olaf looked up, a little startled, he saw before him a tall old man in a pilgrim's dress with a long white beard which almost reached his knees, and with wonderfully earnest and penetrating eyes.

Olaf could not look away from those eyes although he felt as if he wanted to do so, and that their searching gaze made him ashamed, but they held him by their steady regard, and he seemed to be looking down into two deep wells, trying to see the water at the bottom.

"What is it all about?" at last asked the old pilgrim, but the tone in which he put the question seemed to show that he already knew what it was all about and was only giving Olaf a

chance of speaking out. Olaf hung his head, then he tried to begin his beggarly whine, but somehow he could not pretend this time, and only sobbed out what he had at last really come to feel.

"My mother won't kiss me. How *can* she love me?"

The old pilgrim showed no surprise; he only said very quietly:

"That is because you did not learn your lesson this morning. Of course she could not kiss you, though she tried, Olaf, she tried; only until you had learnt your lesson there was something between your face and hers, and her lips could not meet yours."

Olaf felt quite frightened at the old pilgrim knowing his name and of what had happened in the morning, and most of all at this explanation of it.

What could have happened to divide his mother from him thus?

He began to cry and felt dreadfully unhappy. The old pilgrim spoke again, and this time there was something hopeful in his tone like a fresh breeze on a sunny autumn day.

"It is never too late to learn, Olaf, but your lesson *must* be learnt if things are ever to come right, and you are ever to get home to your mother, and to *feel* her kiss. Get up at once and cease moping. Go on till you reach a turn to the right—take it till you come to a sign-post in the shape of a cross. On it you will see written the word you would not read this morning. It must be read, though now your mother will not be at hand to help you, and you will, therefore, find it more difficult to make out. When you have read it you will find the way *home*."

And with these words the old pilgrim grasped his staff with resolute hold, and setting his face towards the west in which direction the road led, stepped onward and was gone.

At first Olaf had hoped that the old pilgrim would have taken him with him, and would have helped him to read the lesson, but seeing that such was not to be the case he got up (though not too cheerfully), for he felt a great longing to be at home again, and also there was something in the old pilgrim's look and manner which even made him afraid not to obey.

It was not long before he found himself at the turn to the right which he had been told to look out for, and, following it, lo! there not many yards off stood the cross-shaped sign-post of which the

old pilgrim had spoken. It stood up black and massive against the sunset sky, for the sun was now low in the heavens, and above his slowly descending ball stretched a fiery canopy of crimson and gold cloud, reminding Olaf of the lateness of the hour and the long and weary time which he had squandered in playing his unprofitable game.

Olaf stood at the foot of the cross and tried to make out the letters written on its wide-spreading arms, but the sun was just passing behind a bank of purple cloud and the letters looked dim and uncertain in the sobered light. Still he did not give in, but kept his eyes fastened on them and patiently tried to spell out the word. Oh! would the sun go down before it had been read? Then it would be too late to try to learn it at any rate for that day.

He was feeling very weary and disheartened in this dim uncertain light, and nearly in despair of ever learning his lesson at all, when suddenly the sun came out from below the dark mass of cloud and flashed upon the letters and helped him, and he saw they were of gold and that each shone out bright and clear, and that they made the word

"THANK YOU."

"Thank you," he exclaimed joyfully, and he seemed to be saying it partly to the sun and also to the old pilgrim, and then to the passers-by, and most of all to his mother, and yet while uttering it to all these he had a strange feeling that he was saying his prayers.

The moment he had said it he heard the sound of fluttering wings, and from bush and brake, from wood and stream and shore came flocking innumerable birds and lit upon the ground at his feet, and on his shoulders and hands, trilling out their greetings in the loveliest concert Olaf had ever heard, and when they ceased a thrush sitting on a bough near by sang a solo and told good news which Olaf had never understood till now—how every winter was only a getting-ready for spring, and that every spring was more lovely than the last, and that because it was so "New, new, new, new," and how there would at last come a spring which should be quite perfect, whose flowers could never fade or grow old, because all things would have become new, and everything would be perfectly finished and as it should be.

And while the thrush was singing there came floating on the evening breeze the scent of thousands of flowers—of spring flowers, delicate primroses and cowslips, violets from the woods, the apricot-like odour of gorse from the moors, and the breath of fragrant jonquils; and of summer flowers—roses, lilies, and the sweet heavy smell of jessamine. Indeed, every delicious scent inhaled by Olaf in time past without so much as a thought of grateful pleasure in its sweetness, came to him now, and was enjoyed as he had never enjoyed it before.

And while doing so he noticed for the first time the place where he stood, and how full it was of beauty. He was on a high heath covered with mossy grass in which bloomed a variety of gay flowers. Wild roses, like pink and white stars on their trailing boughs, overhung the ferns which grew near them, and beyond this bright foreground stretched the valley with its winding river and green meadows, and beyond this again rose the distant hills in dark purple shadow against the red evening sky. How utterly beautiful the world looked to Olaf! He saw it now. How was it that he had never done so before?

While he was drinking in the glory, steps approached, and he beheld coming towards him all the passers-by who had last seen him as a beggar by the roadside. First came the little girl in the red hood, who ran to him, took his hands in hers in the most friendly manner, and smiling into his face, said, "How nice to see you again! I do love you, for you, like me, have found out that things come right if we only do as we are told. I was naughty too, and talked to the wolf, when I had been told not to stop and speak to strangers; but I was sorry afterwards, and tried to obey my grannie, and so the wood-cutters saved us, and killed the wicked wolf;" and she kissed him on both cheeks, and although Olaf was a boy he liked it.

At that moment the beautiful lady with the rose drew near, and looking at him very gently she said, "Dear little boy, this is another joy. Love conquers all ugly things. Perhaps it is well to know we *can* all be beasts that we may fear to become such. I will give you my sweet smelling rose to wear and to remind you of this. It came from Beast's garden—he who is my Prince now," and she blushed and, looking very happy, passed on.

Hardly had she finished speaking when the lovely lady with the wondering eyes came up, and she too stopped with a look

of admiring delight at Olaf, and said, "More beauty! Oh, may I never close my eyes again! Your happy little face is in the great picture gallery now, and you see with me how wonderful it is—the happy, living, breathing world!" and she passed on.

Just then came tripping towards him a very young lady with a pretty face on which the plaintive look had turned into a very tender smile. He knew her to be the same whom he had last seen in shabby clothes, but she was now richly dressed and wore on her feet two tiny glass slippers.

She came close and, taking Olaf's face between her little hands, said:

"So you have learned to read, Olaf? Dear little brother, we were both very ignorant before. There are fairy godmothers in the world, and neither of us ought to have forgotten that, and let ourselves sit and mope, you by the roadside, or I in the cinders;" and she kissed him and passed on too.

And now Olaf saw the tall reverend figure of the old pilgrim approaching, and though his eyes looked as deep as ever, like two deep wells, there was a new light in them and it seemed to Olaf as though the water were nearer to the brink than when he saw them before.

He stopped and placed his wrinkled hand on Olaf's head, and said:

"So you have learned your lesson, little boy, even without having your mother by your side, but nevertheless you had her help. She was teaching it to you this morning, only you would not let yourself learn; still you had heard her say it, or you hardly could have read it so quickly on the cross. There she comes now to take you home, and the best gift comes with her."

And he passed on and Olaf turned eagerly where he had pointed, and there was his mother walking quickly towards him, her long robes fluttering in the evening breeze, her arms stretched out to him, and he saw that her face was full of unutterable *love*.

Poor little Olaf ran to her, sobbing out, half sad and wholly glad:

"Mother, mother!" and she stooped down, and gathered him into her loving arms, and hugged him to her heart, and he clasped his arms round her neck, and kissed her brow and cheeks and lips, and knew and felt how lovely she was.

"Why, Olaf!" exclaimed she, "what have you done to your fairy-chain? The jewels are blazing with light in a thousand colours. I shall never have need to polish them if they look like that."

"Mother dear, I have learnt my lesson," answered Olaf, "and the word is:

"*Thank You.*"

THE POT OF GREEN FEATHERS.

By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.

Part III.

I have shown, then, that when the child called a pot of ferns a pot of green feathers he was by no means using a name without attaching any meaning to it, and that he should have been encouraged for a praiseworthy effort to explain what he saw. It is, however, the business of parents and teacher to help the child to learn exactly what it is that he names. A child, for instance, saw a duck on the water, and was taught to call it "Quack." But the child included in this name the water as well as the duck, and then applied it to all birds on the one hand and all liquids on the other, calling a French coin with the eagle on it a "Quack," and also a bottle of French wine "Quack." Such a mistake in naming is to be guarded against, as obviously tending to confusion of thought. The poet Schiller as a child lived by the Necker, and called all rivers which he saw "Necker." Such an error is less serious as it is easily put right. If the child notes its impressions and refers them intelligently to previous impressions as best it can, then it is not important if he is not quite correct about names. We—teachers and parents—may take a hint from this, and be more ready to give class names to begin with, leaving details to come later. Teach the child in front of a picture of a herring (or better, pictures of herring, sole, and pike) to say "That is a fish" first of all, and only afterwards "That fish is a herring." For teaching general names, such as bird, beast, fish, and reptile, in presence of pictures of eagle, cow, herring, and adder, has a twofold use. The class name (fish, beast, &c.) thus given (1) directs the child's attention to a few points among many, and those easy to grasp, and hence is a guide to the child's mental powers, which are apt to be overwhelmed by the number of individual

impressions of things, all disconnected and isolated, much in the same way as in an intricate country full of cross-roads your way is made easy if you are told to ignore all other tracks and follow the road bordered by telegraph-posts, and (2) it enables the child to understand the usual conversation of its elders and the words and language in books. Grown-up people use general terms in daily conversation which children only slowly acquire without help from teachers. Many of these simpler class names are easily taught and are a pleasure to the children to learn, for they answer to the natural early stages of elementary reasoning. Country children often have a small vocabulary of general terms compared with town children, and less understand the language of books, but, on the other hand, from exercising their senses on objects and being brought into close contact with out-of-door work they often have a greater real power of observing and interpreting things outside themselves and greater originality in this respect than town children who are sharper in talk and society. However, both kinds, the knowledge of language and the mastery of objects, should be taught together, for both are indispensable in life.

Young children are perhaps quicker than older people to note superficial resemblance of things. Because, no doubt, they have fewer old impressions stored in the mind wherewith to compare new impressions, and comparison among a few things is more rapidly and expeditiously made. They have to pay for this advantage, however, because they are liable to misinterpret impressions—to call a pot of ferns a pot of feathers, to refer impressions to the wrong group in their mind, groups with which they are accidentally and not logically connected. What is more, objects are not so clearly distinguished—set over against each other—with children as with grown people. Children hardly distinguish themselves into soul and body. They know of their undivided personality—body, mind, and soul—that it moves, feels happy, sad, hungry, &c., and they attribute the same feelings to all other things. Birds, beasts, and inanimate objects are like affected as themselves. "Jack the dog is thirsty," "Poll is angry," "Kitty is sleepy," "the stars blink," "the engine goes to bed," "the knife is naughty to cut me." They do not distinguish between figures of speech or metaphors and realities. Their minds move in a region of twilight, in which the real and the unreal, the true additions to knowledge, the actual gifts of the

senses are confused and blurred and altered by the additions which the mind itself makes to them, and they cannot separate the one from the other. To this stage of mental progress how appropriate are fables, allegories, fairy stories, parables, and the like. If any one thinks that it would be better if the child's mind could move only in the sphere of the exact I would reply, (1) that this does not seem to be Nature's process; (2) that, looking to the mode of growth of the mind, it does not seem even possible, and (3) that, if you try to keep the child's mind to exactness, you may clip and pluck the wings of imagination. Now, without imagination there is little advance in knowledge, and little discovery in the sphere of science. In the sphere of morality, without some imagination you are quite unable to put yourself in the place of another, which is the basis of sympathy and mental support, and the foundation of the social fabric. The mere sight of a neighbour's joy or sorrow does not awaken sympathy. Three little children were thrown out of a train in an accident, and one was frightfully mangled to death, but the other two, who were unhurt, and could not realise what had happened, stooped down and went on plucking daisies with unconcern. In the case of young children you can hardly go too far in the way of associating new learning with personal feeling, even at the expense of exactness, and the infant-school teacher who, in a lesson on the sun, instead of dwelling on its roundness, brightness, and heat, began by calling it a lamp in the sky, lighted in the morning and put out at night; lighted for men to go about their work, and put out for them to go to sleep, showed a true knowledge of the key that opens the door into the child's mind. This information is not exact, but inasmuch as it is based on what children understand and like to hear about, it finds a ready entrance into their minds. But it is clear that what is to the child its natural mode of expression is arrived at by the teacher only through imagination, and hence arises the teacher's difficulty. It is a useful hint to study the children's own lead and follow it. School necessarily limits the child's life. You cannot bring all creation into the four walls of the class-room. But what you lose in extent you gain in depth: you lose variety, you gain in concentration. Before school-time, all things engage the child's attention in turns, and nothing long. At school he has to attend to a few things, and to keep his attention fixed upon them for short periods at first,

but for increasingly longer ones. It is a matter of practice and experience to find out what things most readily arrest attention, and in what way information can best be conveyed so as to arrest attention, and it is in these matters that the skill of the teacher comes in.

I am not sure that if the teacher's art is to be summed up briefly it may not be described as the art of developing the power of fixing attention. For instance, when we present a picture or even an object to a child, neither object nor (still less) picture explains itself. The object needs to be pointed out piecemeal, and all its parts called attention to separately, for the child only sees it as a whole about which it can say but little and soon tires of. The picture but very partially represents the objects which the artist depicts, much being suggested and left to the imagination of the beholder. Even when we say we actually see an object we forget how much of what we think we see is really inference from some small part of what we see, and nothing is more deceptive than merely ocular evidence. Thus, pictures of things which the children have seen are much better to commence with than pictures of things which they have not seen, and the former should serve as a preparation for the latter. But even pictures will only go a certain way in making known to us things past and things remote, facts of history and geography. The greater part of advanced instruction must be conveyed by words. Is it an historical scene we are treating of? the child and many grown people interpret all by their own experience; towns and houses in history resemble in his mind those with which he is familiar; men and women move about in the dresses of his near neighbours; their aspect and language are in his mind the same as those of his people with whom he daily converses. Such inaccuracies may be partly corrected, but in the main they are unavoidable. History cannot be communicated with complete truth; the lives of men and women personally unknown can be only partially conceived. Hence Goethe says, "The past is a book with seven seals." The best plan is to read the past with one eye on the present. Look at the pictures of the Holy Family as drawn by Italian and Dutch painters. The chief fact which they intended to depict is not obscured, but made clearer by the painter having made the homely surroundings French and Italian, rather than original. In history and geography, in order to help the child

to understand old times and realise what distant lands are, we must store his mind with conceptions based upon frequent observations of present time and of his own home and its surroundings. How far such observations may carry the student in interpreting the unseen, is proved by the beauty and correctness of the descriptions of Alpine countries, which were written by Schiller before he had seen the Alps. In history the most human part of the narrative takes the firmest hold of the mind, and the story of King Alfred and the cakes, though not a very noble historical anecdote, serves at least to fix the name of the king in the child's mind, who would not so easily remember the peace of Wedmore. Eating he knows more about than making treaties.

We may now trace the process of acquiring knowledge in its more advanced stage. The child has now learnt that a pot of ferns is not a pot of feathers. Perhaps, however, he has only seen one kind of fern—say a Lady Fern. After a few weeks he may see another—perhaps a Maiden Hair. The points of resemblance between the two make him say, "That is a fern": the points of difference hinder the process of assimilation and make him doubt; in the end the mass of old impressions resembling each other overpower impressions which differ, and he says "this IS a fern," and in so doing he enlarges his conception of what a fern is. Let us now suppose that he comes across a good teacher who shows him many kinds of ferns, and points out the difference between ferns and flowering plants and mosses. Every fresh distinction, every observation of a new fern helps to modify his previous knowledge. Old and new impressions react on each other. But now mark how essentially the same and yet how different are the two mental states, the earlier one, namely, when the child, I would say the child's mind, recognises of its own accord the second plant as a fern by means of its previous acquaintance with another fern, judging from a more or less superficial resemblance, and the latter state of mind when he has learnt all the scientific distinctions by which a fern is classified in a different class from flowering plants and mosses. We have now passed from Infant School learning to the instruction which is appropriate to the Upper School and the advanced classes. The child has outgrown a state in which the mind reasons unconsciously, and has arrived at a state in which reasoning is conscious; he has left behind a condition or

stage of development in which he was at the mercy of his impressions, and has progressed to a state of mind in which he can compare, check, and control his impressions. He has passed from a state in which he unconsciously accepted what was present to his mind to a state in which he can infer, judge, and criticise. The pot of ferns is now seen to have more points in which it is unlike feathers than points in which it resembles them. Of the many impressions derived from looking at the pot of ferns, the feather-like impression which at first stands out from the rest and forces itself on the mind, to the exclusion of the other impressions which would, if attended to, modify the judgment, is now by means of conscious reasoning brought under proper control, and put in a subordinate position. What appeared to be a fact is now seen to be a fancy, and after all a fancy which expresses some element of truth—viz., the resemblance between ferns and feathers.

These considerations, perhaps, throw some light upon Dr. Allbutt's warning to parents about the dreams and illusions of children. The fancies of childhood, he thinks, are sometimes the ante-chamber of insanity in adults. I do not think he intended to knock on the head many poetic and popular conceptions about children's pretty fancies, as was stated in some evening review of his remarks.* It is clear, however, that the

* CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS: IMAGINATION OR INSANITY?

In the course of the meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association held at York last night, Dr. Clifford Allbutt (of Leeds) read a paper on the "Insanity of Children," which, if its statements be well founded, knocks on the head many poetic and popular conceptions. Wordsworth speaks of a child's ideas being a reminiscence of "the fairy palace whence he comes." Dr. Allbutt sees in them only a step towards the insane asylum. Most people regard it as a healthy sign if the children have pretty fancies, and those are thought to be happiest who keep their illusions longest. But Dr. Allbutt would reverse this judgment. The fairy dreams of childhood are only the result of defective organisation, and healthy growth consists in their evaporation. Here are some of the chief passages in Dr. Allbutt's paper: "The insanity of children was the vestibule of the insanity of adults; in children they saw in simple primary forms that with which they were familiar in the more complex and derivative forms of insanity in adults. If a man lived in a vain show, far more so did the child; if a man's mind was but a phantom in relation to the world, so fantastic was the child's mind in relation to that of the man. Fantastic—that was the key to the childish mind. In him was no definite boundary between the real and the unreal. Day dreams which in an adult would be absurd, were to a child the only realities. As the child grew older, and sense-impressions organised themselves more definitely and submitted to comparison, phantasy became make-believe, and the child slipped backwards and forwards between unconscious, semi-conscious, and conscious self-deception. Pretty were the fancies of a child, yet the

crude method of assimilating knowledge, which is natural and apparently inevitable in a child, ought by degrees to yield to more accurate conceptions under the influence of wise instructions. It is one thing to confuse ideas unconsciously; it is another thing to do so consciously. The child makes an unconscious mistake in calling ferns feathers, but if this confusion is cherished by the child after he well knows the real distinction between the two, and if he acquires or cultivates a habit of mind in which reality is made to give way to make-believe and pretence, the child may lose control over its judgment and become in the end imbecile. The best antidote to foolish imaginings appears to me to be the time-honoured fables of Æsop, the sacred parables and allegories, and the best modern fancies for children, like those of Andersen or Ruskin. Fantastic the child will be, it is our business to make his fancy healthy.

The object, then, of learning in education is not only to make the mind fuller and to enrich the understanding, but if the instruction be of the right kind the additional knowledge ought to make the old knowledge more exact and better defined. The method of acquiring the extended knowledge, also, ought to have even more far-reaching results than the information itself. Accustomed to right methods of study the child will learn to be cautious in dealing with fresh impressions, to feel the pleasure of receiving new impressions and the need of care in referring them to their proper class, to realise the danger to which every one is liable of forming hasty judgments, and to weigh evidence for and against a provisional judgment. In short, study ought at least to make the student acquainted with the limits of knowledge in general, and the limitations of *his* knowledge in particular. The country proverb, "He does not know a hawk from a heronshaw," illustrates the sort of progress that learning should produce in a child. He must acquire at school the power of apprehending quickly and correctly. He must become sharp in receiving impressions, and accurate in

healthy growth of the child consisted in their evaporation. But if the growth of the mind were something other than healthy, then these fancies kept their empire; they did not attenuate, and the child did not put off its visions. They were not likely to forget that the persistence of insanity in children might prevent the due advance of the organisation of the results of impressions, and might ultimately, as adolescence approached, leave the sufferer in a state of more or less imbecility.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

referring them to the class to which, not fancy, but reasoned judgment, leads him to refer them. Accurate and complete conceptions, true logical definitions in *all* matters that we deal with in daily life, cannot be obtained by any of us. We can only keep the ideal of perfect knowledge before our eyes as a guide to us in the path of right knowledge. The educational value of the acquisition of knowledge is to improve the natural powers of thought and judgment, and to enable the learner to deal with the masses of observed facts which press more and more heavily on us as we have to move amid the complications of mature life. In acquiring knowledge the mind is naturally active, and not merely passive. The active element is most precious, and modern education often tends to strangle it. Yet instruction which does not add increased energy to the thinking powers is failing in its purpose. Learning cannot be free from drudgery, and a great deal of the process of teaching and learning—say what you will—must be a tax on patience and endurance; neither can we entirely dispense with the mere mechanical exercise of the memory; but if the method pursued is correct, the drudgery ends in an increase of the energy of the mind, and a desire and a power to advance to new knowledge and discovery.

You cannot undertake at school to fit every child for entering a trade, or craft, or profession, without further learning; but what he has learnt as a child ought to develop his constructive faculties, and to enable him to deal effectively with the matters which he will have to handle in the stern school of life; and if, in addition to this, he has acquired an ingrained preference for the good before the bad, the true before the false, the beautiful before the foul, and what is of God before what is of the Devil, his education has been as complete as it admits of being made. As in the early stages of life, so in the later, our knowledge and our conduct depend as much on what is within us as on what is without. The work of life cannot be well done mechanically; in this every one must be partly original and constructive, for the world is not merely what we find it, but partly what we make it, and what Coleridge has finely said of Nature applies to all we think and do:

> "O Lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live;

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd ?
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."

That education is the best, not which imparts the greatest amount of knowledge, but which develops the greatest amount of mental force.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This month you will find a great many caterpillars even in the smokiest and blackest towns. Gardeners do not like them, because they destroy so many of their fruit-trees, so you must help some of these beautiful furry caterpillars to become butterflies which can fly about in the fresh air, and enjoy the blue skies and the delicate flowers. Ask mother to give you a card-board box, and bore several holes in the lid; then take your cage into the garden and find five or six caterpillars. Before touching them, carefully notice what tree each one is on, and lay the different leaves on the bottom of the box. Then place each caterpillar on his own food, put the lid on, and take it to your nursery. You must look every day to see if they want fresh leaves, and keep them well supplied with food. After a while they will go to sleep, and . . . . But I want you all to tell me what happens after that. Please write to me, and tell me the colours of your caterpillars, and what you call them, and all you notice about them. Send your letters before the 1st of June.

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

A Prize of 3*s*. is offered for the best hemmed doll's handkerchief. Competitors to be ten or under.

A Prize of 3*s*. is offered for the best water-colour sketch of a caterpillar, done by a boy of ten or under. Letters should be addressed to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

BRUSH DRAWING.

The instructions published lately in the circular to Her Majesty's Inspectors give brush-drawing as a suitable subject

for children between the ages of five and seven. Many parents and teachers are wondering what is meant by the term, and how it can be learnt by them, so that they can teach it again to their pupils and children in the nursery. London has many advantages over the provinces, and all readers of the *Parents' Review* who reside there have no occasion to read this paper, but can go to the fountain-head, and learn from Mr. Cooke, who is lecturing at 13 York Place, Portman Square, W., every week. The following slight hints may, however, be of use in suggesting only how freehand painting can be practised and taught. Mr. Alma Tadema writes in a contemporary magazine: "I consider that the drawing with the brush stands to drawing with the pencil or any other inflexible object, as writing with the quill stands to writing with the stylographic pen." And again: "I look forward to a time when all teaching of drawing shall be done with the brush," &c.

Freehand drawing, which can only be executed with such an inelastic medium as a pencil, has always been a misnomer; but freehand painting is really all that the name implies, and must produce lightness of touch and freedom of the wrist. Teachers who have introduced it agree in saying that it has materially affected for the better the handwriting of the children.

Very beautiful subjects for our lessons can be obtained at this time of the year before the leaves are fully out, and the graceful lines and curves of the branches of our best-known trees are hidden.

The following lesson was given lately to four little children from five to eight years of age. The model was the end of a branch of a beech-tree, with a centre stem and a smaller one going to the right, which divided into two small ones at the end. This was pinned on a black-board and placed at the end of the table, the children sitting at each side. Each pupil had before her on the table or desk a drawing-book, 11 × 8, with a line drawn down the centre of the page. The teacher had a similar book placed below the branch. Five brushes were dipped in sepia and distributed. Teacher then explained that the branch came from a beech-tree, &c., and showed the children that the chief stem was not one straight line, but was composed of three straight lines, and then she proceeded to draw it with one stroke of the brush, beginning at the bottom and taking it up to the top. The brush must be held between

the thumb and two first fingers; but *no part of the hand must touch the paper*, so that perfect freedom of the wrist and firmness of touch is cultivated. The children draw the same on their papers. Each child in the class carefully marked the three lines. The teacher, after looking at the result, then drew with her brush the next longest stem, and the pupils again copied it. The little buds are now almost ready to burst—one of the children remarked that the little green dresses were packed up —so they cannot be represented by a straight line on the paper, as they are thicker in the centre than at the two ends. Fill the brush again with sepia, and lay it flat on the paper where each bud ought to come. This teaches precision of touch. When the brush is lifted the exact form will be left on the paper. The advantage gained by dividing the paper, and painting the subject first on the left side, is that each child can again repeat it on the right, and, not being so nervous and unaccustomed to it, the second attempt is always firmer and bolder, and so the children steadily advance in each lesson in freehand painting.

Each month subjects will be given, and brief descriptions, which I trust will enable teachers and children to practise this most fascinating of arts.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

"Along the skies, toss'd and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies."

This is the question that is most frequently asked by nearly all children, and their tired mother and nurses often rack their brains in vain to invent a new game, which will at the same time please the children and satisfy the scientific educationalist of the present day. More than twenty years ago a little book was printed in Germany bearing the above title, and the recent perusal of it has set me thinking whether some of these games played by the last generation might not be remodelled and attired in an English dress made in the latest educational fashion. I therefore propose to give one or two games each month, partly taken from the book already referred to, and from various other sources.

Children are all fond of beginning at the *very* beginning, so

we will go to the old Greeks, who understood so well how to cultivate beautiful forms, graceful outlines, and health and strength, and the full power of every limb, and learn what their children played with.

What was the game played by the daughter of a king many years ago, which even to-day is played in every house and every street? Listen, children, to a very pretty tale of days long gone by. A princess, called Nausicaa, went one morning very early to her father, King Alcinous, and begged him to let her have the royal car, in which she could take the garments of three of her brothers, who were about to be married, to the river to wash, for "spotless robes become the young and gay."

Does it not seem a strange idea that a princess should wash clothes? But the old Greeks were cleverer than we are in many ways, and they knew that all work is honourable and good. Her father smiled at her, and said: "That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give."

So the mules were harnessed, and the car made ready, and Nausicaa and her maidens carried the royal robes, and the meats and wines, and placed them in the car.

And then the princess mounted to her seat, and took the silken reins in her hand, and away flew the mules along the plain to the river, where a spacious basin was formed, and then they were unharnessed, and allowed to wander and eat the herbs and grass. Now, first the princess did her work. All the robes and clothes were washed in the water, and then spread out on the shelly sand, and, after a short repast, she began to play.

Various balls were brought out, and, "toss'd and retoss'd the ball incessant flies." And a glorious game the princess had with the maidens.

At last Nausicaa threw the ball so far that it swam on the stream, and she and her maids screamed so loudly when they saw their dear ball leaving them that they awoke a man, Ulysses, who had been lying fast asleep close to them. But who Ulysses was, and how he came to be there, does not belong to our subject. You must ask your fathers to tell you, or read about him for yourselves. I only wanted to show you that the round ball was known and loved by children long, long ago, and for that reason I shall give you several ball games, among others—

Ball Drill.

This can be played by six or seven children in a garden, or a play-room—against a wall.

I.

Throw the ball against the wall, clap hands, and then catch with both hands.

II.

Throw the ball against the wall, clap hands behind, and catch as it descends.

III.

Throw the ball against the wall, and clap before and behind the back, and then catch.

When each child can do the above three exercises ten times, with only one mistake, he or she can be called an apprentice.

IV.

Throw, clap before and behind, turning round at the same time, and then catch.

V.

Throw, rotate the hands over each other quickly, and catch.

VI.

Throw, rotate, clap, and catch.

VII.

Throw, clap before, behind, rotate, turn, and catch.

These exercises can be first practised with both hands, then with the right, and then with the left.

When a child fails to catch the ball, he must fall back and allow the next one to throw and catch, and so on. When a pupil can do *all* the above exercises ten times, with not more than one mistake, he can be called a master.

Next month I will give you a very pretty skipping-rope drill for the girls, and another ball drill for the boys.

Little Cooks.

So many children in these happy days possess cooking stoves and lamps, that we propose giving two receipts a month, which will be worked out by two little girls before we give them to you, so that we can ensure right quantities. If any other little

cooks will send me receipts, which they have tried and found very successful, we will perhaps also insert them in the *Parents' Review*.

Shortbread.—Put into a basin half a quarter of a pound of flour, one ounce of castor sugar, and one ounce of butter; mix it well together with a little milk until it forms a paste, turn it on to the floured board, knead it well, roll out about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut in shapes, put it on to a buttered tin and bake a light brown.

Dolly's Pudding.—Put four tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a pinch of cinnamon into a basin and stir it well. Cut two or three slices of bread (three-quarters of an inch thick) into strips about an inch wide. Put them into a dish, and pour the liquid over them, and let them soak for five minutes. Prepare hot dripping or lard in the frying-pan, and place the many strips of bread in it, and fry until they get brown. Take them out when done, and place the next in until the whole are ready for serving. It will take about five minutes to fry all. They ought to be eaten with stewed fruit or jam.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

There are already excellent instructions published showing how to work this most attractive occupation; but they are all written for older people, and as we have now adapted these to the capacity of little ones of four and five, I venture to hope that many mothers will welcome the work, and that it will prove to be both useful and instructive. Its educational advantages are great; it teaches carefulness, numeration, colour, and design. *Carefulness*, in pushing the string through the bamboo; *numeration*, in getting the right number on each string; *colour*, in choosing the coloured reeds and beads; and *design*, whether the alternate lines should be the same colour, or two and two, or two and three, &c. The materials required for this work are:

1. Bamboos or reeds, 2*s.* 9*d.* per 1000.
2. Beads, 10*d.* per 500.
3. A ball of string, 6*d.*
4. A bar of wood for each curtain.

The bamboos are supplied in bundles of 1000 tubes, and can be had in white, red, purple, green, yellow, &c. They are each

three and a half inches long, and are hollow, so that the string easily slips through. The round beads are the best for the nursery, and can also be had in many colours. A little four-year-old is very busy at present making a short curtain for the studio window of cut green and yellow reeds, and bright yellow beads, and the effect is charming.

The bar of wood can be made by any local joiner for a few pence. This must be three-quarters of an inch broad and thick; the length must vary according to the width of your windows. Holes must be bored through at regular intervals of half an inch, one from the other, and he had better stain it brown or black before the children begin to work. The following lengths are those we have found to be the most useful; but each mother can measure and decide for herself whether the curtains must be longer or shorter.

1. Cut the string into lengths of forty inches.

2. Thread a bead on to each piece of string, hold the bead in the middle, and tie once. This prevents the little fingers pulling the string out of its hole. To vary this, you can again place a bead on each side of the tied one.

3. Push one end of the string through the first hole in the rod, and the other through the second hole, leaving the bead or beads on the top.

4. Thread four beads on the first string. This makes an effective border.

5. Thread one reed, one bead, one reed and so on, until four reeds are on. Then put a bead on and tie. The first row might be green.

6. Work the second row in the same way, substituting yellow reeds for the green ones.

7. Take another piece of string and thread one end through the third hole, and so on.

A very effective and simple pattern can be worked in the following way.

After the string has been threaded through the two first holes put—

1st row. 1 bead, 1 green reed, bead; 1 yellow reed, bead; 1 green reed, bead; 1 yellow reed.

2nd row. 2 beads, the rest in the same order—green, yellow; green, yellow.

3rd row. 3 beads, &c.

4th row. 4 beads, &c.
5th row. 5 beads, &c.
6th row. 4 beads, &c.
7th row. 3 beads, and so on, until the child comes again to one bead, when she again begins the next row with two.

Materials can be obtained from Messrs. Newmann & Co., 84 Newman Street, London.

THE TWO BIRDS.

A Fable.

Once upon a time a golden cage hung in a beautifully furnished room, and within the cage perched two little birds. They had been caught only the day before, and taken away from their green home amidst larches and oak-trees and sweet-smelling flowers. They sat quietly and sorrowfully on their stick behind the golden wires which separated them from freedom and sunshine. There was clear fresh water in the cage, and grain, and tempting little pieces of sugar; but they neither ate nor drank; but sat quite still, longing to get out and fly far away to the woods, where their mates were singing, bees humming, and the sun shining.

"Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?" sighed one of the unhappy birds. "I shall never be able to stand this life, always to hop about in this little cage, with hardly enough room to turn round! It is terrible, when one remembers the long flights we used to have with our brothers and sisters, above the trees almost into the blue sky. I long for freedom or death! Better no life at all than that we endure." And the little bird looked round the room, as though he expected help.

"Yes, our fate is a hard one," his companion replied, putting his little head pensively on one side. "I wish we could find some means of escape. Up to the present moment I must own I see no way out. But do be quiet, you make me quite nervous hopping about as you have just been doing. I am sure somebody will come to help us, and we must be as patient as we can until then."

His companion interrupted him. "What do I care for your plans? I know you will never find any! If you did, it would

be some time in the future, when I have died of home-sickness. I cannot console myself like you, by hoping to get free some day or other ; I want to get out *now*. At the present moment I want to see the trees and the blue sky again!" The little bird ended his passionate plaint with a sob that sounded like "Peep, peep!" so that a little girl, who was in the room, looked up and said :

"Oh, my little birdie, you begin to get accustomed to your imprisonment; you will soon sing now."

The little girl did not know that the wood-larks would not even eat or drink, much less sing.

The second little prisoner put his head again on one side, and meditated on how he could obtain release for himself and his friend, but he could think of nothing, and to forget his disappointment he took a little sip of water, which, though not so fresh as he had been used to at home, was still refreshing after a whole day's fasting. Then he tried some grains, and found them quite pleasant.

"How can you touch this prison fare?" the other bird asked, fiercely.

"It is not so bad after all," his friend replied. "Come and try it! You had better eat this than die of hunger."

The little lark did not answer, but sat quite still. When after a little while his friend attempted to sing the songs they had practised at home, he said, scornfully :

"It does not take a long time to accustom you to prison life, provided there is sufficient food to make you comfortable. The higher feeling of home and freedom are unknown to you. But I will be free again or die!"

With these words he examined his cage again, but all was safe. Not the smallest hole was visible. When he knew this he sat down on the stick and began to sing softly and beautifully as he had never sung before, not even in his home in the woods. When he had finished his song he began to beat his wings against the golden bars until he fell down dead on the ground. His little friend was much frightened when he saw what had happened.

The next morning, when the child entered the room, she found the dead bird, and cried sorrowfully :

"Oh, my poor little bird; he must have been ill and died during the night."

But the living prisoner put his head on one side, and, looking shrewdly at the child said :

" I know better."

But of course she did not understand him. The little lark lived on, always trying to get accustomed to his life, and bear the inevitable, and take things as they came. But when he thought of his friend he always shook his head, and said : " I did not understand him." How could he ?

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

DEAR EDITOR,—Absence from home just at the time when the new magazines appear has made it difficult for me to see as many of them this month as usual, and in those I have seen I do not notice much that bears immediately upon our work. The article entitled, "Are Acquired Characters Inherited?" however, by Alfred Russell Wallace in the *Contemporary Review* raises a point of much interest, and the author's conclusion, that the weight of evidence seems to be on the whole against such a hypothesis, will possibly be somewhat disappointing to many. I have been introduced this month for the first time to the magazine edited by Mrs. G. S. Reany, called *Mothers and Daughters*, published at the office of *Great Thoughts*. Others besides those for whom this paper is intended will find valuable instruction in its pages, especially on religious and temperance questions. One little poem in the February number, that begins—

> "I am sick of 'mustn't,' said Dorothy D.,
> Sick of 'mustn'ts,' as I can be.
> From early morning till close of day
> I hear a 'mustn't,' and never a 'may'"—

I should like to quote in its entirety, but I'm afraid of hearing "mustn't" myself from you.

If I am not trespassing on your reviewer's province, perhaps I may be allowed to conclude with some extracts from a pamphlet by Adèle Crepaz: "'Education,' says Garve, 'is not only the most important of all family duties, but the most important duty of the State.' 'A woman who educates her children well . . . . is fulfilling the greatest part towards the education of the human species. In doing this she renders her highest service to the State and to humanity.'"

"Napoleon I. once said to Mme. de Campan, the founder of the *Pension des Demoiselles*, at St. Germain: 'The old systems of education are worthless; our young girls are not well trained. What is wrong with education in France?' 'The mothers,' replied Mme. de Campan. 'You are right,' answered the Emperor, quickly; 'in that one word is comprised the system of the whole world's education. You must train mothers who know how to educate their children.'"

"Baron von Gautsch, Minister of Education, said in the Austrian Parliament: 'The first and highest duty of the Department of Education in what concerns the education must ever be to train a woman to bring up her own children well.'"

"We know that the most eminent men have acknowledged that it is principally to the early education and maternal influence that they owe the

happy development of their talents and genius. 'It is an universal rule,' says Michelet, 'to which I have scarcely found a single exception, that remarkable men are the *sons of their mothers*; they bear the moral impress of their mother's individuality in themselves.' Were all mothers thoroughly to grasp their responsibilities, the education of the people would be as near to perfection as possible."

"The child who is given over to a stranger's care is deprived of his holiest rights. When an artist is engaged upon a great work he will not scorn the opinion of his fellow-artists; he may even alter or improve many a thing here and there upon their suggestion, but he will not permit another to do his work for him, will not allow the co-operation of another, however talented, to obliterate the stamp of his own individuality. And shall a mother confide her child, her second self, bodily and intellectually, to the care of a stranger? If she do it of necessity she is to be pitied; if voluntarily, it is sinful."

"We hold that parents of sound head and heart are the natural as well as the best instructors of their children. If they be less capable than strangers, this very want would be a proof how grievously modern institutions have estranged parents from their most natural duties."

PATER JUNIOR.

The Judges and Kings of Israel, for the Young, by Aley Fox (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). Miss Fox's graphic and picturesque descriptions have a reverent style, and parents would find this little book a help in telling their children the stories of a rather difficult period of Bible history.

Seeing and Thinking, by Professor Clifford (Macmillan & Co.). In these lectures on "The Brain and the Eye," delivered at Shoreditch, parents will find a philosophic treatment of a subject most important to all who have the care of children. We are beginning to understand that to educate we must get some insight into the conditions under which we think, and it would be difficult to find a more *profoundly* simple treatment of this abstruse subject.

Stories from the History of Rome, by Mrs. Beesly (Macmillan & Co.). This is a useful pleasant book for reading aloud to children of any age from four upwards. There can be no doubt that children, especially boys, enjoy the tales from Greek or Roman history as much or more than those of any other description. The simple clear English in this book is very pleasing, and it is easy to read aloud. As a book for "ten minutes stories" it is delightful, and there are very few children who will not eagerly look forward to the time for it to come out for ten minutes. With the *Lays of Ancient Rome* it would be found of much service to the elder children.

Tales of the Gods and Heroes, by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, M.A., Bart. This is an excellent book for boys or girls. Perhaps there is no book better fitted for young people on this well-known subject. The tales are well and gracefully told, given with the modern pronunciation, and having very scholarly working notes. The tales are all too well known in outline to need repetition. The connection between persons and places is given clearly and concisely, and without the confusion and muddle so often found in these tales, where nearly all the personages are more or less connected in various ways.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—We often tell our little ones of the poor children in towns who never see the grass or flowers, and live huddled together in crowded courts; but it is difficult to find a direct means for the "country mouse" to help the town one. We have lately found this help in a scheme, originated by Mrs. Battiscombe, of Eastwood, Weston super-Mare, whose object is that the country children should send *Sunbeams* to the poor or sick children in towns.

The subscription is only 6*d.*, and the only promise made is to send a magazine each month, and *not* to give money. Mrs. Battiscombe has workers in various towns, who send her names and particulars of poor or sick children. She has now a large number of these children whose lives are brightened by the efforts of their sisters in the country. Flowers and garments are also occasionally sent by the Sunbeam members, and prove a great delight.

Mrs. Battiscombe says of her children workers: "I feel sure it is a means of drawing out their sympathies for others, and also of making them more thankful for their own happier circumstances. I often wish our little members could hear the accounts I am constantly receiving of the intense delight they give those poor children by their kindness, and not only this, but of the really good influence exercised over parents as well as children."

M. L. H. D.

DEAR EDITOR,—Can you, or any of your readers, recommend me a *nice* book of songs for young children, aged five and eight years, set to simple music? Mrs. Gatty's *Songs for Children* are very nice (7*s.* 6*d.*), but I wanted to meet with a less expensive book.

H. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think your readers may be interested to hear of the "Girls' Games Club," which is being started. It has often been thought that girls educated in London require more scope and opportunity for outdoor exercise than is afforded by the daily walk with their school and governess. Committees have therefore been formed for the purpose of starting a Girls' Outdoor Game Club. A ground has been taken at

Wormwood Scrubbs (close to the station, whence omnibuses run to all parts of London).

The ground will be open every day (except Sunday), and during the hours of 4.30–6.30 in summer, and 2.30–4 in winter, of at least four days a week, ladies will be in attendance to superintend and teach such games as cricket, hockey, rounders, bowls, &c. The subscription is £1 1*s.* per annum.

Sir James Crichton Browne, F.R.S., Dr. Schofield, Professor Seeley, F.R.S., &c., have signified their approval of and interest in the scheme by joining the General Committee. I shall be pleased to give any of your readers any further information.—Yours faithfully,

9 Pembridge Gardens, Bayswater. H. FRANKLIN.

DEAR EDITOR,—Replying to "Y. M.'s" letter, I would point out one great disadvantage in warming a bedroom with oil-stoves. These not only send the products of combustion into the air of the room, but they consume the oxygen. The vitiation of the air is less than in the case of gas, but there is vitiation more or less. An open fire not only carries the products of combustion up the chimney, but secures a good ventilation for the room. This also is very much improved, and rendered necessary in low rooms by the fixing of an Arnott's ventilator near the ceiling into the chimney flue, which can generally be easily done at the cost of a few shillings. Such assistance to ventilation is usually more necessary in bedrooms than in sitting-rooms, because doors and windows are less open at night.

W. S.

DEAR EDITOR,—Is it considered wise or helpful to teach history, geography, natural science, and the like subjects in French or German? Or is it not rather learning these languages *at the expense* of a thorough grounding in and comprehension of these subjects, which are essential to a good English education?

Is not French conversation sufficient (or German) if carried on all day for children under fourteen? and one hour's regular French or German study. My fear would be that studying these subjects in a foreign tongue clouds their true sense to young minds.

How much Latin should be learned, and what are the best preparatory books?

AN ENQUIRING GUARDIAN.

DEAR EDITOR,—Can you throw any light upon deceit, and how to deal with it? Habits of or tendencies to concealment and want of openness, and actual prevarication, which cannot be traced to any fright, or fear of punishment; but which, *from the deadly chill* of the hands, seem to point to some physical state of extreme nervousness (quite groundless) in a child, who, after influenza, did suffer from severe prostration. How should such a case be treated? It almost seems akin to the extreme physical fear of death which even *good* people suffer. It seems so strange to occur in *one*

child among a number brought up in an atmosphere of greatest frankness, gentleness, and absence of all severe measures, or even punishment generally, and a little help would be greatly valued.

J. R.

DEAR EDITOR,—I get many inquiries for back numbers of the *Parents' Review*, which I cannot unfortunately supply. It may, therefore, save disappointment, if you allow me to say that the only volume which can now be obtained complete is Vol. II., of which I have some copies unbound at 6*s.*, or bound at 8*s.* 6*d.*, for which I shall be happy to receive orders. Any other old numbers, I am glad to send at 6*d.* each as far as possible, but all those published in 1890 are quite out of print, as also April and May, 1892, and January, 1893.

If any of your readers have copies of these numbers to spare, I beg them to communicate with me.

HENRY PERRIN,
Hon. Sec.

Carlton Hill, N.W.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am so struck with a child's acceptance of divine truth. They never question the existence of God—the proof of His love—or the justice of His law. I will add some of the queries my own little girls *do* put to me. But surely there is no nobler work in the world than to develop this spiritual instinct—to cultivate the good seed sown in their baby hearts by the great master hand.

Who knows whether we should ever have had St. Paul's epistles to Timothy, if his faith had not first dwelt in Lois and Eunice, so that from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures? And perhaps the children of the elect lady were known to the world later as Early Fathers.

GEORGINA.—Did the devil make me naughty?

I.—Yes.

G.—Then why do you punish *me?*

G.—If I had been beautiful should I have had to be good too?

G.—If God made heaven and earth, where did He stand before making either?

IRENE.—What colour is the window-glass?

I.—I don't think it has any colour.

IRENE.—But it *must* be some colour.

IRENE.—Where does the sky end up?

IRENE.—How *can* Lady D. come to life again?

L. E. T.

DEAR EDITOR,—In my review of the work of Monsieur Gouin on *The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages*, recently translated from the French by Mr. Howard Swan and Monsieur Victor Betis, I stated that the principles of the natural method which that work expounds have been well known in

Scotland for more than twenty years. The gentleman to whom the high honour belongs of employing them is Mr. William Rodger, Linguist, formerly of Dundee, and more recently of Glasgow. Some eight years ago he visited Aberdeen, and gave public lectures on the subject which aroused very great interest, and which were succeeded by two or three courses of lessons, chiefly in French and German, the last of them held in the Free Church College.

When his labours here had drawn to a close, and ere he left us, he founded a Linguistic Association, of which I have been president from the beginning, and with whose operations I am thus intimately acquainted. Our method is to learn a language first, and, when a certain amount of fluency and accuracy in the use of its colloquial idioms has been acquired, to pass on to a study of its grammar and analysis, and to a perusal of some of its classical works. By certain appliances invented by Mr. Rodger, we are able to conduct large classes, sometimes numbering well on to two hundred, and which we throw open free of charge to all who desire to join them. Our only condition is one of implicit docility, as that of a little child, to our directions. Under the Central Association with its managing Council, we have several clubs established in different parts of the city, each with a competent leader drawn from our own ranks. These meet for weekly practice of speech, and study of books and grammar.

In the meetings of one or two of the more advanced of their number, all conversation except in the foreign tongue is forbidden. I have found it both a pleasure and a profit to guide this movement, and along with my earnest coadjutors, I rejoice in seeing our principles influencing much of the scholastic teaching in our community. This whole movement owes its origin to the eminent man whose name I have above mentioned. To him the linguistic secret which he after painful search discovered, is, as an evangel, which he is now preaching in the cities and larger towns of England, with the ultimate intention, if he is spared, of carrying it to the whole English-speaking world. It is at his request that I have accepted the honorary position of President of the British Linguistic Reform Society. I have written this letter with the desire of doing some justice to one whose name will live in the history of Linguistic Reform in our country.—I am, &c.,

HENRY W. BELL, M.A.,
Minister of the Free High Church, Aberdeen.

OUR WORK.

The House of Education.—The students in residence go out as probationers for some part of the long summer vacation. We again repeat that we are prepared to offer a Training Course for Mothers in the month of June. Mothers appear to find the prospect very inviting.

The Parents' Review School.—Dates of Examinations. Easter Examination, from April 10 to 15, except when Easter falls within these dates, when the examination will be held earlier. Christmas Examination, from December 10 to 16. No summer examination, but a report from parents as to how the programme of work for the term has been carried out.

Fésole Club.—May.—The subject for this month will be Sketches of Birds from Nature. It is intended that members should attempt whatever is convenient in their circumstances; some, perhaps, drawing from caged birds, getting opportunities for close examination of detail, and something like *bird portraits;* others will be able to catch the attitudes of the small birds in the trees, or on the grass of the garden, or seen from a window; while some may be able to contribute studies of strange birds at the Zoological Gardens. It is not, however, so much the rarity of the subject that should be looked for, as the character and behaviour of the bird under observation. The sketches may be in pencil or water-colour, and should not exceed 7 by 10 inches. They are to be sent by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

To the Students in House of Education Natural History Club—Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—Encourage the birds and discourage the cats in your garden in every possible way. Amuse yourselves and your children by contriving nesting boxes, &c. For the robins, a few tins hidden in bushes, banks, or hedges are quite sufficient; but tits require more elaborate preparations. There was a great tit's nest last year in an old letter-box on a wall, another in a wooden pump, and a beautiful one in the box in the middle of a chaff-cutter. A tiny cole-tit built down in the bottom of a hole made by the post of a tennis-net, up the sides of which it used to run like a tiny grey mouse. A robin had its nest compactly fitted into an old knife-powder tin, and another made a monster nest in an old watering-pot. A redstart used the base of a large bell placed against a post, and no ringing the bell or anything else would dislodge her. Curious nesting places might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but these instances will suffice to show you how you may hunt up interesting facts for yourselves and your pupils. Such notes as these give a far greater value to your note-books than mere lists of plants, and children when once set going are invaluable aids in observing and collecting these delightful facts. They are always good collectors, as they

collect everything ; and only to-day I saw a notice of a child of eight who had discovered a very rare fungus, and deserves mention as showing what a little child, keenly observing Nature, can do.

Mr. Geldart's paper in the *Parents' Review* for April is very valuable to us, both in the way of giving us a delightful picture of his birds, and also as giving us a very good plan for making nes ing-boxes for tits, &c. No doubt some of you will at some time be able to follow out his instructions. In a town garden in the manufacturing district there were at various times the caterpillars of more than two dozen butterflies and moths, the *larvæ* of lady-birds, leaf-cutter bees, wasps' nests, mole crickets, and a host of other creatures too numerous to mention. A little child of six studied out for herself the whole life of an ichneumon fly in this same garden. Never think, therefore, because your home is in a town that you can't "do natural history." It is often better studied by dwellers in towns than those in the country. By making the most of your opportunities you may be of the greatest use to science, as you can collect facts for the "masters," who are working hard to solve the life-stories of our native animals and plants.

The note-books are a constant source of pleasure to all, and you have now found the increased delight of a walk with a pair of observing spectacles on, compared with a dull, gossiping constitutional along a straight high road.

Though your walks should be limited, the facts observed in a small garden will tell you that it does not follow you should have nothing to note down ; and the more you study a small area the more correct your observations are apt to be. The best note-books are those which contain careful little sketches and diagrams of new finds or quaint forms, which not only improve the books, but refresh your memories as to the animal or plant in question.

To many of you it is *all* new, especially to those from towns, and it is very delightful to see the ardour with which you have seized the very spirit of the study of Nature. No plant seems too small for your observation, and no creature too insignificant for your careful examination. To overcome the dislike to crawling things is often merely a question of habit, time, and not thinking about it as something to be disliked ; and it is a very undesirable thing to show disgust before children, who are always ready to say, "Does it bite"? and they are soon smitten with a like taste to one's own, be it for or against a creature.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

The Annual Meeting will be held on June 7, at London House, by the kind permission of the Bishop of London. The Presidents of the P.N.E.U., Lord and Lady Aberdeen, will be present.

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATION UNION.—*Presidents:* Lord and Lady Aberdeen; *Hon. Sec.:* Miss C. M. Mason, House of Education; *Chairman of Central Council:* Dr. A. T. Schofield; *Vice-Chairman:* A. C. P. Coote, Esq. *Hon. Local Secs.*—Belgravia and Westminster Branch: The Lady Isabel Margeson, 63 St. George's Road, S.W. Hampstead and St. John's Wood Branch: Miss C. S. Playne, 20 Buckland Crescent, Belsize Park, N.W. Streatham: Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Leigham Court Road, S.E. Woodford: Mrs. Spedding Burwen, Bywell, E. Reading: Wm. Salmon, Esq., 56 London Street. Ilkley, Yorks: Mrs. Francis Steinthal, Wharfemead. Sheffield: Mrs. Newton Coombe, Burns Bank. Leeds: Mrs. John Barrow, Westwood. Kendal: Colin Somervell, Esq. Sussex: Mrs. Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint. Manchester: Mrs. Welsh, Trehern, Talbot Road. Members' subscriptions, 5*s.* per annum, to include both heads of a household. Subscribers of 10*s.* a year and upwards are entitled to receive the *Parents' Review* free. All inquiries may be addressed to H. P., Hon. Organising Sec., 8 Carlton Hill.

BELGRAVIA AND WESTMINSTER BRANCH.—A delightful meeting was held on March 17, at 9 Chelsea Embankment, by the kind permission of the Marchioness of Ripon, when a lecture was given by Mrs. Ormiston Chant, on "Brain-starved Children." Lady Aberdeen presided, and explained in a few words the aims of the P.N.E.U. Her words were so persuasive and convincing, that they, combined with Mrs. Ormistod Chant's eloquent lecture, brought many new members. The number that attended was very large.

WESTMINSTER AND BELGRAVIA BRANCH.—Miss Agnes Mason will give eight lessons to members, on "How to Give Religious Instruction." The lessons will be held on two mornings a week for one hour during four consecutive weeks, beginning at the end of April, at 14 Lennox Gardens, by kind permission of Mrs. Paget. Miss Agnes Mason has had wide and practical experience in giving religious instruction to children. Many parents feel the importance of rightly instructing their children in religion and morality, but their good intention is often frustrated by their own want of clear knowledge as to what and how to teach. Fee for the course £1 1*s.* for each member. Those who wish to join the class should write at once to the Hon. Sec., 63 St. George's Road, S.W.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BRANCH.—A meeting was held (by kind permission of Mrs. Lindsay Johnson) at Cortina, Netherhall Gardens (near Finchley Road Metropolitan Station), on Monday, April 17, at 8 P.M., when a paper was read by Miss Eva Young, on "The Musical Education of the Future: Keyboard Notation." Syllabus: Music, Past and Present — Opposing Tendencies — Comparison with Languages—Good and Bad Ear—Moral and Intellectual Value of Music—Cultivation of the Unmusical—Importance of Symbolism: Arithmetic, Writing, &c.—Musical Symbolism—Analysis of the Present Method — The Key-board Method, with Diagrams—Realisation of Key—Learning by Heart—Three Types of Players — Sight Singing and Playing—Music for the Poor—Difficulties—Conclusion.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD UNION.—A meeting of the above Society was held, on Monday, at 87 Finchley Road, by permission of Mrs. James. Miss Helen Webb, M.B.Lond., read a paper entitled, "Mind and Body," treating of children of a nervous temperament. Various questions as to the right treatment of such children were answered by Miss Webb and the Chairman, Dr. Eady.

READING BRANCH.—There was a meeting of the above held at the High School, on Saturday, March 4, by the kind invitation of Miss L. E. Haigh, the Head Mistress, the chair being taken by the Rev. F. T. Colson, Vicar of St. John's, at 3 o'clock. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, an exceedingly interesting and instructive paper was read by Mr. Hastings Gilford, on the "Physical Education of Children." A vote of thanks to the lecturer, to the Chairman, and to Miss Haigh was proposed by Mr. Henry T. Perrin, the Hon. Organising Sec. of the Union, who came from London to be present at the meeting, and this was seconded by the Rev. R. H. Hart Davis. Mr. Alfred Sutton generously offered a donation of six books towards the new Lending Library, which announcement was received with acclamation. After partaking of tea and coffee, kindly provided by Miss Haigh, the company separated.

WOODFORD AND WANSTEAD BRANCH.—A paper was read on March 15 by Miss Franks on the Training of the Hand and Eye in the Kindergarten, illustrated with many diagrams and models. About thirty ladies and gentlemen were present. The next lecture is fixed for April 28, and will be given by J. Russell, Esq.; Slöyd being the subject for the evening.

"THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA."

I. This Society shall be called "The Parents' Association of America."

II. The object of the Society shall be:

(1) To afford to parents opportunities for Co-operation and Consultation, so that the wisdom and experience of each may be made profitable for all.

(2) To stimulate their enthusiasm through the sympathy of numbers acting together.

(3) To create a better public opinion on the subject of the training of children, and, with this object in view, to collect and make known the best information and experience on the subject.

(4) To assist parents of all classes to understand the best principles

and methods of Education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character.

(5) To secure greater unity and continuity of Education by harmonising home and school training.

We are delighted to hail an American Society worked entirely on P.N.E.U. lines.

P.N.E.U. JUNIOR ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—I have been asked by the Editor of the *Parents' Review* to make known to its readers a scheme for giving young people generally the opportunity of studying the past history of their own counties. I cannot do this better than by laying before you the lines on which a Junior Archæological Society is this year being carried out in Sussex.

Suggested Plan for the Working of the Sussex Junior Archæological Society.

That it shall be under the management of a Council of Reference which shall decide the rules and admit the members.

That the members shall be over seven and under seventeen years of age.

That there shall be two Meetings annually, in June and in August.

That the arrangements for each Meeting shall be undertaken by one or two members of the Council, living nearest to the place it is proposed to visit; a Manager, appointed on each occasion, who will arrange for the conveyance of the party; and the Secretary.

That a Lecturer be chosen to take the leadership of the party at the scene of interest.

That two prizes be offered, a senior and a junior, for the best answers to a list of questions supplied three days after each meeting by the Lecturer; each Competitor shall undertake to answer the questions unaided and from memory. This Examination is optional.

That each Member shall bring his own lunch. Tea will be provided by the Manager at a small cost.

That each Member has the privilege of bringing two friends senior to the age of membership.

(It is desirable that children shall not be unaccompanied.)

That the Terms of Membership shall not exceed 5*s*. a year.

You will see by this that the actual rules are not yet determined upon, and that the Society is quite in its infancy; so I cannot offer to others the result of our experience until after the first Expedition, which we hope will take place in June, Battle Abbey being the place chosen. I will, however, gladly give all the help that lies in my power to any Members of the P.N.E.U. who would like to extend this Junior Archæological Society to their own neighbourhoods, and will also later, if desired, give a short account of our first meeting, by means of the Editor's post-bag.

Pakyn's Manor, Hurstpierpoint. F. E. BORRER.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

BIBLE TEACHING, OLD AND NEW.

BY MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

(Author of "Clews to Holy Writ.")

OUR age, which has invented the word "Pædagogy" and made elementary instruction compulsory for all, is pre-eminently an age of Education. It reconsiders the subjects to be taught. German is challenging Greek, and type-writing and shorthand have thrust out time-honoured caligraphy. It re-considers the methods of teaching all subjects. Pinnock's "Catechism of English Kings" yields to Green's "Short History of the English People," and "Mangnall's Questions" to the series of primers by eminent specialists lately issued by Messrs. Macmillan.

But among all books to be learned for ourselves, or taught to our children, one Book, the most wonderful book in the world, still stands supreme. If we want evidence that men have not outgrown their need of the Bible and its teaching, we have only to study the results of that system of education which the religious impartiality of the British government has shaped in India. "We have diligently sown," says the Bishop of Lucknow, "logic, mathematics, and physiology, and there comes up, not the Marci Aurelii of our imagination,

but the modern Baboo, conceited, selfish, too often sensual, and far from loyal." That the government is as well aware of this as Dr. Clifford is shown by the recent proposal to issue textbooks of Ethics and appoint professors of Morality. As a London graduate, I have naturally a great respect for Ethics; but I much doubt whether learning its somewhat arid generalities by rote would turn the average schoolboy, either Oriental or Occidental, into a good man. On the other hand, we have proof positive of the intellectual as well as of the spiritual and moral benefits of Christian and Biblical education in India. The Director of Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency says in his 1889-90 Report:—"I have frequently drawn attention to the educational progress of the Native Christian community. In the Language Branch (B.A.), whilst the number of Brahmins examined decreased by eight per cent., the number of native Christians increased by forty per cent. There can be no question, if this community pursues with steadiness the present policy of its leaders, that in the course of a generation it will have secured a preponderating position in all the great professions." The *Madras Mail* mentions that in the Higher Examination for women, native Christians head the list with sixty-eight, as against five from all other sections of the native community.

Have our methods of Bible teaching advanced in proportion to our advance in less important things? Formerly, there was a widely approved and widely adopted plan of setting chapters to be written out or committed to memory as an imposition for unlearned lessons or unruly conduct. Surely human thoughtlessness and human perversity never devised a more effectual method of implanting a distaste for religion and religious books. But it can scarcely have advocates now. Mr. Ruskin, in his delightful "Præterita" tells how his mother made him as a boy read the Scriptures aloud to her, chapter after chapter, book after book, not passing over the most recondite arguments, the most minute statistics, or the most complex genealogies. It is easy for *fin de siècle* wisdom to decry such a plan, but whether we look at the matchless style or at the moral influence of the great author who describes it, we must acknowledge that in one instance at any rate it is vindicated. This does not prove that there is not a more excellent way, for which we may now seek.

Ere we can teach the Bible intelligently, we must learn it intelligently ourselves. No book has suffered more at the hands of its friends. The attempt to equate its words with cast-iron systems of human dogma, the dull literalism that insists on reading its loftiest flights of poetry into bald prose, the exaggerated mysticism that converts its plainest statements of historical facts into doctrinal allegory, taking the figurative literally, and the literal figuratively, have to answer for much unintelligent reverence for the Bible, and much no less unintelligent cavil at the Bible. God has made the Greek girl pretty, and it is still possible to perceive this, though, as a recent traveller tells us, she does her utmost to disguise the fact by rouging her cheeks, painting her eyebrows, gumming and distorting her hair, and swathing herself in ungraceful clothes. God has given us in the Bible a book of unique power over the heart and conscience, and this power ofttimes makes itself felt, even amidst misunderstandings that are almost grotesque.

Sermons have, for instance, been preached on Zec. xiii. 6, that have drawn men in faith and penitence to the feet of the Crucified Saviour. But what justification is there for applying to Him the words by which a false prophet endeavours to explain away the cuttings on his hands which had been inflicted by an idolatrous fanaticism? (Comp. Jer. xlviii. 37, 1 Kings xviii. 28).

> "Their faith's heart beats, though her head swims
> Too giddily to guide her limbs."

That is no real excuse for the avoidable ignorance of the faith and virtue that will not go on to knowledge, a kind of faith and virtue that were never more inadequate than in this critical age which sets an inordinate value upon mere intellectuality. "God has no need of our learning," said a shallow fellow once to the erudite South. "Much less has He need of your ignorance" was the pregnant reply.

It is not possible to study the Bible too diligently; but it is possible to pay it a spurious and exaggerated reverence. There was once a people who annotated and expounded every syllable of the Scriptures, venerated the very paper on which they were written, and held the name of Him concerning whom they spoke in such awe that it was never uttered, and we con-

sequently mispronounce it hopelessly. To these Bibliolaters it was said, "Ye search the Scriptures, and ye will not come to Me that ye may have life" (John v. 39, 40, R.V.) And when He to whom these Scriptures bore witness appeared among them, they cried, "Away with this Man!" There was once an English author who wrote a book to prove that "the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." Those who applaud this dictum do not always remember that William Chillingworth repudiated the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. These things are surely for our admonition, lest we give to a book about God adoration due only to God Himself; lest instead of the reasonable homage of earnest study, we give it such worship as the Sikhs give to their Granth under its glass case, with its attendant priests to fan off the flies; or as the Mohammedans give to their Koran, whose texts they wear as charms.

Our sacred Book is not a series of mystic oracles Divinely dictated ages ago, uniform in texture and equal in importance; to be encrusted with incomprehensible dogma, and buttressed with crude theories of mechanical infallibility, and assertions unwarranted by its own language. "The Bible is authoritative for it is the voice of God (I quote Dr. Westcott): it is intelligible, for it is in the language of man." The idea that inspiration acted *on* not *through* men, that not only the delineation of God which could never have entered into the heart of man, but historical facts which might easily be ascertained by ordinary methods of enquiry and observation, were miraculously communicated to its authors, is a stumbling block and not a staff to the true explorer of its fair regions.

Let us first grasp the fact that the Bible is, as S. Jerome says, "a holy library," produced during a period of at least 1600 years and reflecting the individualities of at least 40 different authors, and that this library consists mainly of historical books, and must therefore be approached in the historical spirit. Too many are ready to say with good Mrs. Merrington, in "Mademoiselle Ixe," when Biblical sayings or doings are discussed, "I do not think it right to speak of Scripture characters as if they were living people like ourselves." They would reduce those immortal portraits of real men and women with their sins and weaknesses, their errors and struggles, their courage and goodness and godliness of

infinitely varying type, to church window effigies of saints in strained attitudes, with solid metal halos, and garments never worn anywhere for the business of life. They would bind up not only reverence for the Bible, but belief in the Christian faith, with approval of all deeds that are described and not actually condemned; and with acceptance of all the half-truths uttered by Job's friends in developing the leading thought of the magnificent poem of "Job," or by the Preacher in manifesting the insufficiency of all happiness and wisdom whose source is "*under the sun*."

The great fact that "men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21, R.V.), is obscured rather than vindicated by argument for the Bible which refuses to see evident though very unimportant clerical errors in the copies we now have of their original MSS.; or to recognise that the process by which God made Himself known to men was a gradual and slow one; that His revelation came "in divers portions and in divers manners" (Heb. i. 1., R.V.), that the divine light which shone upon the Patriarchs was very different in degree, though not in kind, from that which illumined the Apostles.

We can demonstrate that our Biblical MSS. contain fewer doubtful readings than those of other ancient authors; that no other sacred books contain anything approaching the Scriptural description of God—uncreated and eternal, invisible and incomprehensible, almighty and all-holy—who deals with men in infinite wisdom and infinite love.

But the attempt to insist upon the infallibility of every syllable of the Bible as we have it now leads to hopeless and unprofitable effort to reconcile, say, 2 Kings xxiv. 8, with 2 Chron. xxxvi. 9, or 2 Sam. xv. 7, with 1 Kings ii. 11, and the attempt to show that the Old Testament reveals the mind and will of God as fully as the New not only contradicts such passages as Mark x. 5, and Heb. vii. 18, 19, but tends to disparagement of the supreme excellence and glory of the revelation which God made, when He "spake to us in His Son," and gave us His Holy Spirit "to guide us into all truth!" Theories and interpretations that wider knowledge may discredit are no sure upholders of Holy Scripture. "How are we to defend the Bible?" Spurgeon was once asked. The great Nonconformist preacher, with a true

spiritual insight and a shrewd common sense sometimes lacking in profounder theologians and more versatile scholars, answered, "How would you defend a lion? Open his cage and leave him to defend himself!" There is I fear a latent unbelief in the timorousness of some Christians about reading the Bible in a natural way, and in their hot denunciations of all Biblical criticism. To all, therefore, who have the privilege and responsibility of giving higher education in the Bible, I would say, Put all possible pains and care into your own study of it, remembering that it is the one book of which we shall never be able to assert, "I have exhausted all its significance; I have fathomed all its meaning." Then strive to imbue your pupils with the idea that it is the most human and interesting of books. Get out the maps, physical and political, of Palestine, and trace the masterly plan of the three campaigns by which Joshua subdued that country. Take them to the British Museum and show the cast of the Moabite Stone with the names of Jehovah, the God of Israel, and of Mesha, King of Moab, who rebelled against Jehoram, and the great winged bulls from Assyria, with their mysterious resemblance to the cherubim of Ezekiel's vision. Take them to the Museum of the "Sunday School Institute," 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, and show them the tribute money with Cæsar's image and superscription, and the model of the stone that was rolled away from the Holy Sepulchre. There are pictures of all these things, and of many others to show if you cannot show the things themselves. Then encourage them to put pen to paper in working out Bible questions that will impress its facts directly, and its lessons indirectly, but not less surely, on their minds and hearts. Beware of filling their mouths with theological phrases that are meaningless to them, and doctrinal exposition that is meat for adults and not milk for babes. Observe that our Lord gave teaching that transcends the highest thoughts of the wisest, in forms so simple and pictorial that the youngest and humblest find profit and delight therein.

Teach them to form a habit of regular Bible reading. Here you would find real aid in the scheme of the Children's Scripture Union, founded fourteen years ago, and now followed by nearly half a million of young people in all parts

of the world. Address, 13a, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

In "Clews to Holy Writ" I have dealt so fully with the interest and importance of studying the Bible in its chronological order, that I will only add here that in historical as contrasted with mere textual Bible study, we have the best result of Higher Criticism, properly so called, and the best safe-guard against that lower criticism which ends in cavil because it concerns itself with the mint and anise and cummin of verbal ingenuities and specious theories, and omits the weightier matters of the law, the judgment, mercy, and faith, which are the substance of the Bible message.

It is sadly possible to revel in its literary beauty as the Jews did to whom Ezekiel's inspired warnings were but "the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice (Eze. xxxiii, 32); to accumulate stores of illustrative erudition until we can argue as learnedly upon minute points of date and place and linguistic inflexion as could the Sanhedrin who crucified the Christ, stoned S. Stephen, drave out S. Paul, and "pleased not God" (1 Thes. ii, 15); and to "believe the prophets" in the sense of accepting a traditional dogma about them, as did the immoral and irreligious Agrippa II. (Acts xxvi, 27).

I have pleaded for utmost use of all gifts of intelligence, and all culture and learning that we may appreciate the thoroughly human character of the Bible. "One must read the Bible in a human way, for it is a Book written through men for men," says Herder; "and it should be securely believed that the more humanly (in the best sense of the word) we read the Word of God, so much the nearer do we come to the purpose of its Author who created men after His likeness, and deals with us in human ways."

Thence we may best go on to appreciate that the Bible is essentially Divine also. "They bear witness of Me" said the Incarnate Word of God, who was in a unique sense, Human and Divine, and it was because they ignored this testimony that the Jews to whom He spake searched the Scriptures in vain. Onward to Him and upward to Him they point throughout, and as we trace the manifold and unquestionable witness to the Coming One in the Old Testament, and the fulfilment of Israel's hope in the New

Testament, the hypothesis that the Bible is but a chance congeries of old literature that chronicles man's search after God and not God's revelation to man, falls under the weight of its own inherent improbability.

The greatest scholars of to-day have triumphantly proved that the Gospels are contemporary history, not late legend; but the strongest confirmation of their testimony to the Christ who lived on earth nearly two milleniums ago, is the fact that (to quote the well-known words of the great Napoleon) "at this moment millions would die for Jesus Christ," for Him who lives for ever in heaven. Prayerful study of the Bible must lead us to Him, and when we know Him all difficult questions about the Bible fall into their true place. But if we will not have this Man to reign over us, the Bible will remain, in spite of all its literary beauty and all its historical interest, an unsolved riddle, and moreover a riddle about whose solution we care less and less.

"The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God" has always proved the best weapon wherewith we may arm the young Christian for that conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, which he will certainly have to face ere long. Of this proofs in abundance meet us, from the days of Apollos and Timothy to the present day, when the mission house at Buganda has been thronged before daybreak by a crowd of eager purchasers in competition for the newly-arrived copies of S. Matthew's Gospel in Luganda. The C.M.S. missionary who described this scene to me added that not a few have learned the Swahili language in order to read those parts of the Bible which are not yet translated into Luganda. One generation ago, the name of Christ had never been heard in Buganda, a book had never been seen there: the burning enthusiasm of the Waganda for Bible study to-day, the changes it has already wrought in their lives, the changes it promises to work in their national institutions ere long, form one more tribute to the universal and perennial power of Holy Scripture.

The late Bishop of Massachusetts puts its place in higher education very forcibly where he says:—"My friends, students, scholars, men facing the world and eager for its work, do you read your Bible? Alas for you if you do not. Does it sound like an old dame's exhortation, full of nervous and unreason-

able panic? Does it sound like a priest's question with superstitions lurking in its darkness? I care not how it sounds. I ask you, as true men, "Do you read your Bible?" Not in the old ways perhaps; not to find a charm and magic which will keep you safe; not to equip yourselves with arguments to maintain your creed, but do you read your Bible so that out of the heart of it there comes to you the Divine Man who shows you what it is to live divinely? who exalts character and service as the only true crowns of life? who gives human energy its glory and splendour when He sets it to struggling for those crowns? It is because this Being, this Christ, with His superb claim of humanity for God, with His salvation of humanity upon the Cross, lives in that book and comes forth from it into the heart of every man who reads it with his heart, that one would rejoice to put the Bible into the hands of every man who goes out from the college to the world."

MANNERS.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

WE might easily take it for granted that the children of well-bred people, dwelling in the midst of courtesy, would need no instruction in behaviour. It would be pleasant to do so, if some troublesome reminiscences of rude little boys and girls of the upper ten thousand did not obtrude themselves. It is, of course, to be remembered also that children's manners directly reflect the mood of the moment, and are spontaneous, even if not otherwise meritorious. Policy, dissimulation, social observance and expediency do not as yet play as large a part as in the case of their elders. This may seem a serious charge on the elders, but it is hardly an unjust one when accurately considered. We do not live in savage isolation, we are members one of another; we are always "glad to see" our friends even when we are tired, we are not cross because we have headache or toothache, we think of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we consider it wise to ignore some speeches, and to overlook some slights. These arts, innocent or otherwise, are not desirable in children, their duties are simpler, their virtues more direct. This is happy for themselves and for their teachers.

I suppose everyone would agree that they should be kind to each other, respectful to their elders, polite to all. But I remember visiting in a family where the children always began breakfast first; it was a busy household and the porridge course was supposed to be got over before the elders came downstairs. When the two middle-aged guests appeared, not one of the young party moved; some said "Good morning," with their mouths full, the rest proceeded with the meal. The mother remarked, "They have to get off to school early," but it seemed to me that a bad habit was getting formed and bad manners would be the result, as they were.

Also I know a delightful little boy, who went on sprawling on the floor, playing marbles in the drawing-room, while an old lady was bidding him goodbye. "Get up," whispered a young friend, who had not yet learned to abstain from interfering with other people's children. "Up where?" he replied, as if he enjoyed his own wit.

I give intentionally quite venial offences, but even these have their source in a want of respect for others. I think that children are not taught this virtue now-a-days; they are told to make bows, certainly, and helped to make themselves officious by doing the honours in an un-childlike manner. "Now Bertie, you will amuse Mrs. So-and-So while I am out of the room," which would certainly end in Mrs. So-and-So amusing him: or "Harry will take Miss Blank to the Park," which would mean Miss Blank taking Harry, who might or might not be amenable to her wishes on the way. If Bertie and Harry would answer more politely, if they would abstain from grumbling, and fussing, and speaking rudely to their too indulgent aunt, I think more ground would be gained. I have been much struck by the ease with which ignorant little boys and girls (I mean no disrespect to them in ascribing to them at least a short experience of life), will contradict their older relatives—by the amused and superior air with which they will ignore a suggestion from a grandmother, or obey as if it were a joke or a farce to which they kindly lend themselves. It seems to me a mistake to permit such manners, they make children appear to disadvantage, and outsiders like them less than they would otherwise do. But the loss to their own characters of the capacity for, and practice of, reverence is the chief objection. Reverence may be directly inculcated in some other form in vain, while it is thus undermined by daily habit.

We have to allow for the weak conceit inherent in many young minds. I heard the other day of an angelic little girl speaking rudely to a young woman because she was "only a servant"; her mother would hardly believe it, if told of the remark. I mention it as shewing the vital necessity for definite training in due respect for others, in the mind and therefore in the manners. Of course the aim must be to induce the feeling first, and then to correct anything in the manner which seems to indicate its lack. We are assuming

that the elders are always worthy of respect, and that the dignity of years is sustained by that of personal character. The reverence of a young child may sometimes rebuke our levity, as little Lord Fauntleroy's trust was a reproach to the grimness of the old Earl.

I find that abruptness in children's manners is regarded by some people as an admirable proof of their honesty and sincerity of character: it seems to me honestly rude and sincerely disagreeable, and to arise from a want of consideration for others. Courtesy and grace are so winning and charming, and geniality is so far removed from falseness that it is surely due to children to set securely in the garden of their hearts the plants which bear such pleasant flowers. And, surely, a little wholesome discipline, which would shew them that however loved and cherished, they must not consider themselves the only persons of consequence, would help them to narrower views of their own requirements and wider views of other people's. Some of the best mannered children I ever knew had very decided, though very loving parents, who would not tolerate bad manners in babyhood. If the young children did not behave well at table they were promptly put out of the room, and they seldom offended a second time. Of course little children have to be taught to handle spoons, and eating in a seemly way does not come by nature; but I am writing of essential, not technical manners just now.

Children who are never allowed to subside, whose baby talk or older chatter is permitted to monopolise the conversation at meals, may be interesting and entertaining for a while, but become rather tiring except to their near relations. Parents are sometimes blind to this fact; they think a favour is always conferred upon you if Johnnie and Jemima are but happy and showing off.

I recall a mother who was rather severe with her little girl, and never let her be troublesome or in any one's way; the child was a favorite with every one, and friends used to give her many more indulgences than if she had been spoiled. Of course there was an earlier period of too great severity and distance; two ladies whom I once knew, used to deplore their unfortunate experience. "When we were children we were kept in subjection and thought nothing of, and now that we

are women children are indulged and made much of, and we have to give in to them!" They were kindly maiden ladies, at least as well educated as their young nephew, who as a little boy made grimaces when they reproved him, and as a young man let them hand the kettle (a domestic institution of those times) while he lounged in an easy chair, and pretended to be afraid that they would scald him.

But how to evoke the "loyal nature" and induce the "noble mind," this is the problem, and it has to be solved in various ways with various characters. The surrounding of children by noble persons and admirable things is an acknowledged means of guiding them to the exercise of admiration and love. But they have to learn good manners to very ordinary people, and I am afraid they have to be taught in some way or other (heretical as this may seem to doting parents) that they themselves are very ordinary children and that "giving themselves airs," is just a little foolish.

It is of course an exploded prejudice that easy chairs are for older persons, they are in modern houses the prey of the children of the family. I recall a little girl who, when on a visit with her mother, always took the specially comfortable chair of the old lady of the house, and curled herself up in it with a book. Whenever Mrs. Fitzpatrick entered, the mother would remark sweetly to the child, "Emily, wouldn't you like to give that chair to Mrs. Fitzpatrick?" and the old lady in indignation would reply, "Pray don't disturb yourself." The mothers do not seem to see that the jumping up of the children and their offer to resign the seat, while intended to give them a virtuous appearance of politeness, is just a little worrying to the persons deferred to in so ostentatious a manner. According to old-fashioned ideas, the requirements of good manners are more simply met when children habitually select the more ordinary chairs. Also, in other people's houses, it would seem to be desirable that they should not stand on chairs and sofas, but I find that I am singular in this opinion, and though a little check is sometimes administered, no actual discouragement is conveyed. I am reminded of the way in which people order their dogs. "Down, Pompey!" upon which Pompey jumps up the more. "Lie down, good dog!" upon which he rampages across the sofa and all over the room.

Unobtrusiveness in children is a most attractive quality, and draws one on to observe them with the greatest interest; it is consistent with any amount of life and energy, and does not mean dulness or stupidity, but due and wholesome subordination.

Goethe represents Wilhelm Meister as at one time a spectator of various exercises performed by the children under the overseer, by whom his son Felix was being educated. Meister expressed his surprise at hearing no instrumental music. "This is by no means neglected here," said the other, "but practised in a peculiar district, one of the most pleasant valleys among the mountains; and there again we have arranged it so that the different instruments shall be taught in different places. The discords of beginners, in particular, are banished into certain solitudes, where they can drive no one to despair; for you will confess that in well-regulated civil society there is scarcely a more melancholy suffering to be undergone, than what is forced on us by the neighbourhood of an incipient player on the flute or violin. Our learners, out of a laudable desire to be troublesome to no one, go forth of their own accord for a longer or a shorter time, into the wastes; and strive in their seclusion to attain the merit which shall admit them again into the inhabited world. Each of them from time to time, is allowed to venture an attempt for admission, and the trial seldom fails of success; for bashfulness and modesty, in this as in all other parts of our system, we strongly endeavour to maintain and cherish."

I imagine that it would be a counsel of perfection beyond even the aim of our respected Editor, to deliver parents and guardians from Willie's lame five-finger exercises and Mary's laboured scales, from "The Swiss Boy," with an occasional wrong note, and a "Venetian Barcarole" in most unequal time; but I have quoted the passage as implying an extreme insistance on the unobtrusiveness at which I ventured to hint.

Some friends are very kind in shewing to guests books of valuable plates, but when you look at them it is a signal for at least one little boy and one little girl to close in on you, embarrassing your arms, impeding your view, and enjoying it with you. You cannot barbarously shake yourself free, but you feel that if there were any convenient "wastes," you

would like the children to be in them for "a longer" rather than "a shorter time."

Wilhelm Meister asks for the explanation of certain dignified, yet singular gestures of salutation, and this is the answer he receives:

"Well-formed, healthy children, bring much into the world along with them. Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him, and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can discover it yourself, speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

The reply was "Reverence"! and a second time, "Reverence! All want it, perhaps you yourself."

He is then informed that the three kinds of gestures which he has seen are suggestive of a threefold Reverence—for that which is above us—for that which is under us—and for that which is around us. He challenges the statement that reverence is not natural to man, and speaks of the reverence or fear of rude people for violent convulsions of Nature, as the germ out of which a higher feeling was by degrees to be developed.

"Nature is indeed adequate to fear," is the reply, "but to reverence not adequate. . . . To fear is easy, but grievous, to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or rather he never so submits himself; it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only in some peculiarly favoured individuals unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account too have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business of all true religions."

As he rode along with the overseer on the following day, "they were saluted by the children as on the preceding evening: but to-day, though rarely, he now and then observed a boy who did not pause in his work to salute the overseer, but let him pass unheeded. Wilhelm asked the cause of this, and what such an exception meant. His companion answered: "It is full of meaning: for it is the highest punishment we

inflict on our pupils; they are declared unworthy to shew reverence, and obliged to exhibit themselves as rude and uncultivated natures: but they do their utmost to get free of this situation and in general adapt themselves with great rapidity to any duty. Should a young creature, on the other hand, obdurately make no attempt at return and amendment, he is then sent back to his parents, with a brief but pointed statement of his case. Whoever cannot suit himself to the regulations, must leave the district where they are in force."

At the winding up of the book (see Carlyle's translation) these memorable words occur: "Finally, we reckon it our duty, without pedantry or rigour, to practise and forward decorum of manners and morals, as required by that Reverence for Ourselves, which arises from the Three Reverences, whereto we universally profess our adherence."

We have drifted somewhat into solemnities, for manners truly are not idle; their importance is very great and they are being fashioned day by day from within and from without. Character is expressed by manners, and manners influence character. Defects are emphasized and confirmed if they are continually permitted to assert themselves; and if right feeling is inculcated or encouraged, it will manifest itself graciously in the demeanour of the child. Manners and morals act together and re-act upon each other.

During the American war, I met some ladies from one of the Southern States in a pension abroad; their glee when they had news of an advantage on their side was very painful to see, and the vulgar "we've whipped 'em" was *not* a gracious manifestation. One of them had a boy about eleven years old, who used to drive back his chair from the table as noisily as possible along the parqueterie floor, if any dish did not please him at dinner, his mother kindly explaining "he doesn't *like* it!" He would stamp out of the room and re-appear to make his observations of a course which perhaps he *might* like. No doubt he had had slaves at his command from babyhood, and he would have made a perfect slave-driver in manhood, if the supply had not mercifully failed.

In Mr. Ruskin's plan of education on St. George's estates. the children are required to shew "finished courtesy to each other," and "to obey orders with the precision of slaves,"

thus preparing themselves, or being prepared, for that right service which is perfect freedom.

Many parents, I observe, think it quite right if their children obey after a while, which is in fact saving their (supposed) dignity and pleasing themselves, in a manner which is tiresome to those who have the management of them. A child who is accustomed to instant obedience gains a habit which saves the young mind from much wearing friction; and a parent who can secure frank brightness of immediate response is repaid by the pleasant manners of the child, for much painstaking, thought, perseverance, and it may be, ingenuity in finding out how best to accomplish this end in individual cases.

Mr. Ruskin has remarked that the element of "learning" may be "left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners, religious faith, and manual skill."

CATO.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By R. H. Law.

The public is fond of labelling and cataloguing its leaders, and does not readily allow that the same man can achieve distinction in different kinds. Thus it is suspicious of literary tendencies in men of action, of interference in practical affairs by its spiritual and intellectual guides. A man has once made a joke, he is never to be taken seriously; another has made some contribution to ethical or political theory, in practical politics he is smiled at as a mere *doctrinaire*. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

Arnold was during his lifetime, to some extent the victim of this indisposition of the public mind to reconsider its verdicts. His fame as a poet suffered from his reputation as a critic. In his prose writings he had much that was interesting and even piquant to say on many—some of them very controversial—topics. Naturally his poetry was studied for further indications of his mind on these and kindred subjects. But many who were loudest in their praise of the subtle magic of his prose style, were captiously indifferent to the beauty of his verse; they would admit at most a certain lucidity of expression, a felicity of phrasing, a suggestiveness of thought, but little or none of the "fine frenzy" supposed inseparable from poetry. And it may be urged in their defence that the critical faculty, as popularly conceived, is the very antithesis of the poetic: the one being essentially analytic, destructive, tending ever to a nice discrimination to a careful and even meticulous qualification; the other

consisting mainly in a glow of creative heat, having issue in the burning words the swirling tumultuous eddies of song. But the popular conception of the critic is inadequate, for it ignores one indispensable part of his equipment—Imagination. What makes a great critic, a Ste Beuve or a Schèrer, is precisely his creative power, his knack of reconstructing imaginatively the writer with whom he is dealing: it is necessary to the *justesse* of his appreciation that he should be able to get inside his author, so to speak, see through his eyes as well as through his own. Had Arnold lacked this endowment of sympathetic yet creative imagination he would never have been our one great English critic.

But was not Arnold's after all the critical rather than the poetical imagination? Was not his poetry, when most significant and most sincere, merely criticism in verse? These questions will be best answered by a short consideration of the nature of poetry, its true *Differentia*, its place and influence and prospects in our modern world. To take the last question first: one is bound to note a certain suspicion or dislike of "poetry" at the present day. It is not that among the people the taste for "rhetoric," for high-flown diction, for "fine writing" and speaking is dead. Never was it so keen, though, alas, seldom so misguided: witness the popularity of Mr. Chauncey Depew's "oratory" (we shall soon be driven to substitute "transatlantic" for the obsolete "transpontine"), witness again the vogue of Mr. Lewis Morris. It is rather among the so-called cultivated classes that this dislike is most frequently to be observed. How often does one hear the unabashed confession "I can't endure poetry" from a man who would shrink from admitting that he had no taste for the fine arts! How much more rare is an ear for poetry than an ear for music? A refined and accomplished musician once remarked to me, "I think I should like Shakspere if he were only in prose." But this distaste is not always due to a defective ear: if it were, then vindication were a hopeless task, mere lost labour, a pleading of the Muse's cause in the courtsof Bœotia. It arises rather from a misunderstanding of the true function of poetry in modern life. Briefly—for I must not linger on this point,—the competition of the novel has rendered the epic (and perhaps also the dramatic) poem all but an impossibility for us of the

19th century. This was probably in Fitzgerald's mind when, hearing of Mrs. Browning's death, he uttered his famous "Then, thank God, there will be no more 'Aurora Leighs.'" But it would be rash to assume that the prose romance and prose writing generally are destined to supersede poetry altogether. As a living poet reminded us but the other day

> "Deep with the ancient
> Roots of man's nature
> Twines the eternal
> Passion of song."

Its sphere has been restricted, its office specialized, that is all. So far from the poet's occupation being gone, never was he needed more than in our tangled bewildering and bewildered age. Arnold has a two-fold claim on our gratitude in that he was at once the first to recognise the new demands made upon poetry, and the first to grasp the new opportunity. His famous definition of poetry as a "criticism of life," is the key to the proper understanding of the view he took and the principle embodied in his own work. Of course the definition, if taken without due qualification, is open to objection. Much profound "criticism of life" is not poetry; much excellent poetry cannot by any straining of the word be called criticism. But as serving to indicate the goal at which the best modern poetry—notably his own—is aiming, the definition is all that can be desired, only it must be remembered that such criticism must have an emotional—not a baldly rational—quality; its appeal is to the whole man, to heart and brain combined, not to the brain alone. But Arnold was fully conscious that he had laid upon poetry a difficult, well-nigh impossible task; to survey human life in all its infinite complexity, its varied movement; to have an eye for each vivid feature, to see the part in its individual salience yet not lose sight of its relation to the whole; to dissect life with the skill of an anatomist, yet handle it with the tenderness of a lover; and finally to so present it in his work that others shall not only see but feel. Surely this were no occupation for a careless hour, no slight service to render to a world requiring beyond all things to know itself. The man who should even essay such an emprise must be no "idle singer of an empty day."

In his "epilogue to Lessings Laocoon" Arnold sets himself to answer the question

> "Why music and the other arts
> Oftener perform aright their parts
> Than poetry?"

It is because the poet's work is more difficult, his material more overwhelming. The painter is busied only with (as Wordsworth has finely said)

> "One brief moment caught from fleeting time."

with what the two friends themselves see as they cross Hyde Park.

> "The passing group, the summer morn,
> The grass, the elms, that blossomed thorn,
> Those cattle crouch'd or as they rise
> Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes—
> These or much greater things but caught
> Like these, and in the aspect brought!
> In outward semblance he must give
> A moment's life of things that live;
> Then let him choose his moment well,
> With power divine its story tell."

So too the musician:

> "Some source of feeling he must choose
> And its locked fount of beauty use
> And through the stream of music tell
> Its else unutterable spell:
> To choose it rightly is his part,
> And press into his inmost heart."

But what is the poet's task? How does it differ from these?

> "Onward we moved, and reached the Ride
> Where gaily flows the human tide.
> Afar in rest the cattle lay;
> We heard afar faint music play:
> But agitated, brisk and near,
> Men, with their stream of life, were here."

After an animated description of the familiar scene

> "Behold at last the poet's sphere!
> 'But who' I said, 'suffices here!'"

The poet must

"Be painter and musician too,"

Must

"The aspect of the moment show"

not perhaps so vividly as the painter,

"The feeling of the moment know"

not perhaps explored with the depth of "the musician's lore,"

"But clear as words can make revealing,
And deep as words can follow feeling
But Ah! Then comes his sorest spell
Of toil—he must life's *movement* tell!
The thread which binds it all in one
And not its separate parts alone."

"All this eddying motley throng
* * * *
He (the poet) follows home and lives their life."

But who is equal to such an effort? Many are called but few chosen. Some catch transient glimpses, hear transient sounds of the mysterious stream, and these they render as best they can, "not as the painter can pourtray," "not as the musician well,"

"And when at last their snatches cease
And they are silent and at peace
The stream of life's majestic whole
Hath ne'er been mirrored on their soul."

Only to a few great ones is this boon granted.

But if our view of life is partial it is at least something gained to have recognised its fragmentary character: to have escaped the error of mistaking the part for the whole, of dwarfing the world to the puny scale of one's own conception. Approaching the criticism of life in some such spirit of humility, the poet of our day may chance upon some delightful unexplored nook which has escaped the notice of the kings of song. For, after all, it is permissible to doubt whether Homer's, Shakspere's world was co-extensive with the whole of life. The seer whose eye takes in earth and heaven in one imperious sweep may easily miss some delicate blossom shyly peeping at his feet. If one is unduly intent upon the music of the spheres one hardly notices, perhaps, the airy all—well

worth listening to—of some dainty sprite who is hovering quite near.

Arnold is essentially the poet of those rarer subtle moods of the soul which are so often suffered to "pass unregarded by," while the more vociferous passions absorb the attention. The loneliness, for instance, in which each of us, spite of friendship, spite of love, is doomed for ever to dwell.

How

> "In the sea of life enisled
> With echoing straits between us thrown
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild
> We mortal millions live *alone*."

How our hearts passionately protest

> "For surely once we feel we were
> Parts of a single continent."

And yet how vain the protest withal! for

> "A God, a God their severance ruled!
> And bade betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumbed salt estranging sea."

Or, again, as in the beautiful story of "The Forsaken Merman," the pathos of being unable to share in the higher life of one we love.

Or once more in "Euphrosyne" we learn how

> "Souls whom some benignant breath
> Hath charmed at birth from gloom and care,
> These ask no love, these plight no faith
> For they are happy as they are."
>
> "They shine upon the world! Their ears
> To one demand alone are coy;
> They will not give us love and tears,
> They bring us light and warmth and joy."

Or, again, in "Growing Old," the contempt, half for ourselves, half for human folly—

> "When we are frozen up within, and quite
> The phantom of ourselves
> To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
> Which blamed the living man."

A kindred trait is his preference for the shyer and more delicate graces of mind and character, rather than for the more blatant, rough and ready qualities which so often make

for "success in life." Hear him tell in "Bacchanalia or the New Age," how

> "In the after silence sweet
> Now strifes are hushed, our ears doth meet
> Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
> Of this or that down-trodden name,
> Delicate spirits, push'd away
> In the hot press of the noon-day."

But for Arnold's most characteristic and therefore his greatest work we must turn to his Elegiac poems. In his hands the Elegy is no passionate heart-cry, such as thrills us yet in David's "lament over Saul and Jonathan." Nor is it, like Lycidas, a beautiful pastoral which tells us little or nothing of the hero. Nor does it, like the splendid "Adonais" alternate between bitter invective and lavish praise. Arnold's elegies are criticisms, softened by regret, characterizations, touched with emotion; they are tender, pensive, and above all sincere. "The Scholar Gipsy" is dear to all Oxford men, for its exquisite pictures of Oxford county scenery, as

> "The stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe;"

Or

> "Some lone homestead in the Camner hills
> Where at her open door the housewife darns;"

Or

> "The skirts of Bagley wood
> Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
> Pitch their smoked tents;"

Or the distant view by night

> "The line of festal light in Christ Church hall."

Though it begins with a half playful *motif*, the Scholar-Gipsy's own shadowy figure in his singleness of aim is used with consummate skill as a foil to our vacillating half hearted generation

> "Of whom each strives nor knows for what he strives
> And each half lives a hundred different lives."

The strange fascination of our modern unsatisfying tormenting intellectual questionings is well hit off in the poet's warning,

> "But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
> For strong the infection of our mental strife
> Which though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
> And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
> Like us distracted and like us unblest."

A lighter note is struck again in the happy unexpectedness of the concluding stanzas, so abrupt, and yet so satisfying.

In "Thyrsis" the poet celebrates the memory of his friend Arthur Hugh Clough. In the last stanza but one we have an instance of that perfect sincerity which has already been mentioned as one of the qualities of Arnold's elegiac verse. All who know anything of Clough's life and poetry will appreciate the tender regretful truth of the lines

> "What though the music of thy rustic flute
> Kept not for long its happy country tone;
> Lost it too soon and learnt a stormy note
> Of men contention tost, of men who groan
> Which tasked thy pipe too soon and tired thy throat—
> It failed and thou wast mute."

In the "Memorial verses" on the death of Wordsworth we have perhaps the best criticism extant in prose or verse of Wordsworth and Byron, though the lines on Goethe may seem to us now just a little too favourable.

How true of Byron, how nobly this is said!

> "He taught us little: but our soul
> Had *felt* him like the thunders roll.
> With shivering heart the strife we saw
> Of passion with eternal law;
> And yet with reverential awe
> We watched the fount of fiery life,
> Which served for that Titanic strife."

And if we do not quite agree with the estimate of Goethe we must still admire the terseness with which Arnold has given us his opinion:

> "Physician of the iron age
> Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear:
> And struck his finger on the place
> And said: '*Thou ailest here and here!*'"

The criticism of Wordsworth himself has passed into a common place but to Arnold belongs the praise, if not for having first felt, at least for having first adequately expressed the reason for Wordsworth's greatness.

> "He found us when the age had bound
> Our souls in its benumbing round:
> He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.

He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease,
The hills were round us and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world."

This is perfect as criticism, exquisite as poetry.

In "Rugby Chapel" we have the noble tribute of a great son to a great father.

"But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and die.
Still thou turnedst and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand."

One feels that the key to Dr. Arnold's whole life is in those lines.

But of all these wonderful elegies perhaps the most interesting is "Heine's grave."

They are interesting alike for their subject and for the felicity of treatment. How true, yet how often forgotten what Arnold says about Heine's brave endurance of his terrible malady!

"Ah! not little, when pain
Is most quelling, and man
Easily quelled, and the fine
Temper of genius so soon
Thrills at each smart, is the praise
Not to have yielded to pain.
No small boast, for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinned by the thunder to rear
His bolt scathed front to the stars;
And undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing insane
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul."

It seems a little strange, however, to say with Goethe, that Heine of all people "had every other gift, but wanted love:" Heine! the writer of some of the most passionate love lyrics in the world's literature!

Heine! whose lately published letters to his mother and sister, prove conclusively that the poet who wanted love was full of affection for mother, sister and wife. Indeed who that has read his sonnet to his mother could suspect him of 'wanting love!' But we must pass on: here is a picture from the Reinbilden, when Heine relates how in descending from the Brocken at one point

"Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perch'd
Rock—to its iron cross
Once more thou cling'st: to the Cross
Cling'st! with smiles, with a sigh!"

And here too is a theory to account for Heine and indeed for the rest of us also.

"The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!—for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled; now 'tis passed away."

But if, as the poet goes on to say—

"We
Myriads who live, who have lived
What are we all but a mood
A single mood of the life
Of the Spirit in whom we exist
Who alone is all things in one?"

—if this is so, it may be asked why should one mood indulge in sardonic smiles at the absurdity of the others?

In "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," and the two poems "To the memory of the author of 'Obermann,'" we have Arnold's gravest thoughts on the "Maladie du siècle." What pathos in the comparison of his own presence among "The House, the Brotherhood austere," to a Greek who

"Thinking of his own Gods
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths and both were gone!."

How beautiful his comparison of himself and those who have shared his training and now his doubts to

"Children reared in shade
Beneath some old-world abbey wall,
Forgotten in a forest glade
And secret from the eyes of all!"

Glances they catch through the trees of troops of gallant soldiers, of blithe hunters and "dames in sylvan green," but they are not to be tempted from their solitude by the bravery of flashing banners and bugle notes

"Too late for us your call ye blow,
Whose bent was taken long ago."
"Fenced early in this cloistered round
Of reverie, of shade, of prayer,
How should we grow in other ground?
How can we flower in foreign air?
—Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease;
And leave our desert to its peace"

Here again is his description of those "âmes d'élite," "the children of the second-birth"

"Christian and pagan, king and slave,
Soldier and anchorite,
Distinctions we esteem so grave
Are nothing in their sight."
"They do not ask, who pined unseen,
Who was on action hurled,
Whose one bond is, that all have been
Unspotted from the world."

We have most of us wondered at the strange transformation which the Christian faith has wrought on the world. In "Obermann Once More" Arnold contrasts the pagan and the Christian temper.

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.
"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled
Aud on her head was hurled."
"The East bowed down before the blast
In patient deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past
Then plunged in thought again."

What could be finer, what truer than this description of the change which came over the "victorious West," when she had learnt her lesson from "the brooding East"?

"Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind,
And hurried torn with inward strife
The wilderness to find."

"Tears washed the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled!"

Space forbids me to do more than mention "Empedocles on Etna" with its strange questionings. "Merope," Arnold's attempt at a classical drama, it would have been interesting to have contrasted with Mr. Swinburne's essay in the same kind, "Atalanta in Calydon," but what I most of all regret is the necessity of passing by the longer narrative poems, especially "Tristram and Iseult," and "Balder Dead," and his last great elegy "Westminster Abbey." It has sometimes been objected to Arnold's style that it is altogether too cold, too austere for poetry. No doubt his fastidious taste led him to practise a certain restraint and economy: probably also he aimed consciously at the old Greek ideal of simplicity and directness and temperance. And though at first reading some of his work may seem—to our modern sophisticated taste—rather deficient in colour, rather too statuesque, it would be difficult to point to any place where the glow, the hue, the movement could well be emphasized without marring the effect. For depicting the half tones, the finer shades whether of character or incident or natural scenery, the discriminating reader will often find Arnold more satisfying than many who paint with a bolder brush. And, for a last word, Arnold is eminently a poet to live with.

Some of us who are perhaps soon wearied by the rush of Swinburnian Anapaests or cloyed by the mellifluous unction of Tennyson find in Arnold a perennial source of refreshment and delight.

FRÖBEL.

HERFORD'S STUDENTS' FRÖBEL.

By T. G. Rooper, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.

A long journey, a hot summer day and a crowded railway carriage—are these conditions under which children are likely to pass four or five hours happily? My travelling companions include two little girls of about the same age, namely, five years, each accompanied by their mothers. As the train steams out of the station, both children manifest the usual signs of juvenile excitement which a journey, and especially a railway journey, tends to produce. At the commencement of the journey there was really no perceptible difference between the state of the two little ones, both were suffering from a fit of high spirits. I was, however, much impressed by the difference between the way in which the mothers dealt with the attack, and the corresponding contrast between the results of their respective treatment. The one mother, highly amused at the antics of her child, encouraged them as much as possible. The little girl was never for a moment still; now she stood on the seat and played with the parcels in the hat rail, then she stretched her head so far out of the window that I thought the whole child must follow, and all the while she was chattering and laughing in a most engaging way.

As the sun climbed higher and higher, the carriage grew hotter and hotter. The little girl's restless activity produced first weariness and then ill temper. The mother, too, feels the heat of the carriage and becomes irritable, and the tricks of her little one, which at first had been amusing, become very irritating. As a remedy she gives the child apples to eat. This *ruse* answers for a time, and during the period of the

consumption of the fruit the child is "good." But the period of peace is short lived. The little girl soon has another fit of the fidgets and begins again to run up and down the carriage, to play with parcels and to climb on the seats. By this time the mother's patience is exhausted, and a smart slap is administered which leads to vocal music. Reconciliation is effected by the mediation of biscuits and chocolate. Alas, the remedy soon proved worse than the disease, for after a little, the heat of the carriage, the swaying of the train, and the excess of food, produce their natural results. "Mamma," says the pallid infant, "I feel sick." Fortunately the end of the journey was at hand, and this catastrophe was averted; but in what a state the child was in. Her face and hands were black, and her cheeks were smeared with tears. Her smart dress and pink ribbons were tumbled and dirty, and the seeds for a bilious attack were properly sown, and sure to produce a good crop on the morrow.

Now the other mother proceeded on a different plan from the beginning of the journey. Her policy was to moderate her child's ecstasy by a dexterous diversion of the attention. She adopted a simple way of fixing the restless and wandering thoughts of her child. "Look out of the window," she said, "and do you count all the horses you see in the fields joining the railway, while I count the cows, and we will see who counts the most." Similar occupations succeeded, and after a comparatively short time, the girl was not too excited to be amused with a favorite picture book. After that she folded fifty paper lighters, by which she earned a penny. The result of this management was that the child arrived at the journey's end travel-stained and tired, of course, but without having been unhappy for a moment, and without having injured her dress or her temper or her digestion.

My object in narrating this little history is to meet the objection of those who plausibly maintain that mothers have no need of a philosopher to aid them in the early training of their children. "The divine instinct of maternity will be a safer guide for mothers than the speculations of the most well-meaning philosophers." If the maternal instinct is an infallible guide, how are we to account for its breaking down in the case which I have described? It may be said "Common sense ought to have shown the mother of the restless little

girl that she was acting foolishly in encouraging the restless behaviour." My answer is that common sense is not the ordinary judgment which every one possesses, but the rare judgment of which every one approves. Hence, there is no true philosophy which does not issue in common sense judgment. The philosophy of Fröbel is based on a careful study of the way in which he saw the most intelligent mothers dealing with their children, and his originality consisted even more in explaining the principle of their success than in originating novel methods of his own. It was not Fröbel's idea to substitute philosophy for maternal instincts, but rather to show that in the treatment of their children by successful mothers a principle was involved which might be understood and applied by all who have to train young children, whether nurses or teachers, or even mothers like the one I have described, whose natural instincts failed to supply her with the art of managing her child.

It was Fröbel's object to enable all, not excepting the most successful of mothers, to do consciously what many of them had up till his time done unconsciously. A mother who has a good method of managing her children, and yet does not understand the principle of it, cannot impart to others the secret of her success, and hence her skill dies with her. I have noticed grandmothers who managed their own children skilfully enough quite fail to manage their grand-children. In contrasting the policy of the two mothers whom I have described, my contention is that one, the successful one, carried out Fröbel's principles without knowing it, while the unsuccessful one contravened them in many particulars, and I mean to say that if the latter had studied Fröbel she would not have made the mistakes which she did make, in spite of the supposed possession of infallible maternal instincts.

Although much has been written and talked about the Kindergarten, it must be admitted that hitherto the English reader who desired to study Fröbel's Theory of Education has had no easy task before him. Fröbel's thoughts are the reverse of superficial, and his language is obscure. It must be remembered that he spent about four years in Berlin (from 1812 to 1816), and that while there he took advantage of the Berlin High School which had been recently founded by William von Humbolt. Thus at the age of thirty he was

surrounded by a group of thinkers hardly to be matched even in a "nation of thinkers." There was Nieburh the Roman historian, Schleiermacher the theologian, Savigny the jurist, Fichte the philosopher, and Weiss the mineralogist, all of whom, and especially the last named, seemed to have exercised a direct or indirect influence on him. It was natural that in such a school as that a wealth of philosophical terms should arise and pass into daily use which, while it rendered the interchange of ideas easy in the group of thinkers actually composing the school, could not but prove a source of perplexity to those who live in another country and in another age. The translator of Fröbel's works labours under a great difficulty. If he translates Fröbel's philosophic terminology into simple English, he is apt to import certain ideas of his own in the process. In other words he interprets the author rather than translates him. If on the other hand he reproduces Fröbel's terms, the style appears clumsy and difficult.

Mr. Herford's "Students' Fröbel" seems to be the most successful attempt yet made to cope with this dilemma. In the space of about a hundred well printed pages he has given in intelligible English the leading principles of Fröbel's chief work, the "Erziehung der Menscheit," and while in his translation he adheres as closely as possible to Fröbel's own words with a view to elucidating the meaning of the text, he has accompanied it with an excellent marginal commentary or analysis, which renders the thoughts in the original easily intelligible.

Whoever takes the trouble to study this translation will see how impossible it is to follow Fröbel's practice in the Kindergarten without a knowledge of his principles.

One of the commonest notions about the Kindergarten is that it is an infant school, where little children play with balls, make paper patterns, hear stories, and sing little songs, instead of learning to read and write. There is no place it is thought, for the elements of reading, writing, or arithmetic. Yet Fröbel writes "Through the act of reading and writing, which must be preceded by a certain extent of living knowledge of the language, man rises above every other known living creature. Man first becomes a person by the practice of this art. Writing gives man the possibility of reaching

the highest earthly perfection." What Fröbel deprecates is the teaching of reading and writing as mere mechanical exercises, and before awakening in the child's mind any sense of the need for these accomplishments. Education, again, without a thorough knowledge of number, Fröbel regards as "no better than unsubstantial patch and rag work. The knowledge of number is the point of rest and safe guide in all the variety of nature."

Holding these views about the place in education of reading, writing, and arithmetic, Fröbel was the last man in the world to depreciate the three "r's." His aim was to improve the methods of teaching these important subjects.

In a proper Kindergarten considerable knowledge of language will be imparted, including skill in reading and writing, and the foundation of a knowledge of number will be securely laid. But the life which is led in the Kindergarten will not be such as if the whole of a little child's time in school could be profitably occupied in the attainment of a mechanical acquirement of the instruments of learning.

A schoolroom, where the course of studies consists of successive half hours of reading, writing, and arithmetic, is not according to Fröbel a place of education, although it may be a second rate workshop. Fröbel's varied programme is more or less as follows:—

(1) To awaken, nourish, and strengthen the religious sentiment.

(2) To get by heart religious sayings on nature and man, and their relations to God, to be used in prayer.

(3) Care of the body, as bearer of the mind. (Drills and varied rhythmical movements.)

(4) Observation of nature, starting from what is close at hand. The knowledge of number is dealt with in connection with observation of the outer world, and this study is not separated in Fröbels system from all other studies of objects as has commonly been the case in this country, until recently.

(5) To get by heart short poems representing nature and life, pieces which give life to objects near at hand and to events of home life. Singing and the elements of music are introduced in this connection.

(6) Exercises in language and speech, starting from observation of nature near at hand, passing on to the study of man's inner world, always keeping in view language as audible means of representation. Reading and writing are a part of such exercises.

(7) Exercises in material representation by law and rule, proceeding always from the simple to the complex. This includes constructive handwork in materials, such as paper, cardboard and wood, and modelling in clay.

(8) Drawing on square ruled slates.

(9) Perception of colours. Representation of them in given spaces.

(10) Play, that is voluntary exercises and representations of all sorts.

(11) Narrating histories, legends, fairy tales.

(12) Walks and short journeys.

Mr. Herford has succeeded in setting forth both clearly and succinctly the principles which determined Fröbel in selecting and arranging this plan of studies and occupations.

Fröbel was the first educational reformer to look on human life from the cradle to the grave as one whole. No one has insisted, as he has done, on the fact that, although life may be subdivided into stages, as infancy, childhood, adolescence, maturity, and age, yet life is a whole, and each separate stage which may be distinguished from the preceding and following stages admits of a perfection peculiar to itself independently of the other stages. The adult easily forgets the stages which he has outlived, just as we easily forget what it is to be hungry as soon as hunger is satisfied. The perfect life is one in which each stage of development has been as perfect as possible in itself. "The boy is not a boy nor the youth a youth merely because he has attained the age usually assigned to boyhood and youth, but by virtue of having lived through first childhood and then youth, faithful to the claims of his soul, his mind, and his body. No stage can be omitted, and defects or omissions in one stage will mar the full development of the succeeding stage." "Do not suppose," Fröbel would say, "that it is any justification for days spent miserably in childhood to insist that the after life will be happy and useful. The end of the child's occupation ought not to be thus placed

wholly outside itself. Each day of a child's life has an importance of its own, independently of the days which are to follow." The education of the child is not summed up in mechanical perfection of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"There is not," says Fröbel, "an object of manhood's thought or feeling which has not its root in childhood; not a subject of future instruction and learning but there plants its germs. Speech and nature lie open to it; the properties of number, form, size; the knowledge of space, the nature of force, the effects of different substances are beginning to be open to it. Rhythm, tone, shape appear to it in their germs as specially noticeable, the natural and artificial worlds begin to be clearly discriminated."

The second great principle which Fröbel elaborated far more completely than any of his predecessors, is the doctrine of the need of manual work in any and every course of studies which may be devised for the training of the child. "God," says Fröbel, "created man in his own image; therefore man ought to create and work like God. Our industry makes us like God, if our work is accompanied by an idea or thought. Manual work should not be only practiced for the purpose of supplying the body with sustenance. The main object of manual work should be to enable the worker to set before him, and outside of him, ideas which are within him—in Fröbel's judgment the spiritual or the divine dwelling within him. Fröbel's view of the value of manual work in the training of children led him to an opinion about the place of art in education which is peculiarly his own. The object of all human endeavour is, he says, threefold. (1) The striving after rest, that is the inner harmony of the thoughts within a man and the circumstances in which he is placed. (2) The striving after knowledge of the world which is outside and around him. (3) The striving to present to himself and others the conceptions and ideas which he has within him. The first of these strivings Fröbel calls Religion, the second he calls Science, and the third he calls Art. Art may be a presentment of the inner by sound, as in music, especially song, a presentment for the sight by colour, as in painting, or a presentment in space, as in modelling. "The feeling for art," says Fröbel, "is a general quality and gift of man, and ought to be cherished from the first. The particular child, even

though he may have no gifts to become an artist, will be by reason of his art training, better able to appreciate the value and meaning of works of art. Art must be treated as a serious school matter, and not be left to chance or caprice." Fröbel was much in advance of his age when he insisted on it that no education was complete, even in its early stages, unless it helped the child to a recognition of the many-sided activities of man, and to perceive and estimate the productions of genuine art.

But it may be asked after all how would a knowledge of Fröbel's Kindergarten have aided the ignorant mother, whose want of skill in dealing with children I described at the outset. Instructed by Fröbel the mother would have known that a child, though naturally desirous of activity and movement, soon tires itself if its activity is not directed to some definite object, however simple, and she would have taken care to find some plan of thus saving her child from itself and the consequences of its inexperience, just as the other mother did. Fröbel would say, "Do not check a child's tendency to play, but do not, on the other hand, leave the child to the results of its own unguided caprices. You must watch and guide the children's activities, following nature's lead, and carefully abstaining from taking it out of nature's hand, and substituting an artificial one of your own." This is the principle on which the successful mother acted, and though it is very simple and easy, both to comprehend and follow, when you know it, there is by no means the same ease in finding out the principle, and great is the trouble and infantile dolour that arises from ignorance of it. A study of Fröbel then would, first of all, have taught the mother the principle of utilising activity in her child, and secondly, a little experience in the use of his "Gifts" would have suggested ways of directing the child's movements to some agreeable occupation. "After all," it may be said, "the student of Fröbel will only do what some mothers will do by the light of nature." The reply is that were it otherwise Fröbel would have been the first to condemn his whole system.

The other principle of Fröbel which was violated on the journey was this. "Let food when it is given to a child be for the purpose of maintaining the body and mind in good health and not for any other purpose such as to amuse or

please or divert its attention." Fröbel was not so much thinking of the possibility of spoiling the child's digestion, a thing fortunately not so easy to do, as of the moral effect. Violation of this rule makes it harder for children to maintain control over themselves as they grow older, and leads them to resort to eating as the readiest way of amusing themselves when they have nothing better to do.

Mr. Herford's "Students' Fröbel" * may be cordially recommended to all those who may desire to understand the secret of Fröbel's extraordinary influence in all lands, and the undeniable success of his system when properly understood and applied. The book is worth pondering over, for it contains not merely a few practical hints which most people will find useful, but such a conception of what education should be, as, in spite of checks and failures, most enlightened parents are beginning to desire for their children.

* *The Students' Fröbel*, by William H. Herford. Isbister & Co.

THE HABITS OF INSECTS.

SPIDERS.

By Rev. A. Thornley, M.A., F.E.S.

Cobwebs! How frequently are they associated with dirt and desolation. Who would believe that a spider's web has its beautiful side! Yet the most unobservant person cannot fail to be struck with the great beauty of the geometric web of our common garden spider: and to be filled with delight when, as the misty autumn morning clears, he beholds fields and hedgerows covered with a delicate network of spiders' webs, like finest gauze. A little patient study of the work of spiders will bring out many wonders, and therefore I will ask you to accompany me into the garden, while we seek for one of those beautiful circular webs, common everywhere. Here is one. It is in the corner of an empty window frame of an old tool-house. In choosing such a spot, it is obvious the spider has got rid of many difficulties. For instance, there are capital points of attachment for its lines, close at hand; and where these are wanting, a single strong thread spun, as we see, across the angle, supplies all that is necessary. It is wonderful to observe the many devices by which a spider overcomes its web-making difficulties. In order to get a line across a certain space, it must sometimes walk a very long way round, and occasionally drop to the ground, and ascend to the wished for point by some neighbouring object; but if some light air or draught be available it has recourse to an ingenious device for accomplishing this purpose. Elevating its abdomen in the direction of the wind, it emits from its spinnerets a silken thread of some length, which, catching in the wind, is carried against some point of support, to which it adheres by virtue of a certain viscosity. A natural bridge being thus formed,

the spider readily crosses by it, and fixes her line. In this manner the outer boundary lines are laid, and it is then a comparatively easy task to stretch from the centre, the beautiful radiating lines. The little creature commences by stretching across the space thus marked out, what we might call a diagonal line: from the centre of this she stretches her first true radial line, following it by others, until the growing web presents that wheel-like appearance so well known. And now the real weaving commences. But before beginning this work, it is asserted by good observers that the spider frequently returns to the centre, and tries with her feet each line, substituting a new one for any that may be defective; then, beginning at the centre, she spins five or six fine concentric circles of silk close together, and after this, a few larger ones further apart. She then sets off along one of the radii, and fixing a thread near to its extremity, walks back towards the centre, her line running out after her, and steps over to the adjoining radius; there she draws her line taut and fixes it. In this manner she proceeds until the connecting circle is complete, as well as all the rest which follow it in regular and beautiful order. Thus in the space of sometimes little over an hour, the wonderful geometrical web is made. Sometimes, however, a thing happens, which I have not yet observed myself, and therefore relate on the testimony of others. The web being apparently finished, the little architect returns once more to the centre, and bites away the cotton like tuft formed by the union of all the radial lines, and which is now no longer necessary to hold these together. The result of this action is to produce that little circular aperture nearly always observed in the centre of the web. This is all I can tell you at present about the making of a spider's web. There are yet a great many points to be cleared up; and I think it would be a good thing, if one of our scientific societies would offer a prize for the best description, from original observation, of the mode in which a spider constructs its wonderful net. But whether this will ever be so or not, I hope I have sufficiently roused the enthusiasm of my readers to induce them to make some observations of their own on this very interesting subject. I daresay some have already noticed that I have very freely used the pronoun "she" in the above description, and this

indeed I have been obliged to do, for the "lady spider" is in every way "the better half." Very warily has "my lord" to pay his devoirs, for any unnecessary bashfulness on his part but precipitates his fate, which is, alas, to be eaten up.

If I have said enough about the way, we may now look at the means by which the spiders accomplish such wonderful results. With what instruments, and what materials do they work? Now the material out of which a web is made is a kind of silk, which is secreted as a viscid fluid by certain glands in the spider's body, and so viscid that it can be drawn out into long threads, which, by exposure to the air, rapidly harden. It is emitted through the fine tubes of an organ called a "spinneret," situated at the extremity of the abdomen. An ordinary spider usually possesses four of these, but in some species an extra pair are to be seen. Under a lens they present the appearance of four little nipples projecting from the extremity of the abdomen. Now it is a very interesting point that whilst the boundary and radial lines of a spider's web are made of perfectly plain and almost inelastic silk, the greater number of the inter-radial lines are made of quite a different quality of that substance, for it is of a finer make and very elastic, and when examined under a lens is seen to be studded at close intervals with little shiny globules of a viscid fluid; yet the innermost circles of all are made of ordinary silk, the viscid globules being absent. It is of course easy to see the reason of this difference. The centre of the web is the spider's resting place. Here she hangs, head downwards, her legs extended along the threads, so that the slightest vibration of the web is perceived by her at once. It is a nice instinct which prompts her thus to spread her bird-lime at a proper distance away. It will scarcely be necessary to remind you that a net of this description is always placed in a more or less vertical position, for being more or less at right angles to the direction of the flight of insects, it will be more likely to snare them than if placed horizontally. It is a well ascertained fact that the lines with the viscid globules are renewed daily, if not oftener. To keep the threads clear of one another during the delicate operation of web-making the hind feet of some spiders are

provided with a singular instrument, not unlike a little comb, by means of which the little creature guides each thread, keeping it clear of obstacles and preventing it from becoming entangled with loose threads. It is a pretty sight to watch a spider making her web, to note the terrible earnestness and unwearying industry she displays, the little pauses when she seems to be settling some knotty question, and the rapidity with which she works when a practical solution dawns upon her. She may well have stimulated the flagging energy of a Bruce, and like the bees may point the moral of the old latin poet, "Improbus labor, omnia vincit."

Whilst upon this subject of silk producing, I will say a few words about a phenomenon occasionally observed on fine calm days in autumn. Taking our morning walk we behold the ground and herbage covered with a vast multitude of fine webs, and the air filled with floating silken threads. This appearance is usually known by the name of "gossamer," a word which has given great trouble to philologists, but which if we are to accept Professor Skeat's explanation, admits of a very simple derivation, namely, "goose summer." Nor is this explanation unreasonable when we call to mind the appearance presented in the neighbourhood of a pond where the geese have been cleaning their feathers. We are not surprised that this extraordinary sight received many curious and absurd explanations from our unscientific forefathers. The poet Spenser imagined that it was the result of "scorched dew," and others, by a wilder stretch of imagination, regarded it as the same substance out of which light summer clouds were made. The power of observation in our forefathers seems on the average to have been very small; little encouragement was given to scientific training in those days, so that Nature's problems, when she produced any, were usually answered by drawing upon a lively imagination or making a happy guess. The well-known axiom of scientific advance, namely, to reason from what we know to what we do not know, seems to have been pretty generally reversed, and hence the most extraordinary blunders were propagated as sober truth. A little investigation soon discovers that spiders are at the bottom of the Gossamer. If one of the floating threads be caught and examined, it is very probable that a tiny spider will be perceived at the end of it, and

indeed these acronautic gambols are one way in which some species of young spiders enjoy themselves. Though a good deal is known about the Gossamer yet much of the secret remains for you to unravel. Spiders have, however, frequently been detected in the very act of "going up." A juvenile specimen was seen to ascend a post in order to attain a sufficient elevation for his launch off, then erecting his abdomen into an almost vertical position, he shot out rapidly from it a fine thread, then estimating by a nice instinct the quantity necessary for flotation, he cast himself loose in a gentle current of air, and was at once gracefully borne aloft. So high indeed do the spiders ascend in their aërial voyage, that they have been perceived in numbers in the air by an observer on the top of the highest tower of York Minster. Many kinds of spider do not spin webs, but catch their prey by giving chase to it. Fleet of limb, and strong of body, they are the wolves of the tribe, and to such perfection is this mode of capture carried, that one species, found not uncommonly on the banks of ponds and ditches, actually pursues its prey into the water. Another well-known spider, the beautiful *Dolomedes Fimbriatus*, of the Fen country, unites together with silken threads fragments of rushes or dead leaves, so forming a little raft; and from this coign of vantage it pounces upon any luckless insect that has fallen into the water, or any aquatic creature coming to the surface to breathe. It is said to run upon the water in pursuit of its prey with as much agility as it does upon land. The passage from these semi-aquatic forms to one entirely adapted to a watery environment is seen in the well-known *Argyroneta Aquatica* or Water Spider, *par excellence*. This species, at one time quite common, but now, owing to the pollution of so many streams, becoming rarer every year, is perhaps one of the most interesting creatures in all the range of animal life. It can be easily kept in an aquarium, so permitting of the leisurely study of its habits. It constructs an oval nest of pure white water-tight silk, and attaches it to the leaves or stems of some water plant. This is her home and fortress. Here she brings up her family, or devours at leisure her luckless prey. But the interest of this nest centres about the method by which she fills it, and keeps it filled, with air. It was a long time before the true solution of this problem

was found, and there are yet some points remaining to be investigated. Having completed her nest, the little creature ascends to the surface, and elevating the extremity of her abdomen momentarily above the water, draws underneath a bubble of air which is entangled, as it were, amongst the interstices of the long rough hairs with which her body is clothed. To assist in retaining her precious burden, and to prevent it being too readily dislodged by an unlucky contact with some obstacle, the sensible little creature extends and crosses her hind legs, and with the help of these holds in its place the bubble of air. She then carefully descends and discharges the bubble at the orifice of the nest; and this being situated at the lowest point of the structure, the air bubble naturally ascends into it, driving out a small portion of the water. This expedient is repeated until the little structure is filled with air; and now, owing to the diving-bell principle upon which it has been constructed, it is an easy matter to keep the water out, a fresh bubble of air being added as the former supply becomes a little exhausted. The Water Spider is a large dull reddish species, with an olive brown body, thickly covered with rough hairs, which subserve indirectly the purpose of respiration. It is thus enabled to carry a constant supply about with it, and very pretty it looks when seen swimming about the recesses of its pool, clothed with its silvery mantle of air.

And now I want to tell you about some spiders which make nests of quite a different character to these which we have just been considering. From a certain peculiarity of their dwellings they are called "Trap-door" Spiders. Most of the species excavate in a sloping clay bank, a tubular burrow about a foot long, and nearly an inch wide, though these proportions vary much with the different species. The inside of the burrow is then lined with silk, and the aperture closed with an ingenious little circular door, made of alternate layers of silk and earth, and as true in its proportions as if the little architect had employed a pair of compasses in its fabrication. Not unfrequently this little door is covered with moss, which disguises it so completely that even a practised eye fails to distinguish it from the surface of the ground. The precision with which the little lid fits its aperture is secured through the device of bevelling it away at the edges;

the hinge too, by which it is secured, is always, by a wonderful instinct, placed at the highest point of the circular opening; thus, it naturally shuts to at the ingress or egress of its owner. It is no easy task to raise one of the little lids if the occupier be at home. The brave little creature seizing the lining of its tube with its fore feet, fixes its hind feet in the silken pad of its little door, and holds on almost to the point of being pulled in pieces. If we think for a moment of the amount of toil and industry displayed by this little spider, the variety of instincts it exhibits, and the beautiful workmanship that results from its efforts, we cannot fail to be filled with a sublime sense of wonder mixed with awe, at the Infinite Mind which called all this energy into existence. The species of Trap-door Spiders are widely distributed, being represented in most parts of the world, but the finest specimens come to us from the West Indies. I have, however, received very beautiful examples of a smaller species from Italy; indeed a somewhat aberrant member of the group has been found in the South of England. This species (*Atypus Piceus*), though it constructs a long silken tube, does not close the entrance to its dwelling with a door, but prolongs the silken lining several inches beyond its exit from the ground, so that the aërial portion forms a kind of flap which naturally closes its burrow.

Now all the spiders we have been considering are of small size; but it was reported many years ago, that gigantic spiders, several inches long and larger than many a bird, were to be seen in South America. Such reports were at first received by naturalists with great incredulity, but the observations of the late Mr. H. W. Bates, F.R.S., during a lengthy sojourn in the region of the river Amazon, have shown us that the earlier reports contained more truth than was suspected at the time. For this accurate and careful observer relates how on one occasion he discovered a large spider in a deep crevice of a tree. This monster was nearly two inches in length of body, and with its long legs expanded must have covered half a square foot of ground. Across the deep fissure in which it was hiding, was stretched a dense white web, the lower part of which was apparently broken by the struggles of two small birds, which lay entangled in its fragments. One was dead, the other which died soon after

its removal was smeared with a slimy saliva, which Mr. Bates not unreasonably imagined had been ejected by the spider. Whether the horrid creature had actually entrapped and killed the birds, or whether they had been caught in the web by accident, must be a matter of conjecture. I believe that some of these monsters have been kept in the Insect House, at the Zoo, and that on one occasion one was seen to attack and kill a mouse.

Tradition, moreover, has associated very terrible results with the bites of some kind of spiders. We have all of us read of the dreadful and venomous "Tarantula" (*Lycosa Tarantula*), a "Wolf" spider common in the South of Europe, the bite of which was asserted to produce a singular kind of madness. The person bitten was seized with a dancing mania, to cure which the homœpathic principle of "like cures like" was applied. The poor sufferer was forced to dance to the lively strains of certain musical compositions, fitly called "Tarantelles," and encouraged to keep up this vigorous exercise until exhaustion set in, when, naturally enough, death or cure resulted. Modern investigation however, has shown that in this, as in many similar cases, there was more of fraud than truth. For it appears that the bite of the Tarantula in ordinary circumstances, results in little more than a slight swelling and inflammation.

But I see that the space at my disposal is rapidly drawing to a close, and indeed is almost finished; and though I had purposed at the beginning of this article, to say something about the structure of spiders, I must for the present relinquish this idea. I hope what I have said may result in some valuable contributions by some of you, to our yet very defective knowledge of the habits and instincts of Insects.

PARENTS IN COUNCIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from May No.)

"WE have listened to you, gentlemen, with great deference. We have profited much, and perceive a great field of work before us. I hope we may get a little outside help. I heard the other day of a young lady learned in mosses who is in the habit of taking the children she knows on 'mossing' expeditions. But what I wish to say is, Education, like Charity, begins at home, and you have chosen to lead us far afield at the very outset!"

"Truly, we did go off at à canter! But don't you think 'tis a matter for curtain discipline? If your son Tom had not 'wondered what you are' we might have begun quite at the beginning, if there is one; or, most likely, should have been till this moment wondering where to begin! We are grateful to you, Henderson, for starting us anywhere; and more so to Mrs. Henderson for her axiom, Education begins at home; then, dear madam, to home we hie us, and may we see what to do when we get there!"

"I daresay experienced people get to know all about it," said Mrs. Clough; "but the mother of even two or three little ones has a sense of being at sea without rudder or compass. We know so little about children, or, indeed, about human beings at all! Parents before our time had something to go upon; and the young mother could ask counsel of her elders on all matters from 'cinder tea' to the choice of a school. But now science is abroad; many of the old wise saws turn out, not only mischievous, but ridiculous! We can't keep hold of the old, we can't get hold of the new, and there we are, like Mahomet's coffin!"

"You have described our quandary exactly, Mrs. Clough! And what you say accounts for many things. The older people complain that the children of these days are growing up lax, self-pleasing, disobedient, irreverent. Now, I think myself there is a great deal that's fine in our children. They are much more of *persons* than we were at their age; but that they do pretty much what is right in their own eyes, are neither obedient nor reverent, nor even respectful, is, I am afraid, a true bill. But don't you see how it is? We are afraid of them. We feel as a navvy might, turned in to dust the drawing-room ornaments! The mere touch of his clumsy great fingers may be the ruin of some precious thing. We parents, no doubt, get tenderness and insight from above to enable us for our delicate work; so I suppose it is our own fault that the children are beyond us."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Meredith? And if you, mothers, don't know what to do with the children, who does? The enlightened father lays himself out for a snub if he sets up for an authority at home."

"Oh, yes! you men make ludicrous blunders about children! But that's no help. A young mother gets a tender human creature into her keeping, full of possibilities. Her first concern is, not only to keep it in health, but, so to speak, to fill it with reserves of health to last a life-time. At once her perplexities begin. I shall not even ask to be excused for venturing upon details; the affairs of a young human being are important enough to engage the attention of Queen, Lords and Commons, did they but know it! Well, a mother I know wished her child to be clothed delicately, as befits a firstborn. She sent to Ireland for a delicious baby trousseau of lace and cambric. You gentlemen don't understand! Well, hardly had the dear little garments gone through their first wash, when somebody tells her that ''oo' a' 'oo' is the only wear for babies and grown ups. I doubt if to this day she knows why, but there was a *soupçon* of science in the suggestion, so the sweet cambrics were discarded and fine woollens took their place. By and by, when the child came to feed like other mortals, there was a hail of pseudo-science about her ears. 'Grape-sugar,' 'farinaceous foods,' 'saliva,' and what not; but this was less simple than the wool question. She could make nothing of it, so asked her doctor how to feed the

child. Further complications arose: 'the child sees everything;' 'the child knows everything;' what you make him now he will be through life;' 'the period of infancy is the most important in his life.' My poor friend grew bewildered, with the result that, in her ignorant anxiety to do right, she is for ever changing the child's diet, nurse, sleeping hours, airing hours, according to the last lights of the most scientific of her acquaintance; and 'tis my belief the little one would be a deal better off brought up like its mother before it."

"Then, Mrs. Meredith, you would walk in the old paths?"

"Not a bit of it! Only I want to see where I'm going. I think we live in an age of great opportunities. But my contention is, that you cannot bring up children on hearsay in these days; there is some principle involved in the most everyday matter, and we must go to school to learn the common laws of healthy living and well-being."

"Mrs. Meredith is right: here is serious work sketched out for us, and of a kind as useful for ourselves as for our children. We *must* learn the first principles of human physiology!"

"Would not it do to learn what is called Hygiene? I have a notion that is physiology made easy; that is, you are just taught what to do, without going *fully* into the cause why."

"No, we must stick to physiology: I don't believe a bit in learning *what* to do, unless founded upon a methodical, not scrappy, knowledge of *why* we do it. You see, all parts of the animal economy are so inter-dependent, that you cannot touch this without affecting that. What we want to get at is, the laws for the well-being of every part, the due performance of every function!"

"Why, man, you would have every one of us qualify to write M.D. to his name!"

"Not so; we shall not interfere with the doctors; we leave sickness to them; but the preservation of health, the increase in bodily vigour, must be our care. In this way, we acquaint ourselves fully with the structure of the skin, for example, with its functions, and the inter-dependence between these and the functions of certain internal organs. Now, secure vigorous action of the skin, and you gain exhilaration of spirits, absolute joy for the time, followed by a rise in the sense of general well-being, *i.e.*, happiness. You remember how a popular American poet sits on a gate in the sun after

his bath, using his flesh-brushes for hours, until he is the colour of a boiled lobster, and 'more so.' He might be more seemly employed, but his *joy* is greater than if daily telegrams brought him word of new editions of his poems. Well, if due action of the skin is a means to a joyous life, to health and a genial temper, what mother is there who would not secure these for her child? But the thing is not so simple as it looks. It is not merely a case of bath and flesh-brush: diet, clothes, sleep, bedroom, sunshine, happy surroundings, exercise, bright talk, a thousand things must work together to bring about this 'happy making' condition. What is true of the skin is true all round, and we cannot go to work with a view to any single organ or function; all work together: and we must aim at a thorough grip of the subject. Is it, then, decided without 'one if or but,' that we get ourselves instructed in the science of living?"

"The 'science of living'—yes! but that covers much beyond the range of physiology. Think of the child's mind, his moral nature, his spiritual being! It seems to me that we already make too much of the body. Our young people are encouraged to sacrifice everything to physical training; and there is a sensuousness well hit-off in George Eliot's 'Gwendoline,' in the importance given to every detail of the bath and the toilet. One is weary of the endless magnification of the body and its belongings! And, what is more, I believe we are defeating our own ends. 'Groom' the skin, develop the muscles, by all means; but there is more to be thought of, and I doubt if to live to the flesh, even in these ways, is permissible."

"Right, Mrs. Meredith! But don't think for a moment that physiology lends itself to the cult of muscle. Here is a youth whose *biceps* are his better part: like most of us, he gets what he aims at—some local renown as an athlete. But what does he pay for the whistle? His violent 'sports' do not materially increase the measure of blood which sustains him: if the muscles get more than their share, their gain implies loss elsewhere, to the brain, commonly, and, indeed, to all the vital organs. By and by, the sports of youth over, your brawny, broad-chested young fellow collapses; is the victim of *ennui*, and liver, lungs, or stomach send in their requisition for arrears of nourishment fraudulently made away with."

"But, surely, Mr. Meredith, you do not think lightly of physical development? Why, I thought it one of the first duties of parents to send their offspring into the world as 'fine animals.'"

"So it is; but here, as elsewhere, there is a 'science of the proportion of things,' and the young people who go in violently and without moderation for muscular feats are a delusion and a snare: in the end they do not prove 'fine animals;' they have little 'staying' power."

"But a child is more than an animal; we want to know how mind and moral feelings are to be developed?"

"Even then, Mrs. Tremlow, we should find much help in the study of physiology—mental physiology, if you like to call it so. The border-line where flesh and spirit meet seems to me the new field—an Eldorado, I do believe—opened to parents and to all of us concerned with the culture of character. I mean, the habits a child grows up with appear to leave some sort of register in his material brain, and thus to become part of himself in even a physical sense. Thus it rests with parents to ease the way of their child by giving him the habits of the good life in thought, feeling, and action, and even in spiritual things. We cannot make a child 'good,' but, in this way, we can lay paths for the good life and the moral life in the very substance of his brain. We cannot make him hear the voice of God, but, again, we can make paths where the Lord God may walk in the cool of the evening. We cannot make the child clever, but we can see that his brain is nourished with pure blood, his mind with fruitful ideas."

"I suppose all this would be encouraging if one were up to it? But I feel as if a great map of an unknown country were spread before me, where the few points one wants to make for are unmarked. How, for instance, to make a child obedient, kind, and true?"

"Your question, Mrs. Tremlow, suggests further ground we must cover: a few set rules will be of little service; we must know how much there is in 'human nature,' and how to play upon it as a musician on the keys of his instrument. We must add to our physiology, psychology, and, to psychology, moral science. Complex, yet most simple, manifold, yet one, human nature is not to be ticked off in a lecture or two as a

subject we have exhausted; but there is no conceivable study which yields such splendid increase for our pains!"

"And the spiritual life of the child? Does either of these 'ologies' embrace the higher life, or is it not susceptible of culture?"

"Ah, there we have new conditions—the impact of the Divine upon the human, which generates *life*, 'without which there is no living.' The life is there, imparted and sustained from above; but we have something to do here also. Spirit, like body, thrives upon daily bread and daily labour, and it is our part to set before the child those 'new thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven,' which should be his spiritual diet; and to practise him in the spiritual labours of prayer, praise, and endeavour. How?—is another question for our Society to work out."

A MES ENFANTS, GLADYS, GEORGE ET LANCELOT.

PETIT OPERA POUR LES ENFANTS

en un acte

PAR MRS. W. D. HALL.

PERSONNAGES.

La mère : MDME DE LA VALAIS.

La gouvernante : MADLLE RUISSEAU.

Les enfants : LOUISE, EMILE ET JACQUES.

La scène se passe dans la maison de campagne de Mdme de la Valais.

SCÈNE I.

LA TERRASSE.

(*Une table à thé, Madame de la Valais assise dans une chaise. Les enfants, des fleurs à la main, courent auprès d'elle.*)

LOUISE : Dites donc, Maman, où allons nous passer le jour de fête de Jacques ; tu as promis de nous le dire aujourd'hui ?

MDME DE LA VALAIS : Ah ! tu es curieuse ma fillette ! tu veux donc savoir le secret dont je t'ai parlé.

LES ENFANTS (*ensemble*) : Dites-nous, Maman, nous voudrions le savoir.

MDME DE LA VALAIS : Eh bien ! nous allons tous passer la journée à la forêt de la Fougère.

JACQUES : Que c'est charmant ! est-ce que nous irons par le chemin de fer, comment pourrons-nous nous y rendre, car c'est loin d'ici, n'est-ce pas Maman ?

MDME DE LA VALAIS : Oui c'est assez loin d'ici, cinq lieues à peu près, je crois que vous irez en voiture.

LES ENFANTS (*ensemble*) : En voiture ! mais comme cela sera charmant.

(*Entre la gouvernante, les enfants courent à sa rencontre.*)

LES ENFANTS : Oh, Mademoiselle ! savez-vous la grande nouvelle. Nous allons tous demain à la forêt de la Fougère.

MDLLE RUISSEAU : Ce sera délicieux mes chérs.

(*Les enfants chantent*).

Chantez ! chantez, mes enfants,
Une chanson qui parle du printemps
C'est moi, c'est moi ! que je suis beau
C'est moi qui donne des fleurs
C'est moi qui fais passer les heures
Si vite dans les bois.

(*Les enfants disparaissent en chantant.*)

SCÈNE II.

LA FORÊT.

JACQUES : Ah ! que c'est beau de passer sa fête dans les Bois.

EMILE : Que c'est charmant de marcher sur le gazon, je voudrais toujours être dans les bois.

LOUISE : Maintenant nons allons mettre le couvert.

(*Les enfants commencent à défaire un panier.*)

LES ENFANTS (ENSEMBLE) : Maman et Mademoiselle vous allez vous asseoir, et nous, trois, nous allons mettre le couvert.

LOUISE : Voilà les verres et du vin.

JACQUES : J'ai trouvé un poulet et du jambon.

EMILE : Et moi de la salade.

LOUISE : Et moi le gâteau et des biscuits.

JACQUES : Voilà aussi des petits pains et du beurre.

LOUISE : Qu'est-ce qu'il-y-a dans ce petit paquet ?

EMILE : Nous allons regarder.

LOUISE : Ah ! c'est-du sel.

JACQUES (*sentencieusement*) : Le sel est une chose bien nécessaire.

(*Les enfants chantent.*)

"Remercions le père Eternel
De toutes les choses qu'il nous donne
Béni soit le père Eternel
Pour toutes les choses qu'il nous donne.

Que son nom soit sanctifié
Pendant tous les jours qui passent
Béni soit le père Eternel
Pour toutes les choses qu'il nous donne."

SCÈNE III.

Chez Madame de la Valais.

Mdme de la Valais: Maintenant mes enfants. Dites-moi vous êtes vous bien amusés ?

Les Enfants: Beaucoup, beaucoup. Maman chérie.

Mdme de la Valais: Dis-moi donc, Louise, qu'est-ce que c'est que tu as vu dans le bois ?

Louise: Ah! j'ai vu un petit écureuil qui grimpait vite sur un arbre, il me regardait de ses yeux brillants, il avait une queue magnifique.

Mdme de la Valais: Et toi Emile, qu'est-ce que tu te rappelles de la forêt qu'as tu vu ?

Emile: J'ai vu une petite souris aux yeux vifs et luisants courir si vite, si vite, pauvre petite, elle avait peur.

Mdme de la Valais: Et toi, mon petit garçon, qu'as tu à dire.

Jacques: J'ai entendu chanter un petit rouge gorge perché sur un arbre, il semblait nous dire si tristement " Adieu, adieu mes enfants, bientot vous aurez l'hiver. alors je chanterai. et vous m'éconterez. A présent il-y-a tant d'oiseaux qui chantent que vous n'entendez jamais le pauvre petit rouge-gorge."

(*Les enfants chantent en se frottant les yeux.*)

Solo Emile: Je ne suis qu'un petit enfant mais j'ai fait de mon mieux. Je voudrais, mesdames et messieurs, que vous fussiez contents.

Bon soir. Bon soir.
Car mon Dodo m'attend.

Les Enfants ensembles: Nous ne sommes que de petits enfants, et nous sommes presque endormis nous avons tous fait de notre mieux.

Adieu Bonne nuit. Bon soir.
Nous sommes tous presque endormis.
Bon soir. Bon soir, bonne nuit. Il faut que nous allions au lit. Bon soir, bon soir. Bonne nuit.

(*Les enfants s'étendent comme pour dormir et les aernières notes expirent doucement.*)

Fin.

TEL SONO, A JAPANESE REFORMER.

"I am a little Japanese woman."

(*From her Autobiography*).

CHAPTER VI.

IT was the 19th day of December, 1885, that I set sail for America, arriving in San Francisco the 7th of January, 1886.

Before leaving my country, I wrote the following poem:

"My dear native land, my heart will never change its purpose, my duty to you will never be forgotten. If my purpose cannot be perfected I will never return to you, but will die in the strange country, and there my body will turn to dust."

To all who had hired money of me I gave back the notes which I held against them, valued at over one thousand dollars.

Three months after my arrival in San Francisco the Bank of Japan, in which my money was deposited, failed. When I heard of that I concluded it would not have been right for me to use this money, which had been obtained in the business of law, because in making one person happy I had made another sad, in making one love me I had made another hate me, and that surely could not be right.

Now, I said, is my opportunity to gain a varied experience. I determined to do housework, not only to earn my living and make money for my future work, but also to see how different people lived. I hired a room in a colored family, and began to look about for employment. Not knowing any thing of the English language, my situation was rather a difficult and painful one.

One morning a gentleman came to the Japanese Mission and wanted a boy or girl to do house-work and cooking. No one was willing to go because it was so far from San Francisco and on a farm, but I wanted to see how American farmers lived and said I would go. He asked me if I could cook and do housework. As I could not speak English, a friend answered for me and said I could do any work.

Then he engaged me, and we took the train to his home. His wife was waiting for us at the station with the buggy.

The family numbered six, the gentleman and his wife, their daughter, two hired men, and myself. The house was large, containing fourteen rooms, surrounded by a beautiful yard, in which were many flowers. The gentleman was a Mexican, and his wife a very proud German woman. She was angry because I could not speak English, and knew so little about housework, as it gave her trouble to teach me; and she would scold her husband for engaging me. Every morning, to atone for his mistake, he would get up early and teach me how to cook the breakfast. His wife taught me at dinner-time, and in about ten days I could do the work. One morning I made the biscuits without any baking-powder, so the next time she had her daughter make them for me to bake; but I did not know how long to let them stay in the oven. At dinner-time, after ringing the first bell, I looked at them and saw they were all black. I felt so ashamed and troubled that I hid them under the wood in the kindling box. She called me to bring in the biscuits, but I could not; so she came into the kitchen, and, not finding them, asked me where they were. I said, "Please excuse me! Please excuse me." I was very much afraid, because when angry she would slap her daughter, so I ran and hid in the closet. A long time after I told her about it and she laughed very much, as she had then learned to love me.

I had to work very hard from morning until night, and, as I had no time to study, decided to hide every day for twenty minutes and read my books. Often I studied until twelve o'clock at night, and in that way succeeded in translating the Third and Fourth Readers. Not being accustomed to work, it caused my hands to become sore and my limbs to swell so that I had to lie down to study at night. When my friends saw the books I translated they were surprised and very much pleased.

I asked Mr. Meyama, my pastor, to find me a room for which I would have to pay little or nothing. He answered laughingly that he could not unless I were willing to stay down cellar in the darkness. I said I would try it, so he went with me to see a room under the Chinese Mission.

It had no windows, but a little light came from a hole through which I could see the feet of the people as they passed by on the street. As I had no money to pay rent I decided to stay there.

Mr. Meyama swept and washed the floor, then brought a candle and lamp, an old bedstead, and a sheet from the mission. He told me to sew the sheet up leaving one end open. When I had done so he took it away, and after a while returned carrying what I thought was a large white post. He put it on the bedstead and said it was my bed. "Am I to sleep on a big post?" I asked. It would become very comfortable, he said, after I had slept on it a week. When he had gone away I examined my strange looking bed and found it was made of many white sticks. I did not believe I could sleep on it, and, going to Mr. Meyama, told him I thought he had played a joke on me. He said, "O no, indeed! That is truly a bed, a chip bed, as we call it in this country."

To convince me he showed me the young men's beds in the mission, and said they were just like mine at first. I returned to my cellar still greatly troubled at the thought of sleeping on such a queer thing. I went to school that night as usual, but on my return could not study for wondering where I should sleep. I tried to make the bed smooth and even by knocking it with my hands, but my attempts were vain. Then I tried another experiment, which seemed more successful, and went to bed only to fall out while asleep. This frightened me; but I determined to try it once again, and, taking the ropes from my trunk, tied the bed to the bedstead, and lay down this time to sleep till morning. During the days that followed I was very homesick, and every night dreamed of my native land. When I had time I would go to the top of a hill, and, sitting down on the grass, look out over the sea towards my home and say:

"Ah, poor dismal heart!
In a strange land art thou,
Alone and friendless!
Thou has no one to comfort thee,
No one to listen to the tale of thy woe.
The great deep lies between thee and home,
The clouds hang a veil before thine eyes;
And in vain thou cryest
For native land and mother!"

I was indeed sad! The light of God's truth had not yet shone into my heart, my present position was very low, and the future was full of darkness in respect to the accomplishment of my work.

A Christian lady, Mrs. E. P. Keeney, who lived in the city of San Francisco, hearing of my wretched condition, took me to her home and showed me great kindness.

She taught me so that in three months I could read through the First and Second Readers. Then she went away and I returned to the cellar. During the day I worked at different places and at night attended school. On account of the dampness of the cellar I could not sit with my feet on the floor, so always sat on the bed to study, my little candle burning beside me. The bed, by the way, had become very comfortable, so that I used to say when coming in tired, "Dear bed, I love you better than the one at home!"

One midnight I was awakened by a great noise. Some colored men were quarrelling and fighting. I was greatly afraid, for I thought that they might come into my room, because they had already kicked to pieces two doors in the next room. I felt very lonely and prayed, "O, true God, come and save me! I am very much afraid of that noise. Help, I pray, lest they come and kill me!"

I believed God would make peace between them for me and, at once I ceased to fear. From that time I began to pray again to the "true God." I attended every meeting of the Japanese Mission, and tried to find Him, but could not. Still I continued to pray alone in my cellar, and always felt happy after prayer.

(*To be continued.*)

(Printed in the *Parents' Review* with the kind permission of Madame Tel Sono, in the hope of interesting many in her noble educational work.)

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

By Mrs. Francis Steinthal.

Nursery Modelling.

It is most important in the teaching of modelling to little children that they should each have the model they are copying before them. The pride of possession leads them to carefully study the points of their own particular model, and as no two are ever alike, leads of course to individuality in treatment and finish. I have often seen when visiting large classes, thirty oranges turned out, all as alike as a row of pins, and all carefully mottled with a pen point, to resemble the rough skin of the lion orange. A very nice play for an hour, but the children know no more about form, nor using their eyes rightly, at the end of the hour, than they did at the beginning. A good modeller is *always observing and comparing*, and this is the power we must help the children to cultivate. We will suppose a class of six children, and for the first lesson we will take an apple. In a previous paper I recommended terra cotta clay to parents, but I would now advise modelling paste for nursery use. It requires no wetting, is perfectly clean, and hardens sufficiently to do away with baking. It costs 1s. 6d. per lb., and can be obtained from Alberti, 1, Oxford Road, Manchester, either in grey (a lovely shade) or terra cotta. It is rather more costly than the terra cotta, but saves the nursery furniture and the children's clothes.

Owing to the increased cost, I would advise the teacher to take six small apples. Place the pupils round the table, and sit at the head. Each child and the teacher will have a board before her, a lump of paste or clay, and an apple on the table, and a piece of twig one inch long. Make the children first tell you if the model is round like a ball, or like the earth, if the skin is smooth or rough, if it is quite even all round, etc.

Then take a piece of paste and put it on the board, and add to it little by little more paste, always pressing it together with the thumb. A child must be all thumb in modelling. When it appears about the size of the model, take it in the palm of the left hand and roll it round and round between the two hands, slightly flatten at both ends, and make an indentation by pressing the little finger in.

Place the apple on the board, take up a little paste the size of a doll's button, roll it round in the hand, and place it in the hollow, then poke it with the twig to look like the rough little tip seen on the model.

Take the apple again into the left hand, and turn it up. After this the clay must not be placed again on the board, as the pressure would flatten the beautiful round end.

Make another hollow with the little finger, and put the twig in it. Clay stalks are disappointing and always disappear.

As the children have noticed that the models are all smooth, if you are working in paste carefully go over the surface with the right thumb, carefully noticing any special marks seen on their individual model. The apple is then finished, and the children have had a good lesson in seeing.

A pear can be taken in the same way, and next month we will take other forms and textures.

For the benefit of the busy mother I will give a summary of the above, which may be of use during the lesson :

1. Place board, clay, model and little twig before each child.
2. Press small pieces together with the thumb.
3. Take in palm of left hand.
4. Roll.
5. Make hollow with little finger.
6. Make tip and put it in.
7. Work it with twig.
8. Take in left hand.
9. Make hollow on other side.
10. Put in twig.
11. Mark little differences.
12. Smooth.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY? THE WORKER'S GAME.

This game can be played either in the house or garden, and is an inexhaustible source of pleasure to children, having,

like the lyrical drama, "This is the way we wash our clothes," no ending. Many games that are now-a-days approved of by even educationalists are very good in tone, elevating to the morals, and fold up the pill of instruction in the sweetest and prettiest of sugar dresses; but everything is done for the children, they are not allowed to invent themselves. They are told two little girls are girls no longer, but pigeons, and that two other children are a pigeon-cote, and the game is played very prettily, but these similies could be found fifty times better and more appropriately by children themselves. Louis Stephenson, in his essay on Child's Play, tells us that "if the child has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week." But I maintain that if a grown up person read the book to the child and points out that he can imagine this, as he eats his porridge, that the inventive faculty of the child will be crushed, and the child, losing the sweet feeling of original invention, will put the idea from him, and will not allow it to enter his dream-world. There would be more Stephensons in the world if parents and teachers did not consider it their duty to teach their awkward, clumsy, world-worn imaginings to the little dreamers around them, who are living in a fairy world older people are no more permitted to enter. Stephenson utters a plea for them, "They will come out of their gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness-box. Spare them yet awile, O conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, wayfaring existence lies before them in the future?" For these reasons I approve of the Worker's Game. Once started, little ones can invent their own work, and how to show their trade.

In playing the Worker's Game, two or three children leave the room, or if in the garden, go out of sight, arrange what handicraft they wish to represent. When they have decided, and divided the various actions that can be taken in the business between them, they knock at the door:—

SPECTATORS: "Who is there?"
THE WORKERS: "Three Strangers."
SPECTATORS: "Come in."

The artizans walk forward and say—

Three strangers have entered into this town,
Who for their work have won renown.
They've wandered lately far and wide,
To gain experience hard they've tried.
And now they've come from distant shore
To show their skill and power once more.
Who shall guess the craft they play
Shall be their master for to-day.

The three workers then begin to act different actions of their chosen trade. If, for instance, they are joiners, one planes, another bores, and the third saws. When this has been acted a short time the spectators are allowed to give their guesses. If they cannot find the trade out, the same three again go out; but if they guess rightly they become spectators, and the game goes on. Children are allowed to dress a little, but use no implements.

Skipping-Rope Game.

Two children turn, and the child who is going to skip takes four stones in her hands. She runs in, skips twice, then bends down and lays one stone on the ground, but must be up again ready for the rope, skips twice, puts another stone down, and so on till the four stones are on the ground, when she runs out to rest a moment. She then skips twice again, stoops and picks up one stone, skips twice and picks up the second and so on, and runs out when the four stones are in her hand.

The next game is to substitute two stones, then three, etc.

Two little girls of eight and nine learned to do this well in an afternoon, and are very fond of the game.

Little Cooks.

Topsey's Kedgeric. 2 ozs. cooked fish; 1 oz. patma rice; ½ oz. butter; 1 hard boiled egg; ¼ of an egg; salt; pepper; etc.; about 4 grains of cayenne. Throw the rice into boiling salted water, and let it boil with the pan lid off for 12 minutes, then strain it through a sieve and dry it in front of the fire.

Take all skin and bone from the fish, and break it up with a fork, melt the butter in a pan, and add the fish, rice, and half the hard-boiled white of egg, chopped finely; season, and stir until quite hot, then add the quarter of a beaten raw egg. Turn it out on to a hot dish, pass the other half of the hard boiled egg through a sieve on to the top of it, and decorate with small pieces of parsley.

Marjory's Raspberry Sandwich. 1 egg; 1½ oz. castor sugar; 1½ oz. flour; ¾ oz. butter; ¼ teaspoonful of baking powder. Break the egg into a basin, and whisk it a little, add the sugar, and whisk until quite thick, then add the butter, melted but *not hot.* Stir in the flour and baking powder very lightly, and turn it at once into two well greased sandwich tins, and bake them at once in a quick oven.

Turn them out and spread a layer of jam on one, and put the other on the top. Sift sugar over and they are ready for use.

EDITH OLLIFF,
Lecturer on Cooking to the County Council.

INGRATITUDE.

Once upon a time there lived in a town in Greece, a judge. Anybody who felt they had been treated unkindly or unjustly could go to him and he would listen to their complaints and help them. All who wished to speak to him must ring a bell which was hanging from a stone pillar not far from his house. Very few complaints were made, so that beautiful plants began to climb up the pillar and soon hid the cord and bell from sight.

In the town lived a man so rich that he kept carriages and horses. One day when he was visiting his fields where his men put the horses out to grass, he saw an old animal not so beautiful and less lively than the others.

"Why is this animal here?" the master asked the man who was with him.

"Sir, it is the old horse Astree, which your sons rode when they were young, which took your father to the grave-side, and which drew the carriage when your son returned from his travels——."

"What! the horse I used to admire so much has become so ugly?"

"Sir, he is very old——."

"I will not have such a horse in my stables. Send him to the woods, he must not remain with the others."

Having said this he left the field. Then something sad happened. Poor Astree, seeing his friends were staying in the field, refused to leave them. The men, who had been told by their master to turn him out, armed themselves with long whips and chased the old horse. Frightened and out of breath the poor beast ran until he came to a haystack which he jumped over and so escaped.

Night came——and when his friends were going to their stables to find cool fresh beds, Astree was sadly licking the wounds which had been caused by the lashes of the whips.

Lying on the hard earth, without water to drink, no hay to eat, the poor creature turned his eye up to the sky and whinnied. Nobody saw him. Nobody heard him, and nobody came to help him.

When the daylight appeared the old horse, nearly dead with cold and hunger, struggled on to his feet and found the high road. Hobble dey, hobble dey! on he went, hungry and thirsty. Suddenly he came to the stone pillow covered with fresh green leaves. He ran up to it and began to eat the foliage. What do you think happened? The moment he pulled the branch down the bell began to ring. The Judge was so surprised to hear it that he ran out of his house door and came to the pillar quite out of breath, to find only a horse there.

"What is this? A horse? I have never had such a call before! Where can his master be?" He asked the people who ran up to see who could have rung the bell, but nobody had seen the horse with a man.

"This is a surprise!" said the Judge. "Hallo!" he cried to the crowd. "Does anybody know who is the master of this horse." One man said he did, and another said he didn't. At last, after wasting some time in talking, a man came up, and cried out, while the bell went on always ringing (for the poor beast was so hungry he could not leave off eating.)

"This horse belongs to the man who owns the field and house, at the end of the town." Then he told the Judge the history of poor Astree. The Judge gave orders that the

master of the animal must be brought before him. Without knowing that he was wanted, the heartless man came up.

"Does this horse belong to you," the Judge asked.

"But——"

"There is no but. Reply."

"My dear Judge, if——"

"There is no if. Answer."

"Well, then——"

"There is no then! Does the horse belong to you? Yes or No?"

"Yes, Judge, the horse belongs to me."

"Why have you driven it out to perish?"

"Because he was old, too old, and could only eat and do no work. What do you think I ought to have done with such an old beast?"

When the Judge heard these words he trembled with anger, and the people murmured, and the wind caught up the word that seemed to come from every lip.

"Ungrateful! ungrateful!" Astree again pulled a branch, and the bell rang out the same word.

"Ungrateful! Ungrateful! Ingratitude!" cried the Judge in his turn. "The horse has worked thirty years for you, and you turn him out with nothing to eat, to let him be eaten by the wolves, or taken by thieves.

"Think of what he has done for you. He helped your sons to become good riders, he has carried your wife, he took your father to his last resting-place. He has also worked in your fields, and helped to make you rich. And now that he is old and useless, you drive him away to death!—— I command you, on pain of a fine, that will come to six times the expense of keeping the horse, to take him back again, to care for him, and treat him well as long as he lives. All those who now listen to me will see that you obey me. Do not forget my words, and think over them. Go, ungrateful man; I have nothing more to say."

The Judge then ordered the crowd to disperse, and went into his house.

Astree's master returned home, leading the old horse, who was delighted to find himself once more in his comfortable stable. He was cared for and nursed after this, for many years, when he was able to render his master a great service.

A terrible war was raging in Greece, and one day the soldiers surrounded his master's house. He, seeing his danger, tried to escape; but found that all his horses had been taken, and that Astree only was left in a stable. His master mounted the old animal, and prayed him to fly and save the life of the man who had been so cruel to him.

You can imagine how thankful the master was to the Judge for punishing him, when he and Astree arrived in safety among friends, and to the end of his life, Astree was carefully and lovingly tended.

BRUSH DRAWING.

The following extract is taken from a paper by George W. Cox, which appeared in Longman's Magazine *ten years ago.* Mr. Cox is writing on Japanese Art, and his remarks are so apposite to the present moment, when England is realizing how much she can learn about the early art training of her children, from the Japanese and other nations, that his words cannot fail to interest both parents and teachers :—

"But to say the least, it is our duty, if we can, to promote art education in this country, to note every point in which the Japanese not merely leave us far behind in the race, but in which they teach us lessons which we have not yet learnt. . . . . Dr. Dresse rightly insists even more strongly on the need of considering well the influence which the Japanese method of writing has in fostering the power of a child to seize the outlines of natural form. The child must *draw* the multitude of characters used as the signs of the written language. These he draws with a brush, holding the paper, which is absorbent, in his hand. Then the whole arm works, motion being got from the shoulder, the elbow, and the wrist alike. From the first, therefore, the Japanese child in learning to write is unconsciously learning to draw with a free hand. Then he would learn to write with a hard pen or pencil, and with the same hard point, he would make his first attempt at free-hand drawing, and only after he had become accustomed to the hard point would he have the yielding brush placed in his fingers. By the Japanese method the child learns the value of touches with a thoroughness unpracticable under any other system, and the admixture of solid

black with outline drawing imparts an effectiveness and life to much of his work which is wholly lacking in many of the productions of our art schools."

Next month we shall give a second paper on Brush Drawing, written by a pupil of Mr. Cook's, a lady who has several times appeared in the catalogue of the Royal Academy.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever heard of a Floral Clock? Has anyone ever told you, or have you ever read that flowers go to sleep at different times?

The days are getting longer, and no doubt your mothers let you stay in the garden a little later every evening, just as I let my children go out again after they have had tea.

I want you to do something for me in this time. If there are several of you, one must say that he will watch a daisy, another that she will watch a buttercup, and so on, and the moment it closes its eye, you must run and find out the exact time. If you are fortunate to possess a real watch, so much the better, you and the watch can then work together. Keep a little note book and write down the flower, and the time. To be quite sure you have made no mistake, take the same flowers two or three nights, and then choose another.

You see, if we can get a good flower clock, it may be of great use to you some day when you are grown up and take long walks. If you do not happen to have a watch on you, you will always be able to tell the time as evening draws nigh. And if you taught the table to some poor boys who cannot afford to buy watches you may be doing them a very great service.

Will you send a list of the flowers you notice and the time before the 30th of June to

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

A prize of 3*s*. is offered to girls under 12 for the best short tale, not to exceed 150 words, on the subject "Ingratitude."

A prize of 3*s*. is offered to boys under 12 for the best design for a kite. Drawing paper not to exceed the size of a sheet of note paper.

Send to Auntie Mai, Wharfmead, Ilkley, by June 30th.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

DEAR EDITOR,—An article in this month's *Macmillan* on the "Education of Girls," points out the contrast between the old system of repression, and modern liberty, the writer of which, whilst rejoicing that much that was injurious and superstitious has disappeared, is disposed to think that the pendulum has swung almost too far to the other side.

Discussing in the *Nineteenth Century* the question whether there should be an Imperial University for women, Canon Browne says women should have opened to them (1) A course of higher education which is best fitted to develop and strengthen their intellectual and spiritual powers, and (2) A career in connection with higher education comparable in honor and emolument with that open to men. He considers that these can only be obtained by the establishment of a separate University for women, because those which we already have were founded by men, and their needs have been, and are solely considered in the arrangement of their curriculum.

I should have referred last month to the "Life of Frœbel," by H. Courthope Bowen, of which the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 13, says: "We believe no one having to do with children, can but be benefitted by its perusal, and must also feel that many of the thoughts and methods if adopted by the teacher, must be a true and wholesome leavener in the life and education of the child."

Some unknown friend sent me this month an American paper which I have unfortunately mislaid, from which I cut an interesting article urging parents to give their children every opportunity of gardening, as the best means of teaching them to observe and to use their hands intelligently. Give them a little patch all to themselves, not put away in a corner, but where sun and air can give their efforts a chance of success, select such plants as are likely to shew encouraging results, and their simple flowers will be a never-failing source of delight and instruction, especially if, as some small children I know have, they can also take possession of a little corner of the greenhouse for work on wet days under their mother's eye.

The following short article on "Sunday Afternoon Music," from the same paper appeals to me very much:—

"We have sometimes wondered whether we do not make a mistake in not making more of the love of music that seems to exist in the heart of every child of every nation. We often try to educate our children into a love of music by offering them that which is altogether beyond their capacity, and which they cannot at all understand. Our young people taken as a whole, in our homes I mean, while they have the innate love of

music, are not trained to appreciate a high type of musical entertainment; but if those of the household can only be quick enough to observe, and sympathetic enough to find out, there is always some kind of music that the young people of the family will enjoy. Let us make it a part of our work to discover this, and get that kind into our homes.

"To begin with, let us employ the simple Sunday School hymns that the little boys like to sing, and which were made to be sung lustily and loudly. Let them have that kind to their heart's content. It is a great deal better than for them to have no music in their lives, and the words, if not the melody, may perhaps help to make a little music in their souls. And let every child be urged to join, no matter whether the little voice can keep in time or tune or not.

"I remember well a family in which the father and mother had been good singers, and in which the older children were members of the church choir. It was their habit to sing together for a half an hour after tea on Sunday evenings. Among the younger children of the family was one very timid little girl. I doubt if any one of them was more impressionable and sympathetic than this child. She loved the music and she loved the words; but alas! if she had a voice nobody had found it out, and yet she tried to sing. Her little notes came in at the wrong time, and the little voice piped up shrilly just when it ought to have been gentle and soft. Of course her older sisters laughed, and her older brothers teased her, and once when her whole soul was singing out in happy-hearted childish shrillness they all stopped and laughed. One of them said: "Well, we might as well wait, for no one can sing unless that child keeps quiet." Poor little sensitive heart. It never got over that blow, and though perhaps they never noticed it, and although they sung on Sunday night after Sunday night, this little girl never sang again, never disturbed them once after that. Full many a child, timid and sensitive, has had the fountain of song stopped in such little ways. So, for the children's sake begin simply. Sing something the little ones can join in. Keep trying with them until they can sing something well enough so that they *do* enjoy it, and then get them to be quiet and sing to them something lovelier and sweeter, by which their ear and heart may be trained to know the difference between the good and bad. Begin at once, and put into the Sunday afternoon ten or fifteen minutes of music."

I have left myself little space to speak of Mrs. Reany's readings for children on the "Value of Little Things" in the *Sunday Magazine*, or an article on Archimedes in *Good Words* (April) which will interest the boys, because I should like you to find space for these tenderest of all lines on "Baby."—

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here."

These are from the collected edition of Dr. George Macdonald's poems which appeared last month, and many of the shorter lyrical pieces, such as "The Violin Songs," "Cottage Songs," and "Poems for Children," will be enjoyed by all who share the author's love of children, love of nature, and love of God.

May 5th, 1893. PATER JUNIOR.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have benefitted so much by the books recommended in the *Parent's Review*, that I should like to mention a few which I have found very useful for the education of my children.

First and foremost, "Mair's Arithmetic for Children," *9d.*, a wonderful little book for teaching the first elements of arithmetic mentally, and addition is treated in such a way that the child never wants to count on his fingers. I can also recommend "Nelson's Star Arithmetic," one little book for each standard, *2d.* and *3d.* each; the rules are very clearly explained, and a great variety of sums is given.

For Latin I use "Elementa Latinæ," a very excellent simple book for beginners, to be followed by "Kenedy's Shorter Latin Primer," *1s.* As soon as the child has mastered the first and second declensions of substantives and adjectives; personal pronouns; present, imperfect and future simple of the indicative of the first and second conjugation of active verbs, "Sum Gradatim," by Heatley and Kingdon, is a very nice book to use for construing, or as a reading book. It consists of very short stories in easy Latin, illustrating rules in grammar already learnt, and is much liked by the children. "Ritchie's Fabulæ Faciles" is a good book to use after "Gradatim," and to a child familiar with Tanglewood tales, it is a great delight, as it is an old friend with a new face.

For French I find "L'Année Préparatoire de Grammaire," 1*s.*, very good and very simple, and the children like it. For a very young child, Bué's easy lessons in French, 8*d.* is a very nice book for little children of five or six; "The House that Jack Built," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" are given in French. One small sentence forms a lesson. Underneath is a vocabulary, each French word with its English equivalent. I have found it a great help. For French reading books any of the following are nice for children from six to ten: "Le Prix de Gisèle," 2*d.*; "La Famille de Friguet," 2*d.* (the story of a family of sparrows); "Les exploits de Jean Bart," 2*d.*; "Mémoires d'un âne," 2*s.* 3*d.*; "Les Malheurs de Sophie," 2*s.* 3*d.*; "Un bon petit diable," 2*s.* 3*d.*; "Jean qui grogue et Jean qui rit," 2*s.* 3*d.*; "Les Vacances," 2*s.* 3*d.*; "Le tour de la France par deux enfants," *G. Bruno*, 2*s.*, is a very nice reading book, very instructive, profusely illustrated, and much appreciated in the schoolroom.

The following are charming story-books for boys of nine and upwards, full of adventure and also of useful information:—"St. George for England" (*Henty*), "Held Fast for England" (*Henty*), "Under Drake's Flag" (*Henty*), "Jack Archer" (*Henty*), "Lances of Lynwood" (*Miss Young*), "The Caged Lion" (*Miss Young*); "Dog Crusoe," "Coral Island," and "Ungava," (*Ballantyne*); "Curiosities of Natural History" (*Frank Buckland*), and "Gulliver's Travels" beautifully illustrated, 5*s.*, published by Blackie, but perhaps this is better for reading aloud. So is Miss Maclehose's "Tales from Spenser," which can now be had for 1*s.* 6*d.* For little children of five or six, "Jackanapes, the story of a short life," by Mrs. Ewing; "The Wild Pigs," "Earth's Many Voices," and "Chirp and Chatter" are very pretty, especially the two latter, which are full of nature-lore and sweet moral lessons, delightful to a little child.

For parents who wish to inculcate church doctrine, I can thoroughly recommend Miss Young's "Teachings on the Church Catechism for the little ones," and for children of nine and over "Our Parish Church," by Baring Gould. Both books are for reading aloud, and are excellent in their way. There may be in both certain things that all would not approve of, but it is easy to skip a little, as I have done myself in one or two places, and though I have tried to find books to my mind on this subject, I have found none that I like so well. Baring Gould's book is full of anecdote, and I have found it invaluable. H.A.G.

DEAR EDITOR,—H. B. will find a very simple book of songs published by Rainsford and Son, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus, entitled: "Songs and Jokes for Little Folks," by Lindsay Lennox. They are sweet and amusing, and a very young child can play the accompaniments.

Northolme, Chorley, May 5th. A. W.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to H. B.'s enquiry for an inexpensive book of songs for young children, I write to say that I have found—No. 1, "A Child's Garden of Verses," 1*s.*, published by Enoch and Sons, 14, Great Marlborough Street, W., a very nice book. "Merry Crotchets and Quavers," 1*s.*, W. Morley and Co., 127, Regent Street, W., also contains some pretty action songs.—Yours, &c.,

Ackworth School, near Pontefract. E. MADELINE COLLINSON.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—A little scene I witnessed last week brought forcibly to my mind Mrs. Hart-Davis' remarks on the word naughty, in her most valuable paper on "Child Nature" in the *Parents' Review*.

A baby, two-and-a-half years old, was sitting for her portrait to an Italian sculptor. Baby sat perfectly still for about ten minutes, fascinated with its growing likeness and the intent face of the artist. Then it began to move a little on its nurse's knee, who tried by forcibly holding the child down to keep her motionless. This naturally irritated the model, who then insisted on getting down on to the floor. The artist then attempted to bribe the baby by offering a cast of a cupid, and the ruse succeeded for about five minutes, when baby again became restless, and begged to be allowed to go down. The nurse, instead of allowing her to do so for a few minutes, grasped her by both arms, saying, "Baby, you are a very naughty girl." This was the climax. Baby kicked with might and main, exclaiming, "No, I'm not." The poor artist tried to sooth her by offering another plaster baby, and saying, "No, no." But all was of no avail. He had to give up his subject, while the nurse dressed baby between shakes and exclamations of "You naughty girl," and finally carried her screaming and shrieking out of the studio. I can only refer parents who have not done so already, to Mrs. Hart-Davis' paper, to learn from it how the poor child ought to have been managed.

M. A. S.

DEAR EDITOR,—Anent "Picture Talk," I may quote a case fully confirming your warning not to contradict a child's statement of fact in any picture studied. It was that of a brother of my own, who died when under two years of age. He was much brought out through talk about pictures, and on one occasion, commenting on a vignette of Bewick's, in which a dog was noted, called out excitedly, "Nunny dog, mamma, nunny dog." "No, Tom," said my mother, less keenly observant, "there's no other dog that I can see." However, as the child insisted that there it was, she looked more closely, and, to their mutual delight, discovered the head of a "nunny" dog appearing just above the water in which it was swimming. The same child, trained to "see" in an orchard, could well distinguish an "appoo" from a "pay," as pointed to for naming.

I quote my mother's stories from memory, going back some fifty years, but can vouch for the above as substantially correct.

S. A. M.

The heron is often so motionless that the tall grey bird is sometimes taken for a stone, though all the time he is keenly alive to evidence of danger. "See," said a Scotch fisher boy to his father, as they rowed across Loch Fyne, "yon's a hern!" It's no a hern," was the short reply, "it's a stane." The boat drew nearer. Again the boy pointed to the motionless bird, whose form and plumage were plain enough to his younger eyes, while the father, having once delivered his opinion, very properly stuck to it. At length the silent fisher, alarmed by the sound of oars and the approach of the boat, spread its broad wings and sailed slowly off. "Is it no a hern now?" said the boy triumphantly. "Maybe it is," was the answer, "but parental authority must be respeckit"—and doubtless the boy found the moral somewhat stinging later on.—*Daily News*.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is a matter for thankfulness that the question of placing an open Bible in the hands of children has been started in the *Parents' Review*.

Believing that every word, nay, every *iota* is divinely inspired and the very word of God, from cover to cover of the sacred volume, many imagine that the Bible safeguards itself, and because of its sacredness a magic veil conceals (and a magic charm preserves the reader from) the suggestion or knowledge of the evil spoken about without reserve in its pages.

Nay, more, the Bible habit of "calling a spade a spade" is often used as a strong argument in favour of the safety of its perusal by the young. No one dreams of allowing young people at a peculiarly enquiring and sensitive age to peruse medical, legal, or scientific works *ad libitum*, nor even historical books, nor the romances of even our best authors.

Stories which to an adult mind have little or no significance, facts of science or physiology which are read simply *as facts* by a matured mind, are fraught with dangerous and positive risk to the keen young spirits who, like our first parents, are athirst—and that not wickedly, but with a natural human curiosity for the solution of life's mysteries, which in Genesis is so aptly called "*the knowledge of good and evil.*"

Often this can only be obtained (in sheltered homes) shall we say it—through the very Bible reading.

So deeply is this felt in Protestant Switzerland, that the Bible is only placed in young people's hands at Confirmation. Before that event their Scripture knowledge and teaching (which is very thorough, and conducted not in schools, but by the pastors) is derived from a judicious compilation from the Bible, with copious explanatory notes.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

DEAR EDITOR,—Some weeks ago I received this communication on a post-card, unsigned:—"Dear Madam, will you excuse the following suggestion, which I cannot help thinking would greatly increase the value to teachers, who have not had the privilege of your system exclusively, and make the ground far easier to the learners. That the *crotchet* should always be called (time-name) "taffy-teefee" *(sic)* as the four syllables so

clearly give the four semiquavers ; the two, the quaver ; the three, the quaver and dotted semiquaver etc. Indeed it appears to me to work well in every way Learning the method from the book only, there is often a puzzle as to the vowel sounds, long or short, English or Italian, which is not made clear. Could you help through the *Parents' Review*?"

At first I decided not to answer this, because, as I am always glad and ready to enter into teachers' difficulties and to answer their letters, an anonymous approach was not necessary. Thinking however, that others may misunderstand the time-names, it may be well to reply through the *P. R.* according to the suggestion of my anonymous correspondent, whom I will call "Eastbourne" from the post mark on the card. First then, "Eastbourne" is not careful in his reading, for "taffy-teefee" is not given in my books. That is his own version. The time-names are of French origin, and the vowels are pronounced as in French, but I retain the Tonic Sol-fa form "*aa*" in the full-pulse "taa" to distinguish it from the divided pulses. But "Eastbourne" entirely misunderstands the meaning and use of the time-names; they form a rhythmic *language*, every word of which represents, not necessarily a crotchet or quaver, but a *pulse*; either whole, *i. e.*, containing only one sound, or divided, *i. e.*, containing many sounds. Another mistake which "Eastbourne" makes is associating the time-name with a particular kind of *note*, (crotchet or quaver), perhaps he has not read the 2nd grade "Teachers' Guide." It is true that I treat the crotchet as the pulse-note until the child has got a grip of the whole subject of time, and that is through the 1st. grade, and I do so because nine-tenths of the music we meet with is written in crotchet pulses. But the time-names belong to the *pulse* (that *thing* in music which makes us beat time) and not to the pulse *sign*. I should advise "Eastbourne" to use the time-names as given, and not to experiment with them. If used as he suggests, they most utterly fail to accomplish their purpose,—the teaching of *rhythm*.

A. I. CURWEN.

Erratum.—May No., p. 170, for "Walton" read "Welton."

OUR WORK.

Our Natural History Club.—To the Students in the H. of E.N.C., by M. L. Hodgson.—The wonderful beauty of the present spring gives us all plenty to do, and a great many things to look for. The mountain flowers and ferns are great treasures, and are so new to many of you that a cry of "edelweiss" arose at the first sight of the mountain cudweed (*antennaria dioica*), which was not a bad illustration of the *Association of Ideas*. We have a bewildering wealth of things to occupy our attentions now, in contrast to what we found only a few short weeks ago, when our best work was to observe and copy bare outlines of twigs and general contours of leafless trees.

Now there are the trees to be observed and learnt over again. Someone said the other day "I know all the trees without their leaves, but now they are out, there are a great many I don't recognise at all." This must be remedied, and don't neglect the leaves of the trees in order to go after the, to you, more attractive flowers; but as you find time and opportunity, either here or when you are away in the summer, paint as clearly and carefully as possible a leaf of each tree, and place it in your book by the side of the twig you did of same tree in February or March.

Flowering plants are almost too numerous to mention. All the Buttercups are inviting your careful attention. You all have some idea, from the paper I read to you last week, of the distinctions to be looked for in three of our common buttercups. I advise you to search out these and see how they differ, for yourselves. They are not hard to find, and afford a pleasant introduction to their Order. You already know so many plants by sight that it scarcely seems necessary to say much about them, but what I am sure you would find a delightful plan, would be to paint a careful portrait of at least one characteristic plant in each of our chief Orders, and by the side of it write out and learn the features of the Order. If whilst painting you bear in mind what Order it is you are doing, and try to remember other plants you may have seen belonging to it, you will always more easily fit a plant into its place at first sight than you perhaps think possible. Be very careful in the flower you choose to represent an Order; as, for instance, you would not do well to choose Herb Paris as a good example to illustrate the Liliaceæ, interesting as it is from its quaint form and strange spidery looking blossom.

Mr. Baker, of Kew, tells us that there are just 50 ferns, and nearly 850 flowering plants in the Lake District. This is comfort to me at least, as I took up a small book on ferns the other day, and found that a fern which I had always considered a single-minded individual had only 77 varieties, you may be sure that I closed the book in despair, and gave up the idea of telling you to look out for the ferns. I did think I knew a little about them before this, but concluded it was my ignorance that thought so, and that therefore I had better see how little I knew before I mentioned them to you. But "just 50 ferns" sounds encouraging, and we may hope to find at least a few of them, only bear in mind that it is a monstrous thing to strip a lovely bank of Oak, Beech or Parsley ferns just for the pleasure of picking them, and I certainly hope to find that you all use self restraint in taking sparingly of what gives pleasure to everybody.

The House of Education.—Students who desire to enter the House of Education in September should apply at once. The demand for our Governesses continues to be very great, and we have most happy accounts of those already at work. Let us say definitely that we *do not train Lady Nurses*, but Governesses only, *primary* Governesses for beginners, and *secondary* Governesses for advanced pupils. It has been necessary to give up the title "Tante," because it was supposed to mean some kind of Nurse or Mother's Help. Lady Nurses are trained at the Norland Institute, 9, Norland Place, Holland Park Gardens, W.

The Parents' Review School.—The Easter examination shows delightfully satisfactory results. In the whole school probably not more than three pupils have sent in unsatisfactory work. Bible History, English History, Greek History, and Natural History call for special commendation Arithmetic is still rather a weak subject on the whole. We must again urge some of "our" Parents to secure teaching in this subject from an elementary Teacher. Highly educated Governesses, able to teach children well in other subjects, are often deficient in this. Will Parents kindly send stamps for the return of papers, and will *all* our correspondents be good enough to send stamped and addressed envelopes for reply?

Mothers' Education Course.—The second examination takes place this month.

Fésole Club, June, 1893.—The plans for this month have been partly upset by the fact that several of the members are spending it in town. The club is intended for country people who have no other convenient opportunities and encouragements in their drawing; and the intention was to have sent our artists out along the lanes in search of their subjects. But we are glad to have the townspeople too; and if they will not mind taking a sketch book or block into the park to draw DUCKS, both in the water and out of the water, they will find a subject full of variety and interest. Country members who do not happen to live near Ducks may draw Fowls. It should be remembered that the object of these studies is not to make pictures: some of the Sheep-sketches for April, for example, are too elaborate as compositions. It is quite right to put in backgrounds, if you colour at all; but, while the background should be just what comes in nature behind the figure, it is not wise to work it out into a complete landscape, unless you have really been able to draw your figure rightly and to finish it solidly. The Sheep are, however, a very pretty flock, and highly creditable to beginners in animal-painting. Another cause of congratulation is that the missing packet for November has come to light, after unexplained detention for a good deal over three months by relatives of one of the members. It is hoped that all members will see that the packet is properly forwarded; they can have little idea what anxiety and trouble may be occasioned by trifling carelessness. Word should always be left, on going away from home, with some responsible person to send the Fésole parcel on; and in forwarding, it would be well to write "Fésole Club" on the outside of the cover, above or below the address. Drawings should be sent by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, R.S.O., Lancashire.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

WESTMINSTER AND BELGRAVIA BRANCH.—A meeting has been held at the house of the Marchioness of Ripon who kindly lent it for the occasion. The Countess of Aberdeen took the chair, and introduced Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who gave a most valuable and interesting lecture on "Brain-starved Children." She pointed out how often the supply of blood to the brain was insufficient , even in children who looked well in health, and that this was frequently the cause of naughtiness in children, when their will power and moral consciousness refused to act in concert. Mrs. Chant showed how wrong it was to treat the unruly conduct of children as if it arose from moral delinquency. She said that more practical knowledge of the problems of child nature—physical, mental, and spiritual—would enable us to save our children from falling into habits of evil-doing. We should be able to discriminate between causes and effects, and know what is the remedy and how to apply it.

A meeting was held in May, when Mr. Howard Swan kindly gave a lecture on M. Gouin's new methods for learning foreign languages.

We hope to form a Natural History Club for our Members this Spring. Parents and Teachers are often urged to encourage a love of Natural History; their difficulty in doing this lies in the fact that they are ignorant of the subject themselves, and so feel unable to encourage others. It has been said "A love of Nature is a triple armour against self love," and the child who has an absorbing interest in any one section of Natural Science bears a safe-guard against many evils that come to, and through "idle hands." Our Natural History Club is for the purpose of helping those who desire to form in children a love of Natural Science. We shall begin our work by holding two introductory meetings of an informal nature. A Lady who teaches Natural Science has most kindly promised to come and talk to us. We shall discuss with her what books we ought to read; what section we should each take up; the collections we should encourage the children to make and how to do this. We shall also be told how we may prepare ourselves and our children for the summer holiday, when we can do practical work. Those who would like to come to the introductory meetings should write to the Hon. Sec.: The Lady Isabel Margesson, 63, St. George's Road, S.W.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH.—We have had two meetings of the P.N.E.U. since Xmas. The first on Feb. 28th, when Mrs. Kirk read a paper upon "Mrs Wesley, or an 18th century Mother." The second on March 22nd, when the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan, wife of the Archbishop of York, addressed a meeting of ladies assembled in the Girls' High School, on the subject

of parental training of children. The gathering, which had been convened in connection with the Sheffield Branch of the Parents' National Educational Union, was well attended. The Rev. Canon Favell presided, and amongst those present were Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. Favell, Mrs. Newton Coombe, and Miss Walmsley. The Chairman read a brief report of the branch, which was formed in October, 1890, and also cited the general principles and objects of the Society. The objects included the assisting of parents of all classes to understand the best principles and methods of education in all their aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character; the creating of a better public opinion on the subject of the training of children; the affording to parents opportunities for co-operation and consultation; the stimulating of their enthusiasm through the sympathy of members acting together; and the securing of greater unity and continuity of education by harmonising home and school training. The Hon. Mrs. Maclagan, in her interesting address, said some parents seemed to think that they could shift the responsibility as to the preparation of their children for school upon the school teachers, but she pointed out that they (the parents) had important moral and religious, as well as educational duties cast upon them. She urged them to take a sympathetic interest in all that pertained to the welfare of their sons and daughters, and especially to direct the spiritual life of the children. Children could be trained without being spoiled.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BRANCH.—On Monday, April 17th, 1893, at 8 p.m., a paper was read by Miss Eva Young, on "The Musical Education of the Future: Keyboard Notation." Syllabus: Music, past and present.—Opposing tendencies.—Comparison with Language.—Good and bad ear.—Moral and intellectual value of Music.—Cultivation of the unmusical.—Importance of Symbolism: Arithmetic, Writing, &c.—Musical Symbolism.—Analysis of the present method.—The Key-board method, with diagrams.—Realization of Key.—Learning by heart.—Three types of players.—Sight Singing and Playing.—Music for the Poor.—Difficulties.—Conclusion.

HAMPSTEAD BRANCH.—Dear Editor,—I enclose a report of our last meeting. Our next is to be on May 17th, when Mrs. Steinthal will give a demonstration lesson in Modelling, instead of her paper on "Hand and Eye Culture." I find it useful to get a report of our meetings into a *local* paper, sending it myself when a reporter is not present. Many people read it who do not come to the meetings. Other Branch Secretaries might find this plan useful. Hon. Sec.: C. S. Playne.

WOODFORD AND WANSTEAD BRANCH.—At our meeting last night (April 27th), we had about 34 present, and Mr. Russell gave us a most interesting lecture on "Lloyd." Our branch now numbers 23 members, and much interest is felt. We grow slowly, but we grow. Ten of the members take the magazine. Mr. Russell dealt with the subject from a practical and from a metaphysical point of view. He brought a number of models which were all handed round. We are trying to make arrangements for a course in the autumn.

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATION UNION.—*Presidents:* Lord and Lady Aberdeen; *Hon. Sec.:* Miss C. M. Mason, House of Education, Ambleside; *Chairman of Central Council:* Dr. A. T. Schofield; *Vice-Chairman:* A. C. P. Coote, Esq. *Hon. Local Secs.*—Belgravia and Westminster Branch; The Lady Isabel Margesson, 63 St. George's Road, S.W. Hampstead and St. John's Wood Branch: Miss C. S. Playne, 20 Buckland Crescent, Belsize Park, N.W. Streatham: Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Leigham Court Road, S.W. Woodford: Mrs. Spedding Curwen, Bywell, Woodford, E. Reading: Wm. Salmon, Esq., 56 London Street. Ilkley, Yorks: Mrs. Francis Steinthal, Wharfemead. Sheffield: Mrs. Newton Coombe, Brocco Bank. Leeds: Mrs. John Barran, Weetwood. Kendal: Colin Somervell, Esq. Sussex: Mrs. Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint. Manchester; Mrs. Welsh, Trehern, Talbot Road. Members' subscriptions, 5*s.* per annum, to include both heads of a household. Subscribers of 10*s.* a year and upwards are entitled to receive the *Parents' Review* free. All inquiries may be addressed to Henry Perrin, Esq., Hon. Organising Sec., 8 Carlton Hill, N.W.

Annual Meeting—The Annual Meeting of the Parents National Educational Union, will take place at *London House*, (by the very kind permission of the Bishop of London) *on Wednesday, June 7th, at* 3.30 *p.m.* The Presidents of the Society, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, will address the meeting, and other weighty addresses will be delivered. It is earnestly hoped that all who are interested in the work of the Union will endeavour to be present. Tickets should be secured early. Apply, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope, to Henry Perrin, Esq., 8 Carlton Hill, N.W.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

ON SOME ASPECTS OF SLÖJD.

BY C. RUSSELL.

A Paper read before the Woodford Branch of the P.N.E.U.

MY chief object being to show cause why Slöjd should henceforth take an honorable place in our schools, I must first give my reasons for believing—what many, I know, do not believe—that, as a school-subject, Slöjd not only *has* a real *educational* value, but a value at least as great as that of certain other school-subjects that have hitherto enjoyed more favour. We must, in a word, look first at the *absolute*, and then at the *relative* value of Slöjd, before we can decide either for or against it.

Before I proceed, however, to deal with even the first of these points, I must state shortly what Slöjd, as I understand it, is.

Time was, the histories tell us, when it was necessary to explain to an English audience that Slöjd was neither a person, nor a place, nor a patent medicine, but thanks to the spread of Education, those dark ages are now past, and an average Englishman can generally tell you roughly what Slöjd is, though he may not be quite sure of the spelling.

The history of the *word* throws—in this case—but little light on the *thing*, so I shall not dwell on it, but merely content myself with stating boldly that *Slöjd*, the Swedish word, is still recognizable in our own *sleight* of hand—and that *Slöjd* the *thing* is a *system of educational school hand-work*. A system of educational school hand-work: a SYSTEM, because

it depends upon certain well-defined principles, and follows a certain well-defined method; EDUCATIONAL, because it is not in any sense intended to give mere *technical instruction*, to teach a trade, but—in the highest sense—to educate; I say SCHOOL *hand-work*, because, though men (and women) may engage in it with advantage, it is primarily intended for school-boys, and,—I should like to add with emphasis, if not with authority—school-girls; and I use the broad term HAND-WORK, because the system is by no means confined to wood—as many suppose—but may be applied (though, perhaps, less profitably) to card-board, metal, and other materials. As Wood-Slöjd however is the form in which the system has made what progress it *has* made in this country, I shall confine my remarks to-night to that particular form. And now, if I am to ask you to put a value, especially an educational value, on this system of school hand-work, you must bear with me if I describe it somewhat in detail.

Though, like all wise systems, it is slowly broadening down, it does still ultimately depend upon a few underlying principles which its founder, Herr Otto Salomon of Nääs, and I think I may say, most of his disciples, are inclined to regard as essential and inviolable.

These fundamental principles may be summed up thus:—

(1) The aim must be educational, not technical.

(2) The teacher must be an educator, not a mechanic.

(3) The teaching must be, as far as possible, individual.

(4) The work must be systematic and progressive, and follow a sound method.

To take these points in detail:

(1) *The aim must be educational.* The teacher of Slöjd that is, like the teacher of everything else, must ever bear in mind that his business is to make a good and wise man of the child, not a clever carpenter. There are clever carpenters, and to spare, turned out in the rough school of apprenticeship, often enough with curses and blows, but the supply of good and wise men still falls lamentably short of the demand.

The atmosphere of the school work-shop must be absolutely cleared of the pestilential vapours of commercial considerations; there must be no more question of the money value of completed work than of that of completed copy-books—nor must a boy be encouraged to persevere, because skill in

handling tools may be useful to him in after life—though useful it undoubtedly will be—but because clumsy and ignorant hands disgrace a man no less than a clumsy and ignorant head.

We complacently place ourselves at the head of the animal creation, because forsooth of the cunning of our brain and tongue, but I fancy our claims to superiority would be no less valid, if we based them upon the cunning of our hands.

(2) *The teacher must be an educator.* He must know, and, if possible, have been trained, *how to educate* and not be a mere mechanic, however skilful. A carpenter who is merely a carpenter can no more *educate* children through carpentry, than a Frenchman who is merely a Frenchman can *educate* them through French. Whereas, in the hands of a clever teacher, carpentry—I am bold to say—may be made almost as powerful an educational instrument as Language, Science, or any other of our time-honored studies. I shall return to this point presently, and will only add here that though the teacher of Slöjd must be primarily an educator—he or she—must at the same time be thoroughly skilled in the use of tools, (and not only know how to handle and sharpen them, but also understand their construction and theory. I would even say that a knowledge of mechanical drawing, and of the nature and properties of the different woods, is also requisite)—that the Slöjd specialist, in short, must be as fully equipped for his task as any other specialist. I emphasize this point because certain enemies of Slöjd have misrepresented its friends as holding the ridiculous opinion that a few weeks at Nääs, or elsewhere, can turn—as if by magic—persons who have never before handled a plane into skilled carpenters, able to hold their own against men who have grown old at the bench, and fully competent to teach. No, the ideal teacher of Slöjd as of all else, is the man who is master of his craft, and though in the present *un*-ideal state of our educational labour-market, we have often to make the best of imperfection and pay incompetence a good wage, the capitalists—which is to say the PARENTS—are at length beginning to question the traditional processes, and will soon have "changed all that."

(3) *The teaching must be individual*—individual, that is, as far as is profitable and practicable in a class of more than one. There are some things, of course, both in the class-

room and the work-shop that it would be an unintelligent waste of time to teach individually, but, on the other hand, many of the compromises of the former are entirely out of place, if not impossible, in the latter. It would be just as absurd to put tools and material into the hands of a class and expect them to perform each successive step of a given operation at one and the same time, as to set their dinners before them and ask them to carry out the different steps of *that* complicated operation simultaneously and satisfactorily. It is generally possible in class-room work to dictate the right answer, or put it on the black-board (of course with oral explanations) and, in this way, to show the whole class *where*, and often *why*, they are wrong. It is often possible too—and expedient—to form rapid wholesale judgments of how a certain piece of work has been done. But to judge of a squared bit of wood, or a joint, or, the finish of a box, you must handle it yourself, put your own finger on the defects—and their remedies. In the class-room, too, there is often so much *division of labour*, that what looks like class-teaching is in reality very largely individual, but from the Slöjd work-shop, division of labour, from the moment the worker touches his material, is rigidly excluded. Each object must be entirely made by one pair of hands. Even the teacher must illustrate his instructions on another piece of wood. Success or failure will thus depend upon individual effort alone, and the growth of self-reliance be encouraged.

(4) *The work must be systematic and progressive, and follow a sound method.* In other words, it must be true to certain fundamental and univerally accepted educational principles, and proceed step by step, from the *easy* to the *difficult*, from the *known* to the *unknown*, and so on. School work-shops *do* exist, I believe, conducted upon the opposite system, where, from a foolish belief that interest can only be sustained by giving more or less freedom of choice and action, boys (and perhaps girls) are allowed to attempt whatever their fancy suggests to them, however lofty their flights, and however inexperienced their fingers. But is this sacrifice of method essential to the awakening and sustaining of interest in the class-room? And if not in the class-room, why in the work-shop? Nay, is not the very opposite the truth—that the easier the stages by which you lead the child along a

new road, the more skilfully you, with your hidden art, enable him to vanquish difficulty after difficulty, as of his own accord, the more surely will he gain a sense of real power, and with that sense, a real interest.

The visible signs of these invisible principles,—*the models*,—admit of course of indefinite variation, and to my mind, the series of Nääs, Leipzig and other centres, are but varying expressions of the same fundamental idea, differing only as our *Yes* from the German's *Ja*. But I must give you something more than generalizations, and shew you a few actual models, from which you will be able to judge to what admirable method the old happy-go-lucky schoolboy carpentry has been reduced. As an old Nääs student, I obviously choose the Nääs series, of which I have brought with me a few of the more portable specimens.

Before asking you to look at the models themselves, however, I ought perhaps to state the general conditions that an educationally sound series is expected to satisfy. They are shortly as follows: the models must consist of familiar, useful articles, of varied and artistic shape, and of graduated difficulty, the earlier ones being quite easy and such as can be made with the simplest tools. Each model must introduce some new manipulation, and must serve as the stepping-stone to the next. To give you an idea of how thoroughly this last principle is carried out in the Nääs system, I must tell you that the work of a two years' school course (for a boy of 11 or 12 say, working 2 to 3 hours a week) has been carefully analysed, and found to consist of some ninety fundamental manipulations. These manipulations—technically called *exercises*—have been arranged and numbered in order of difficulty—approximately only, of course—and thus serve as a basis for the models, each of which, while introducing one or two new exercises, also affords practice in those with which the learner is already familiar. This first model, for instance (called a Pointer and used in Sweden by children in the Kindergarten to point to their letters) involves the first two exercises, viz; the long cut, and the cross cut; this one, the first 3: long, cross and oblique cuts; this one the 1st, 2nd and 4th;—long, cross and bevel cuts, and so on. The first two models are made entirely with the knife—

as the simplest of all tools, and one with which every boy is familiar—; in the 3rd the saw is introduced; in the 5th the plane; in the 6th the bit and brace; in the 7th the file, and so on.

And not only must the series be worked methodically through, but there is also a carefully and logically thought out method for working each model. This first simple-looking round pointer, for instance. Do you suppose the children are given some such rough bit of wood as *this*, and a knife, and then, with the model before them, told to cut away as they like? By no means! They are first told to make the four sides equal and square, using rule and square and working to measure—then to square the ends—in itself no mean task, nor without much moral significance, as I myself have experienced. They have then to draw diagonals at each end to fix the centre line—and note that should this be omitted a model is often spoilt. A smaller square again of specified size, must then be drawn at the end which is to be the point, and the wood is cut to the shape of a topped pyramid, having first been set out with rule and pencil. It is then made octagonal, then round, and then, at the blunt end, cut to the required length. This working accurately to measure is in itself of the greatest educational value. Not that the pointer would be any the less serviceable if a trifle longer, or shorter, or thicker, but because in the higher models—and indeed wherever in life there is an interdependence of parts,—accuracy is of such extreme importance. When the knife has done *its* part quite satisfactorily—*but then only*—the model may be finished off with sandpaper.

Personally, indeed, I should be inclined to postpone the use of sandpaper, as it may hide so much slovenliness, but that is a detail which each teacher may well settle for himself. Personally, too, I should strongly advocate the preliminary making of each of the simpler models by the teacher, before the eyes of the class, as a means of showing them, in the concrete, what they have to do. You see then that even in this first model, simple as it is, there is a definite plan to be followed, connected steps which follow each other almost as logically as those of a proposition of Euclid. Should the child ask WHY? the teacher can always answer BECAUSE, and that supreme word THEREFORE will be often on his lips.

And let me here add that the child may well be asked to draw his model (in all its stages) either before or after making it. In this way he will not only be training hand and eye in a still further degree, but he will also gradually learn to work from drawings alone, and gain the power of readily reading the flat as relief, and—what is far more difficult—of expressing relief on the flat. I will also add, lest any of you should be enamoured of examinations, oral or written, that I have seen wood-work "Papers" that amply satisfied the essential condition of all useful examination papers, which is, I take it, that besides testing knowledge of the particular subject, they shall also test general intelligence. I must not take any other model in detail, or I shall weary you, but you will readily believe that all I have said about this first easy one applies with increased force to the more complicated ones that follow.

If you will presently look through these that I have in front of me, you will I think see that they, the models, are all *familiar* and *useful* articles—in Sweden, that is, where they were designed. They are also sufficiently *varied*, and curved outlines and surfaces are constantly coming in to break the monotony of too many straight lines. I said also that one condition of a good series of models was that they should be *artistic*—but beyond stating that this series was submitted to one or two leading Swedish artists, with entirely satisfactory results, I will not emphasize this point. I should just like to say, however, that even if you should consider these things hopelessly useless and ugly and inartistic, you will have proved nothing against the soundness of the Slöjd principle— you will only have proved the insufficiency of this particular application, and that a simple, useful and artistic series of models has yet to be invented.

Having told you in outline what Slöjd is, and *how* it should be taught, I enter upon the more difficult task of estimating its educational value, and saying *why* it should be taught.

First let us look at what I have ventured to call its *absolute* value. What would a boy (or girl) learn—to put an extreme and almost absurd case—who should be educated upon Slöjd alone? Much, very much! They would obviously remain utterly ignorant of many important branches of human knowledge, they would learn neither to read nor to write, nor

to 'rithmetic, but, upon the other hand, they would certainly train their eyes to real power in seeing, and their hands to real power in doing, and would moreover—other things being equal—be sure at least of a sound body. But this is not all. They would be doing something too towards a sound mind, for, in the hands of a wise teacher—a skilled educator, they would learn, I feel certain, to be orderly, accurate, attentive, industrious, thoughtful, and self-reliant—nay, I will go even further, and add truthful. Orderliness, accuracy, attention, industry, thoughtfulness, self-reliance, truthfulness—verily a list of nearly all the virtues! And can these precious seeds indeed be sown in a workshop? Yes, I have no doubt of it, and with no less chance of fruition than in the class-room or the house of God. For, in the first place, is it not an accepted fact that all work directed to a useful, and therefore to an honourable end, and done under the eye of a wise master, may be made a means of character-building? And, in the second place, think what is involved in squaring a piece of wood, moulding a curve, or fitting a joint, under the system I have described. The simple straight line is the very basis of all construction, and enters, in its various combinations, into nearly everything our hands can fashion—and yet how few of us can even draw it on paper, much less produce it in wood! We are satisfied with an approximation, with getting it nearly right. And is not that the characteristic of most of our thought, our action—that we are satisfied if we can keep pretty close to the line of the ideal? But must not the boy who learns to cut accurately learn to think accurately? Is it not thought that guides the knife? Of course I am only now speaking of the earlier stages of hand-work, which, like most other work, tends to become after a time mechanical, and then no doubt loses much of its educational value. But judging from my personal experience, I should say that no school-boy would ever reach the mechanical stage. Notice further that in hand-work there is nothing to lead to mental confusion—the aim is clear, and the boy knows when he has reached it; idleness, too, stands self-condemned, it cannot be concealed—and here I am perforce led into making comparisons — it cannot be concealed by specious half-truths or slovenly make-believe; each must work for himself, for the wise master will neither give nor allow help, and "copying"

is simply impossible; carelessness and inattention bring their own swift punishment—sometimes, though rarely, with blood; success is attested by the work itself as it grows under the deft hand to the required shape; failure also is self-evident, and often the reason of failure. Nor can failure easily be hidden. A line is either straight or not. If not straight it cannot be juggled into looking straight. The word is true, and teaches truth. There is no possibility either of dishonestly putting down the right answer to the wrong working. It does sometimes happen in the more complicated models that inside defective work may be concealed, but this the teacher is careful to guard against, and seizes his opportunity of pointing out that fair without and foul within—even in woodwork—is of the nature of hypocrisy and lying.

And the School work-shop is especially blessed in that the element of chance—that fruitful source of evil—can, in its worst form, find no place there, success and praise depending only upon honest, steady, intelligent work, not upon random guessing, or lucky "tips," or the colour of a card. Moreover, all progress must be real progress. A boy may scrape through to the end of his Latin Grammar, or even his Algebra, with little or no real knowledge of the middle or beginning, but he will never reach the higher stages of hand-work, till he has thoroughly mastered the earlier ones. And "thoroughly mastered" means "thoroughly mastered" not "committed to memory for to day and forgotten by to-morrow."

Have I attempted to prove too much? Will some one ask: "If, as you say, the workshop is the nursery of all the virtues, why are our workmen—as a body—still so far from models of virtue?" My answer is ready. I do not say the workshop is such a nursery, but that it might be; nor am I indeed speaking of the commercial workshop, where the aim is money, where hurry pays, and where often dishonesty at least seems to be the best policy, but of the educational work-shop, where the aim is character, where time is not money, and where good work—for there must be no demoralizing "prizes"—is its own bountiful reward. And even here, in the ideal educational workshop, the influence of the teacher counts for more than I can say. Material, tools, models, are in themselves of little moment, it is as a medium

only that they are invaluable, a medium by which the educated heart and mind can work on hearts and minds that are still to mould. And I do not say there will be no failures—charm a man never so wisely, the charm must sometimes fail—I *only* say there will be many successes.

So much then for what I have called the *absolute* value of Slöjd. Now for its *relative* value—though here I feel my ground to be much less secure. Very many people will agree with me when I claim for hand-work a distinct educational value, who will probably not agree with me when I come to compare that value with other values. This is, indeed, none other than the old, old question which under many an alias—has puzzled our fathers and our fathers' fathers, and will continue, I doubt not, to puzzle our children and our children's children: What shall we teach in our schools? What knowledge is of most worth? What do we mean by Education? What is the end, the final aim, of Life? It would be an impertinence in me to attempt to work out in a few minutes a solution to a complicated problem unsolved by centuries. But as you have done me the honour to ask me here, I may at least state in a condensed form the sort of answer to which, after some working and thinking, I have been led— an answer which, however it may differ in a few details, is in the main the same as that of numberless other workers at the problem.

The supreme end of all education then, the education both of school and of life, I take to be—to use an admirable phrase of Professor Laurie's—"effective virtue." But to reach this supreme end, with how much in the way of equipment must we be provided? What storehouses of virtue must our hearts be! of knowledge our memories! what perfect instruments of thought our minds! and—may we not add—what perfect instruments of action our bodies! Heart, mind, body, do they not all go to the making of the complete man? Can we neglect without danger the cultivation of either? Or can we without danger postpone it? No, the true education—in which I include instruction—of heart, mind and body, must begin—I am not afraid to say it—in the cradle, and, though the child will one day grow into a man, must never cease. Home, school, world, they are all one; each should but continue the work of the other; and that work is to foster and

bring to fruition whatever of good has been implanted in man—to stifle and destroy whatever is an influence for evil.

And thus it seems to me that the school has a threefold duty: to instruct and train the heart, to instruct and train the mind, and—if you will allow me the expression—to instruct and train the body. And these three are so closely interconnected, that neither can be neglected without ultimate loss.

I hold this so firmly, that even if you could prove to me—what we so often hear said—that the precious years of school life are all too few to think seriously of anything but the mind—and in a few odd half-hours perhaps of the heart—I would urge that a little neglect of all were better than entire neglect of one. There is certain obvious food for the mind, which is a very necessary of any life worth the name, and if I had to choose between teaching a boy Slöjd and giving him skill and intelligence in the use of his Mother Tongue, or a love for its Literature, or an acquaintance with the broad lines of History, or the broad principles of numerical operation, or a few fundamental notions as to the nature of the world he lives in, I should, I need hardly say, let Slöjd go to the winds.

But if my choice were between Slöjd and a foreign tongue (whether ancient or modern) or the dry bones of grammar, or of history, or even the dry bones of religion, I should as unhesitatingly let these go to the winds and hold fast to Slöjd.

But I do not think anybody ever *is* reduced to this extremity. We only ask for Slöjd $1\frac{1}{2}$ or at the most 2 hours a week, and I cannot believe that the most ideal time-table ever excogitated would be any the less ideal for including it. How common it is to have school periods of an hour, and often 5 in the day! Now I am convinced that if 10 minutes or even a quarter of an hour, could be taken from some of those long spells of mental exertion and spent in the healthy atmosphere of the work-shop, both teachers and taught would be the gainers, body and soul. And even if, with all possible compression, no place could be found in the regular time-table, surely nothing but good could come of holding a weekly class out of school hours. Far from imposing a fresh burden on the already heavily burdened child, it would even then come as a relief after the restraint and high-pressure of the class-room, for by no means one of the least of the advantages of Slöjd is that children

generally enjoy it and—in happy ignorance of our designs upon them—look on it in the light of a pleasant pastime.

Indeed, when is a child so happy as when he is doing—or undoing—something with his hands? Is not the very existence of this instinct of activity an argument for the inclusion of hand-work in any system of genuine education, and a condemnation of our inhuman traditional methods of "sitting still."

I for my own part am not sorry to remember that I got at least as much pleasure at school out of the few clumsy lop-sided boats I managed, under the tuition of a schoolfellow, to hack out with a pocket-knife, as from the whole bundle of my mental productions—clumsy and lop-sided too, I make no doubt, and certainly not produced without very much labour and sorrow.

I would say then to parents and teachers: Give the best of your time to the mind by all means, especially to its training, but by all your hopes of the kingdom that is to come, do not neglect either the soul or the body! Nay, you will reach both mind and soul through the body. By encouraging your children in a healthy bodily activity, you will at the same time be encouraging a healthy natural instinct. You will be likely to keep their mental activities the healthier, and you will stand a fair chance of stifling in their birth certain morbid physical conditions which, unstifled, may prove disastrous to body and mind and soul; by teaching them to use their hands and eyes intelligently, you will not only be giving them new interests and new resources, but you will also—as I have tried to show—teach them much in the way of self-reliance, observation, judgment and truthfulness. But you will be doing more than this. You will be affording them an opportunity of showing, before it is too late, where their special powers lie—in the head or in the hand—and helping them to find an answer to that fateful question—that chance too often *mis*-answers for us—*What shall I do with my life?* You will moreover enable many a child to wipe away that galling reproach of stupidity which we are so prone to cast in the class-room upon any who do not happen to shine in our own particular line, though their hands, if they could only get the chance, might produce better work in a year than our brains in a life-time. You will be giving them a fuller under-

standing, and therefore a fuller pleasure in some of the commoner everyday things of life, and in the underlying principles of innumerable human productions; but, above all—and sometimes, when I look about me, I think that this gain alone should suffice to give Slöjd an honourable place in our schools—you will, if your methods are sound, and your own heart is right, give them respect and love for all honest hand-work and honest hand-workers, and so save them from that blight of shame which still fastens on many and many a human being at the thought of doing any honest *work* whatever, and on still more perhaps at the thought of *working with their hands*!

Ladies and Gentlemen, you must pardon me for saying in this connection that, in my opinion, one of the first steps towards making this world a happier place is to get men and women not only to say but to believe—and belief is practice—that no work that is essential to the continuance and well-being of humanity is below the dignity of the best or wisest of us, and further, that all work that is unpleasant, or repulsive, or involves danger, must, within certain obvious limits, and in the absence of perfected machinery, be shared unshirkingly by all.

To say now in a few words what I have said in so many, it is my opinion that Slöjd—a name I am prepared to apply to any carefully thought out system of educational hand-work, whether it comes to us from Europe, Asia, or America—it is my opinion that Slöjd has an irresistible claim to a place in every school in the country—whether primary or secondary, for boys or for girls—every school, that is, that aims at making the best possible of the precious human material entrusted to it, not for its own profit, or the profit of any individual or body of individuals, but for the profit of society as a whole.

I can hardly hope to have convinced everybody—if anybody—by this necessarily inadequate statement of my case, but may I say in conclusion that my opinions are chiefly based upon personal experience in several educational (and other) workshops, and may I suggest that my opponents, while cross-questioning me to their hearts' desire, delay to pronounce final judgment till they too have taken their turn at the bench.

SIGNS.

By Mrs. Colles.

> "All that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical—one mighty alphabet
> For infant minds! and we in this low world,
> Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
> That we may learn with young unwounded ken
> The substance from the shadow!"
>
> S. T. Coleridge.

As the close observation of Darwin has taught us to see in the development of the embryo of plant or animal, a microcosm of that of the Human Race, so according to the deep-sighted teaching of F. D. Maurice in the calling and education of the Chosen People, may we read microcosmically those of the whole Human Family—the Race of Man.

If this be so, the parallel between the special religious training given to the Jew, and that which man as a whole, and which we of this generation as part of that whole man, are receiving now, ought to be perceptible enough to throw light on the difficulties which we have to encounter in learning to know what God would teach us.

We go to the history of the Chosen People as to a *Primer* of Human History, and in the study of it are forced to recognise the large share which *Symbolism* took in their education, by which word "education" we may understand their growth in the knowledge of God, of His kingdom, and of His will.

They were taught by figures, acts and appearances *unlike* the things which they represented, and yet intended to point continually to these things, were constantly before their eyes in the worship of the tabernacle and temple.

The Epistle to the Hebrews is the great inspired commentary on this fact, and we cannot but be familiar with its interpretation of the spiritual meaning of the symbols to

which it calls attention, how the death of the sacrificed animal pointed to that of the Lamb of God, the institution of the priesthood to Him as the Great High Priest, etc., spiritual truth of inexhaustible value to the Church throughout all ages.

But what specially strikes the modern mind—trained to value that spiritual truth, and moulded in thought by its character—trained also by the progressive insight of prophetic teaching to see *through* and *above* the material and formal act, is the huge *unlikeness* of the sign to the thing signified in these symbolic acts of Jewish worship. Impressive they no doubt were. The blood of bulls and of goats may have spoken strongly of a total yielding up of life to its author, and of absolute self-surrender.

The dumb creature's unresisting submission did certainly convey a striking lesson to the restless human will, yet the mode of teaching appears to us now crude, "carnal,"—appealing chiefly, one would say, to very immature and uncultivated imaginations. We can well understand the exclamation of the Psalmist, "Thou delightest not in burnt offerings," and again when speaking in the person of God, "Will I eat the flesh of bulls and drink the blood of goats?"

The more spiritual and higher view of the prophets seemed almost to recoil from the forms of such religious worship. It was "a constant protest against the sacrificial system of the Levitical ritual, which they either, in comparison with the moral law, disparage altogether, or else fix their hearers' attention to the moral and spiritual truth which lay behind it." Our natural feeling now is: "Why was not something higher and more lovely used to lift the minds of this people to those spiritual truths?" "and would not the form of teaching have been in itself more elevating, had it for instance, taken that of noble art, such as produced the glorious statues of the Greek?" Were not the winged Mercury, the Jove, the Sun-God Apollo worthier *symbols* of the ways and thoughts of Deity, and would they not tend to produce closer communion of mind with the Divine Mind than could be produced by such sights as met the eye of the Jew?

One answer is of course both clear and familiar to us. The very perfection of Greek Symbolism formed its dangerous and debasing tendency. The statues of the Greeks were sufficiently satisfactory symbols of the idea of God to become

objects of worship. Therefore *no* image of Him, nor the likeness of anything in heaven or earth, not even beautiful ones were allowed in Jewish worship. Perhaps this is also the reason why all the mere ceremonial of approach to God was kept from anything of a too æsthetic character. True, there was beauty and melody in the Temple Service, but never enough to hide that gross "carnal" butcher's work, with its many disgusting accompaniments which are so minutely described in the Levitical books.

The sign was very unlike the thing signified; it was meant to *disappoint* and baffle the spiritual appetite—that of the increasingly spiritual man,—even more than to feed his hunger and thirst after righteousness, so that he should come to say with intense emphasis, "It is impossible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins."

Now going back to the thought with which we began, namely that the religious education of the Jew is a microcosm of the religious training of man, of the human race, from first to last, where do we find in human life *universally and through all time* this character of teaching by symbol?

Surely we find it in the entire universe as it impresses the mind of man at every stage of his conscious existence. Literally and exactly we are being taught by symbols in everything that our senses apprehend.

Certain sensations in the brain of each individual are the Signs by which he recognises the facts outside him. He is aware of them in no other way, and these sensations are by their very nature unlike the objects which give rise to them. They are but *symbols*—not *pictures*—hieroglyphics merely. We do indeed "see as in a mirror dimly" in this stage of our existence, and are being slowly taught that "we know nothing yet as we ought to know." And what is the conclusion professing to rest upon science, which is the special danger of this age? Is it not materialism—an acquiescence in the conclusion that there is no spiritual—nothing but "carnal" signs—signs which mean nothing, and point to no "thing signified;" "Cells" and brain changes, mere movements of matter—we are tempted to believe that these are all!

And how is this tendency met by the lesson of the training of that microcosm of humanity—the Chosen People? By this answer surely "You are being educated as we were." We

are the embryo in whose growth you see your own. By signs *unlike*, yet witnessing for mighty spiritual truths were we slowly, painfully, often bafflingly trained to hope and long for and expect the Fulfiller of all types. No other way of being trained was really good for us in our crude and immature state. The very imperfection of the symbol to satisfy the hunger which it aroused stimulated the exercise by which we grew. So is it still with us. It is God's way—the wisest way—the most effectual, that we should as yet "see as in a glass darkly." So will Faith and Hope and Love grow and make us capable of the higher Revelation when the "good appointed time" is fulfilled. In the meantime our probation lies in the very effort to apprehend the Invisible behind the Visible, and to take the sign as indeed a *sign*, and as implying therefore the existence of that of which it is a sign, namely, God and His Revelation of Himself.

NOTES ON EURIPIDES.

A TRUE dramatist, unlike a novelist, is for all time. His art has fewer trappings, and in it spirit speaks more directly to spirit. Euripides, the Human, belongs as much to us as to the Athenians who idolised him. For this very reason he has also had bitter enemies, not only among his own people, but in later times. The spirit that loves precedent and lives by convention is at war with him. He has been accused of lowering the dramatic ideal, of teaching immorality, of introducing religious innovations. As regards the first point; his conception of the drama was an entirely new one to the Athenians. They had been accustomed in the theatre to gaze awe-struck at mighty heroes and the majesty of kings; Euripides did not hesitate to represent these idealised personages according to the facts of daily life; for the gold and purple of princes, he would show them beggars in rags. The drama had been symbolic, speaking to the people from Olympian heights; he made it explanatory, on a level with them. The characters of the old dramatists had been types; his, both gods and men, were individuals His Death, in the "Alcestis," is a burly magistrate, jealous of his rights; his Apollo, in the same play, is a cultivated gentleman, different, however, from the benevolently selfish Apollo of the "Ion," who, in a sort of "parental government" manner, does as he likes with other peoples' affairs, and proves to them in the end that it was all for their good. The heroine of the tragic sacrifice at Aulis appears in the land of the Tauri, an assistant at the altar that is red with human blood, as a "nice girl," given to fine needlework. Euripides is for all time. The clear, delicate picture of the fair young girl, arrayed as for her nuptials by her mother's hand, amid a rejoicing household; the wondering baby brother, and the sister to whom, peeping through her fine veil, the bride was too shy to kiss farewell; the promise to come back soon and see her friends again, while, unknowing, she is

sent forth to a bloody death, the victim of a father's ambition and the coarse necessities of war—appeals to our sense of pathos to-day as strongly as it did to that of the audience at Athens.

Euripides' transmutation of mythical beings into everyday people comes upon us sometimes with the sort of shock one would feel on finding a Druid in a London drawing-room discussing old age pensions. Alcestis is revealed to us out of legendary clouds as a refined modern lady, whose share in the cutting to pieces of her old father Pelias is hard to credit. Euripides has been called a woman-hater; and certainly the remarks on women put into the mouths of some of his characters are bitter enough; but no woman-hater could have created Alcestis. The representation of her sweet and gracious figure reaches the height of pathos; the details of her calm preparation for death are more striking than any heroics; the due regard for appearances; the bath and the best toilet carefully performed; the prayer, the motherly thought for her orphan children, the religious rites gone through with unchanging countenance, the one irrepressible burst of grief in the nuptial chamber, the kindly farewell to all the servants, of whom "none was so mean that she did not speak to him and let him speak again"—all these make up a story as fresh to-day as when it first was told. Compare with this the weak wickedness of Phædra, whose emotion could not rise to the purity of passion, and whose feeble cunning could only attempt to cover her guilt by the poison of her slander, as the cuttle-fish conceals itself in its own black slime; and the passionate, triumphant wickedness of Medea, who consumed her enemies like a devouring flame, and rose victorious above them; and we see that we are in the presence of an artist who understood women as no one except, perhaps, Ibsen has since done. His drama not only brought down heaven to the level of earth, but represented earthly things with a candour that drew on him the charge of immorality. His first "Hippolytus" so shocked Athenian sense of propriety that it had to be withdrawn from the stage. In its second form this play is apparently referred to by Aristophanes in a sweeping condemnation of Euripides' moral teaching, and the "unholy unions" he represented on the stage. Elsewhere Aristophanes makes Euripides say in defence that the story of Phædra, on which his play was founded, was a true one; to which his Æschylus

answers that it was indeed true, but that the poet ought to conceal what is evil. This sounds like an epitome of the difference between the old morality and the new. The generation that delighted in the realistic plays of Euripides was to the race of heroes who drove back the Persian from their country, and gaped in wonder at the silent Niobe of Æschylus, what the inquiring nineteenth century is to the visionary middle ages. Not that the Athenians had made much progress in scientific inquiry, but the spirit of science was upon them ; they had lost their taste for turgid, grand drama, the few solemn words of a hero or demi-god, the presence of the company of Olympus ; they liked to see on the stage men and women like themselves, who talked as they might talk ; the worship of fact had set in ; and Euripides, the product of the age, faithfully represented both good and evil. But it can have been as an artist only that the shows of evil attracted him. In the very play, which by the story of Phædra shocked the moral sensitiveness of some of his audience, is portrayed perhaps the most pure and lofty character he conceived (in the extant works). The young neophyte, just admitted to initiation in the highest mysteries, with his virgin soul, his deep personal devotion to the goddess whom he idealised, the religious fervour of his Orphism (mocked by his excellent but unappreciative father), the spiritual exaltation that seems to shed a halo of mystic light around his brow (a quite modern picture), could have been drawn so accurately only by a lover of goodness. And Hippolytus complains that he reaps but little fruit from his piety: that Phædra, who in soul was wanton, had acted the part of wisdom, while he of the pure soul had made no use of his goodness. Such a play could Aristophanes condemn, because Euripides the Human had not restricted his teaching to the prescribed limits of Athenian morality. His characters reveal their true feelings, and he puts into their mouths, when the situation requires, the expression of base and dishonourable sentiments, which have sometimes been charged to him as his own. He held the mirror up to nature, and concluded in a deep distrust of man, which is not without example in sacred history. Not because he knew what what was in man, but because he knew that he did not know. "Oh, Zeus," cries Medea, "why hast thou granted unto us clear signs respecting gold which is counterfeit, but on the body of man there is no mark by which one should discern who is

evil?" He will not cast pearls before swine. "If one sets new wisdom before dullards, one will be accounted not wise but unprofitable."

There may also be said to be a theory of more modern acceptation, attributing a certain sort of immorality to Euripides; he is said to have no convictions, but only an intellectual pleasure in pitting argument against argument. No true Athenian could be insensible to this pleasure, and as he is accused by Aristophanes of having made the Athenians "talk, see, understand," we may suppose that the habit of argument had strikingly increased in his time, and that the old-fashioned party set down to his teaching what was really the characteristic of the age. Certainly (to mention two instances among many), in the dispute between Pheres and Admetus as to which of them ought to die, and the extremely interesting discussion between Jason and Medea on the matrimonial compact, there is a delicious subtlety in the just appreciation of both points of view; and the solution is left to the spectator. But a greater than he was at the same moment teaching in the same way: Socrates put questions, and did not answer them. It is the philosophy of Euripides to do the same. But could he, who crowned the self-sacrifice of Alcestis with the salvation of Admetus' soul, be a poet without convictions? And who could read Medea's passionate protest against the oppression of her sex, and suppose that Euripides regarded the subject with indifference? Indeed, his enlightened opinions on the position of women appear continually in the plays; and he has a woman's insight into the hardships of their lives. Some of the sayings of Medea (the advanced woman) would appeal strongly to the advancing women of the present day, still more strongly to the few pioneers of a generation ago. "Verily in many things am I different from many mortals," she piteously exclaims; and again: "Not now for the first time, but often, has my fame injured me, and wrought me much evil." We can fancy that the dangerous ideas on the woman question so boldly set forth in this play may have given a shock to Athenian conventionalism, not unlike the effect of "A Doll's House" on English minds in our own day; and that a murmuring of new ideas about the constitution of society might begin to be heard in the clubs and wrestling-schools, perhaps even in the secluded women's chambers; while the character of the clever, impious, foreign lady,

who had cast her dangerous wiles over Pericles himself, appeared in a new light.

Concerning the gods of Olympus, whose reign was already drawing to an end, Euripides was naturally among the first to meet and greet the ideas of the future. Socrates had for years been teaching strange doctrines up and down the city; doctrines which laid him open to the imputation of introducing new gods. Religion (which of course was not connected for them with the idea of morality), reverence for the Olympian deities, seemed to old-fashioned Athenians in danger. The old misbehaving Homeric gods could hardly be taken seriously by cultivated Greeks of the time of Alcibiades. Yet Euripides seems to have believed in a power working for good that "moved in a mysterious way." Orestes complains of the deception practised on him by Apollo in leading him to certain death among the Tauri, but in the end the promises of the god are miraculously fulfilled; and in the "Ion" Apollo seems at first to be reckless of the sufferings he causes, but finally brings things round to a happy consummation; when Athene pronounces the moral in majestic words: "From everlasting the works of the gods tarry, but they are mighty in the end." The phase of practical religion which attracted Euripides, a kind of philosophical "God helps those that help themselves," is probably summed up in the declaration of Orestes: "The divine power is naturally of more avail for the man of willing heart."

The sneer of Aristophanes—a passionate conservative, a social moralist, a man with a mission—about the "amateur gods" of Euripides, and the list he gives, "ether, the pivot of the tongue, intelligence, and acute scent," seem to show that Euripides held the powers of the mind and body, and the forces of nature, in greater reverence than the legendary gods. Thus when his Hippolytus defies a natural law, personified in the goddess Aphrodite, she takes a fearful vengeance. But that he put a high value on reverence itself could not be shown more clearly than by the picture of irreverence he gives us in the "Cyclops." This creature's views on religion are a *reductio ad absurdum* of the views which men like Euripides were accused of holding. He does not fear the thunder of Zeus, and sees little reason to suppose that Zeus is stronger than himself. When the north wind brings snow, he can light a fire and wrap himself in skins, and snap his fingers at the snow; when Zeus

sends a shower, he can shelter himself in his cave and gormandise, the only thing he cares for. As for the thunder of Zeus, he can make a noise as good himself. The earth, perforce, whether she likes it, or whether she doesn't, must bring forth grass to feed his flocks; his own belly is to him the greatest of the gods. It is into the mouth of a belly-worshipper that Euripides puts this creed. A comparison is suggested between the natural theology of the Cyclops and that of Caliban; both are human monsters, at enmity with the gods, with no instinct of worship; but there is a curious difference between their points of view. The classical conception is one of jovial, ignorant defiance; the modern, of helpless hate; but the main distinction between the two is, perhaps, an artistic one; that while Caliban is a dogma personified, the Cyclops is a person. It is this flesh-and-blood quality that makes the poems of Euripides always a fresh delight; his men and women do not belong to the world of thought—they are alive. A somewhat surprising proof of this is the fact that moderns can draw inspiration from his plays as from nature itself; and that an English poet of the nineteenth century has been able to read into the story of Alcestis his own meaning, and reproduce it as a fresh creation. His is the robust youth of imagination. Compare the emotional pessimism of the conception of "Love and Death" in the modern picture with the idea of the muscular Heracles lying in wait for the enemy beside the tomb of Alcestis, his hearty relish of the struggle, and the grip of his mighty hands as he cracks the ribs of Death. The art of Euripides is sane; his presentation is simple and direct; his clear and vivid pictures have about them something of the rippling light of his own beloved *κλειναὶ Ἀθῆναι.* He knew what it meant to be an Athenian: in a single perfect phrase he has photographed for all ages the life of the citizens of Athens: *ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες ἁβρῶς αἰθέρος.**

* Untranslatable; but literally "ever stepping delicately through brightest ether."

BRUSH DRAWING.

By Mrs. H. Perrin

I.

I HAVE been asked to add a few remarks on the subject of "Brushwork," which was so ably begun by Mrs. Steinthal in the May No. of the Review.

No one who like myself has had the privilege of listening to Mr. E. Cooke's lectures on Child Nature with regard to Art, and has watched his able fingers depict the curves he so dearly loves, can fail to be impressed by the way in which he deals with the subject. Taking his hints from the baby's spontaneous scribble, he builds up a systematic and progressive training directly in accordance with natural tendencies, in a way to stimulate the inventive faculty so strong in a child. He advocates taking it straight to natural forms for its examples, that the eye may quickly become accustomed to drawing from the round instead of from the dull, lifeless copies so much used by the Science and Art Department.

First we must create an interest and love in the subject, and afterwards exercises for training accuracy of eye and dexterity of hand will be much more quickly accomplished.

To teach a child to educate himself should be the aim of all teachers; and though this principle has permeated the whole Kinder Garten system, it has not been till lately carried out in its fulness with regard to art training.

Drawing is a means of expression as well as an art, and so it should be connected with the whole employment of the child, and it should not be an isolated performance.

Mr. Cooke recognizes the delight the child has in portraying the animals and plants around him, and he shows us that the

business of the teacher is to take the cue from these hieroglyphs and to transform the same into a truer portrait by means of the simplest and fewest lines possible.

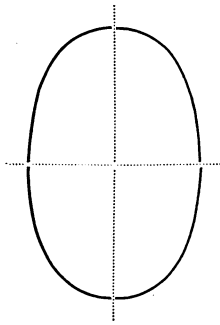
In my own nursery we have a large black board hung where the little ones can reach it, and they are encouraged to draw with white chalk large designs, or representations of animals and plants *from memory*, and any friends who come in are invited to do the same. In this way we get a variety in design, etc., and the best drawings are honoured by being allowed to remain on the board for a day or two. It is easy to fix a little shelf to catch the chalk dust; in our case we have placed the board over the ottoman sofa upon which the children stand in order that the board can be higher from the floor and not so liable to get rubbed.

In *very few* cases should copies from the flat be allowed, indeed I would almost say never, as they warp the natural powers in a child and cramp his imagination. Let a child's mind and hand be as free as the wind, merely guide it in the right channels and teach it nothing that it has afterwards to unlearn, or which stunts its development. "Steam and electricity are our servants, because we learned from them their nature, entered into it, and worked in sympathy with it—did not oppose it. The nature of the child can no more be altered by us. We must study, sympathize and conquer by obeying it."

This month I would urge bold blackboard drawing with white chalk, the arm working freely from the shoulder in elliptical curves, horizontal and vertical lines, and next month I hope to give a few hints on colour and colour washes without the use of either chalk or pencil; the great benefit of "Brushwork" being that it can be made quite a moral training in exactness and decision. The children should be carefully taught to make all their mistakes in the air, and not touch the paper or blackboard until the hand is ready to draw fearlessly and with precision the line required. No retouching can be allowed. The old habit of indecision with cramped muscular handling of the pencil, followed by indiarubber was ruinous to all proper development and fostered stammering if not in word, in thought and hand.

Mr. Cooke is the first of our great teachers to recognize that the child's first lines are elliptical curves, and to show how the *oval*, rather than the *circle*, is to be traced in all

animals and plants and things in motion. Ruskin dwells on the beauty of the ellipse and its four quarters when divided by a horizontal and vertical line. For this reason and also because something like the letter "*j*" Mr. Cooke calls each quarter a "*j*" curve, and shows how many of the most beautiful designs are based on this element. "The Greek potter has the child's conception, and delights in that general form we find common to living things. Vase and human form have ever been associated. We shall find no other art so familiar with the oval, its varieties, and elements; it is the germ-form of Greek art, the source of its simple strong curvature and ever beautiful ornament."



This month I would suggest that our little ones be asked to make different patterns, using only this one "*j*" curve in varied combinations. Let the patterns be put between parallel lines so as to make a frame in which to put their picture; the latter to be any shells, animals, etc., they can think of showing the ovate form or any flowers, plants, etc. A good exercise would be to draw, on a large scale, a fountain with the water rising and falling in "*j*" curves from an elliptical basin. These exercises can be done either on the blackboard or on large sheets of paper, in the latter case no pencil is to be used, but the brush, well filled with colour—say light red—should be held *vertically* with the wrist of the right hand resting on that of the left, in order to gain both freedom and steadiness. The point of the brush only must touch the paper, and the pressure to be such as to produce a fine regular line.

Next month we shall see how in colour blobs of the brush, when placed sideways on the paper, the same oval form appears, and how it permeates all the vegetable world.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IN ITS RELATION TO CHARACTER.

THIS is a self-conscious age. In all walks of life; in politics, in literature, even in philanthropy, the age is subjective. Education in its various branches tends to the development of individualism, and the tendency of individualism is to be conscious of self. This is, however, to a great extent the inevitable attribute of an active condition. It is very beautiful to see an entire absence of self-consciousness as is usually the case in little children, when not spoilt by over-indulgence, or worse by over-severity, but when the child is a little older, and awakes to its relations with things outside itself and immediate surroundings, the self-conscious age is reached, and is shown usually by sudden shyness and apparent stupidity, or by the rooted conviction in the child that he knows better and more on every possible subject than his elders. Trying though this last phase certainly is, there is still so much in it of promise, so much evidence of existing character, that friends and relations may well wait with patience, and hope for self-consciousness to give place to self-possession—that true possession of the soul, which Matthew Arnold saw regretfully was so often missed in the hurry and bustle of life—

> "We see all sights from pole to pole
> And glance, and nod, and bustle by
> And never once possess our soul
> Before we die."

The absence of self-consciousness, so beautiful wherever met with, is then we see usually characteristic of childhood,*

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*An instance of painfully precocious self-consciousness in childhood may be found in the "Life of the late Lord Lytton," who, when very young, startled his mother by enquiring if she were conscious of her own identity!

while its existence is often a product of growth and education. Is it then to be termed a fault of the age, or is it not rather a sign of progress? To both of these questions I think the answer should be in the affirmative. Self-consciousness is undoubtedly a faulty condition, but it may also belong to a transitional stage of real progress.

Among savage tribes it is entirely absent; its development is unmistakably a product of civilization, and like most other such products has both a good and a bad side. To realize oneself, to be conscious of one's own individuality is a step towards further growth, but to stop there would be at once to put a limit to growth. An infant, when it begins to awaken to the consciousness of innate powers, endeavours at once to put them to the test. It becomes, for example, conscious of powers which shall enable him to speak and to walk, and this realization leads to crowing and kicking—the first advance towards speaking and walking. It is the same with us in sleep—in deep sleep at any rate—self is lost in unconsciousness, but with our waking comes again the consciousness of self, and with this consciousness the call to action. The realization of self is the first step towards greatness, but to become greatness it must pass rapidly over the self-conscious stage, and translate *being* into *doing*, and to do this involves conquest of that very self which has cost at first so much to develope.

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to Sovereign power,"

says Tennyson in "Œnone," and this is the whole secret. The child conscious of the power of speech has to learn to speak, and that done must learn to *control* speech. The man who has learned the great and awful truth of his own individuality, must first learn the way in which he can use it, and then how to *conquer* it. "Resolve," says Matthew Arnold,

> "To be thyself, and know that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery,"

but this is only a half-truth, for to truly find oneself, one must also lose oneself. Life is full of paradoxes, and being one's best self, is the result alike of self-development and of self-repression. It is interesting in this connection to compare

two great modern poets—Browning and Tennyson. Browning's note is always one of aspiration.

> "A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?"

Aspire to be, to develope what is in you. This is his message to man.

Tennyson on the other hand bids men struggle to repress evil that good may grow,

> "Acting the law we live by without fear,"

but both alike point to men finding their true being ultimately in loving, and it is in loving truly and really that self-consciousness must inevitably die, though the love may perhaps be deeper and stronger for that previous self-knowledge of which we have been speaking. To again quote words of Tennyson's—

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
> Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

And certain it is that unless self-consciousness can evaporate in some such way as that, it will become that deadliest of moral foes, Egotism. In many cases self-consciousness is, of course, merely a form of Egotism, pure and simple, while in others, as shown in the case of the strange Autobiography of Marie Bashkirtseff, it may become the acme of morbid sensibility, but we are considering it here more as that sense of individuality which truly may grow into Egotism or morbid sensitiveness, but which may also ripen into self-conquest, and in speaking of the characteristics of the age in which we live, we may, I think, say thankfully, that Egotism *per se* is less a fault characteristic of our nation now than ever before. Men are more ready to-day to give themselves, and to sacrifice themselves for the good of others and the welfare of their country, but they are *conscious* of what it is they are doing. The old abandon of personal interests which led men *silently* to go forth to death or victory in the early and middle ages, has given place to a higher—because more personal—spirit of self-sacrifice, but taken generally (individually there are, of course, very many noble exceptions), there is less silence

about what is being done. Men are waking more than ever before to the realization of powers in and around them, and above all to the recognition of a common brotherhood—which is, in truth, the product of the highest individualism—but they talk about what they feel, and think, and do, as they did not previously. It is an age of experiments, of systems, of theories; educational, political, and social discussions are as the very air we breathe, but in all these there is life. Like the school boy, the world thinks it knows nearly everything, and applies itself to exercise its knowledge on the great questions of life. And rightly so. But like the school boy, it is, perhaps, only passing through a phase which may be the passport to fuller knowledge.

Self-consciousness then, if it be a fault of the age in which we live, is still, if we can use the antithesis, a *good* fault, for it bears in it the seeds of life and of progress, which may in time blossom into a noble self-forgetfulness, and at the same time into a truer "possessing" of our souls than ever before. With this belief we may well regard with patience and with hope its often presence in the young, recognizing it as an earnest of possible strength and nobility of character in the future.

F. U.

THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING PLANTS.

By Herbert D. Geldart.

"A plant gathered in some delightful spot is more dear to memory than even a portrait."—Sir J. E. Smith.

All my life long from six or seven years of age, I have been a lover of and collector of plants; and as a somewhat lonely child without much companionship of my own age, I made friends of the plants around me, and with their help tried to "suffice unto myself." Thus my earliest specimens were gathered more than half-a-century ago, and as the habit of collecting has been steadily persevered in, of course with many gaps when other occupations interfered, my herbarium has become a sort of history of my life: and not only of my own life; but as in course of time I have absorbed other persons' collections into my own, it is a history of some of my friends' lives, also recalling many memories of them. Almost all my happy holidays are recorded by the plants obtained, and many a day of business has left its mark by a plant or two hastily snatched and pocketed, perhaps in the few minutes spent in waiting for a train.

What glorious scenes and happy days come back to me in looking through these plants; here for instance is the Ivy-leaved Harebell (*Campanula hederacea*), with its lovely lilac bells, which mat the turf in Gwastad Agnes, the little "Agnes plain," in the Vale of Gwynant, right opposite the waterfall of Cwm Dyli, the Valley of the Floods, with the three grand Peaks of Snowdon standing round it: and here the tiny Alpine Rue (*Thalictrum alpinum*), and the Scurvy Grass (*Cochlearia alpina*), from the base of Snowdon's highest Peak and the shores of Llyn Glas the Grey Lake, where dwells the magic one-eyed trout; gathered on a day when a mighty thunderstorm broke on the top of the mountain, filling the whole basin of the Lake with dense dark mist, and pouring down sheets of rain, which gathered into torrents

and made rocks as big as houses literally "skip." Again here is the little Holly Fern (*Polystichum Lonchitis*), from that lonely Blue Grey Valley Cwm Glas, between the Stranger's and the Red Peaks; so lonely and desolate a spot that as Professor Ramsay says, often as his Glacier studies led him into it he had never met a single other person there: yet lonely as it is it was in this Valley if the reminiscences of the elder Harry Owen of Pen y Gwryd are to be trusted, that Charles Kingsley (climbing with his friend "Tom Brown"), stripped, waded, and swam to a little island in one of the small tarns to gather a "yellow flower;" which may possibly have been in Kingsley's mind when he wrote "Two Years Ago," and made the Major risk his life for Lucia Vavasour's fancy, and so brought down all that load of ruin on the heads of the mad poet and his wife. Here is also the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis*), from Llyn Idwal, and Twl Du—the Black Pit—where it stars the rocks with bright pink blossoms, a relict of the time when ice carved and ground the hills of Wales, and strewed its valleys with big boulders. Tall blue Speedwell (*Veronica hybrida*), and Cotoneaster (*C. vulgaris*), gathered on the Great Orme's Head remind me of a time before Llandudno, as a town was built; when the shore of Conway Bay was free from houses, and covered with dwarf white Roses (*Rosa spinosissima*), and herbage full of little snails (*Bulimus acutus*), which carried black and white turrets (like little Towers of Babel) on their backs, one of which laid a whole nest of milk white eggs in a pill box in my pocket, on the road to Conway; where in the Castle ruins grew the Ivy Broomrape (*Orobanche Hederæ*), and on the walls of the old city flowered the wild Carnation (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*. Here again are the Lanceolate and the Sea Spleenwort (*Asplenium lanceolatum* and *marinum*), which grew together on the Gimlet Rock, which guards the Harbour of Pwlhelli, a rock of Syenite, smoothed, and polished by ice-action, and yet so hard it blunted, and then broke, the hard steel chisel ere the ferns could be obtained; pleasant remembrances of a sunny day, clear without a cloud, and of pale green-blue sea; charming contrasts to the narrow, evil-smelling streets of the little town, which has however a suburb of quaint cottages covered to their chimneys with crimson Fuchsias.

Beautiful as are the ferns as a class, none is more lovely than the Brittle Fern *(Cystopteris fragilis)*, this came from that most lovely and characteristic of England's vales, the Valley of the Wharfe, not far below the Strid at Bolton, within sight of the Abbey, where it grew with the Beech and Oak Ferns *(Polypodium Phegopteris* and *Dryopteris)*; whose nearest British ally, the Limestone Fern *(Polypodium calcareum)*, I found when a boy, in the deep cracks of the broken limestone country at the foot of Ingleborough, growing with that very virulent poisonous plant, the Baneberry *(Actæa spicata)*; and from the same wild district, wisely labelled "Craven" only, for fear of extirpation were the exact locality made known; I have the Lady's Slipper *(Cypripedium Calceolus)*, the Queen of English Orchids, gathered seventy years ago, by one of the best known field botanists of the day. From a little further Northward come the Dwarf Willow Herb *(Epilobium montanum var.)* and Enchanter's Nightshades *(Circæa)*, of the shores of Derwent Water, perfect in flower and fruit, and yet not one of them two inches high; and from close by from the curious upland valley of Watendlath, beloved of artists; with its giant firs overlooking the weedy tarn, its Roman bridge, built of slate on edge, and its old houses with walls of several feet in thickness, and doors studded and bound with iron, remains of a village, sacked, and all but destroyed in the rebellion; comes the Parsley Fern *(Cryptogramme crispa)*, and not far off; where Brund Fell overlooks the "Castle Rock" of Borrowdale, and the double Bridge of Grange; I have seen Heather growing more than waist-high, from which, as I waded through it, the pollen floated down the wind from off the purple bloom in a thick yellow mist.

Turn a little Southward, and we have Arnside Knot, overlooking the fatal sands of Morecambe Bay, where grows the Rigid Shield Fern *(Lastræa rigida)*; and that most fairy-like of all British wild flowers that I have ever found, the pure white single-flowered Harebell *(Campanula rotundifolia var)*. A little further Southward, to the sandy shore of Lytham, with its almost unique Winter Green (*Pyrola maritima*); and little Centauries (*Erythræa pulchella*), perfect plants, hardly an inch high, crowned with one rosy five-rayed star. South, again, to the plains of Cheshire; where I have measured Horsetails nearly ten feet high: thence to the classic ground

of Dovedale, with its memories of Isaac Walton, represented by white Saxifrage (*Saxifraga hypnoides*); as is Matlock, by its Arenarias; and Castleton by Yellow Pansies (*Viola lutea*), with their thread-like stems, which gild the moors; and bright Red Campions (*Lychnis diurna*), so thickly grown they make the mountains blush: and on the side of a hill at Cressbrook, there grew one year in May; a carpet, so close you could not see the ground beneath, of intermingled Forget-me-not (*Myosotis sylvatica*), and Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*); blue as the sky, and white as snow, and as sweet scented as it was pure in colour. Here too, are Rushes, grown in Yardley Chase; hard by the giant oaks now crumbling to decay, who, could they speak, might tell strange tales of what has passed beneath their shade from the days when they were young.

A long leap southward to the Ferns of Devon. Shield Ferns taller than oneself, and lovely little Maiden Hair (*Adiantum capillus Veneris*); and from the cliffs of Babbicombe the pure white Rock-Rose (*Helianthemum polifolium*). So might I go on recalling happy times marked each by plants from many parts of England, but I must not forget my own county, Norfolk; the "meeting-place of north and south," botanically speaking.

What can be more beautiful than a marsh of many acres in extent, lying in the sunshine, purple with Orchis, white with Helleborine (*Epipactis palustris*), blue with Forget-me-not, and here and there golden with late-flowering Marsh Marigold (*Caltha palustris var?*) What more quaint than the old-world looking little Orchids (*Liparis Loeselii*), and (*Malaxis paludosa*), with their minute pale yellow flowers, which still survive in some of the ancient bogs? What more curious than the Sundews of three different sorts (*Drosera anglica*, *intermedia* and *rotundifolia*), which lie in wait for heedless insects; catch them, suck out their juices, and fling away their empty cases?

Go to the north-west coast of Norfolk, stand on one of the low hills overlooking the salt marsh and sandy shore. What is that purple haze that seems to hang over the wettest marsh? It is thousands of flowers of the Sea Lavender (*Statice Limonium*) basking in the sunshine. Why does the purple yield to blue where the sand just beyond the marsh gets a little harder? Because the species of Sea Lavender

which grows there is differen(t *Statice auriculæfolia*), and where the sand gets drier still, the haze is mauve—again another change of species, a third Sea Lavender (*Statice Caspia*), has taken the place of the other two.

Go to a Norfolk Broad. I do not mean a public one, frequented by "'Appy 'Arry" and his mates; but a small secluded one where nature is allowed to have her way, and what a wealth of flowers you find, tall yellow Loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*), and purple Loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), Winter Green (*Pyrola Rotundifolia*), and Butterfly Orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*), brighten the grassy margin of the land: on the water float white and yellow Water-lilies, with their broad green leaves, and here and there are patches of the Water Soldier (*Stratiotes aloides*), bearing its pure white blossom in the centre of a tuft of serrated leaves, looking like a diminutive aloe gone to sea; and bright yellow Bladderworts (*Utricularia vulgaris*), spring each from its tangled mass of bladders, only their stem and flowers above the surface of the water. All these and hundreds more of wild flowers, each and all worthy of notice, find a resting place upon my shelves.

Pass we now from the farthest East of England to the farthest West of Ireland, to damp, barren Connemara; here are London Pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*), which grows there wild by gardens-full, and pale yellow Butterworts (*Pinguicula lusitanica*), and strange heaths; cross to Achill, that island of black bogs, beggars and desolation, how vividly the hay-scented Fern (*Lastræa Fœnisecii*), after forty years still sweet; recalls the miserable little Inn, choke-full of guests, and nights spent on a shake-down on the floor in company with rats, mice and the pursuing cat.

Southward again to beautiful Killarney where the "grass is the greenest, and the cabbages are the biggest, and the women are the fairest," in all creation. Killarney has three specialities—the noble Arbutus, glorious in its season with scarlet berries; the Bristle Fern (*Trichomanes brevisetum*), with dark green dripping fronds; and the grand deep purple Butterwort (*Pinguicula grandiflora*), which carries flowers as large as halfpence, a possible survival of the mystic "lost Atlantis," but anyway a member of perhaps the oldest flora in the British Isles; most likely telling of a time when

Ireland and the North of Spain had some connecting link. Where else too could you see that arch of Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*), a dozen feet long, its roots in the bank and its tips gracefully dipping in the water; which lines the river between the lakes, where the saucy waterfowl swim secure, half hidden by the veil of drooping fronds.

And Mucross, also represented by a few small wall-plants, where, in the Market-place, on the Fair-day, the bold, but very tipsy peasants fought with sticks—in two factions—till the ground was red with blood; strange to say, for no reason whatever that could be learned, except that there was a grudge left over from some former Fair which they could not forget, and had come determined to fight out.

Across the Irish Sea again and go Northward, to the Highlands to Deeside the bonny "Queens Country", where a Southerner can hardly take the shortest stroll without meeting with new plant faces; climb dark Loch-na-gar, does not the trailing Azalea *(Loiseleuria procumbens)* bring back that stormy day when all the party—not weak men either—were knocked down, some more than once, by the tremendous gusts; and the Club Moss *(Lycopodium annotinum)* does not that recall that other rainy day when on the flanks of the same Mountain the stately Red Deer, eight of them, two Harts with noble heads and their attendant hinds, marched for some distance on the brae on one side of a burn, right opposite to us; whilst we walked on the other, and they shewed no sign of fear. Thence too comes the White Heather, sure harbinger of luck, which after all brought nothing but ill-fortune. And then the Coials overhanging Ballater, huge masses of lava and of Serpentine harder than the hardest granite; where grow Alpine plants far below their usual level, and where the Ring-Ouzels flew almost in one's face swearing lustily in quite unnecessary fear for their young broods.

Another day spent at Loch Bulg, the home of Char, lying close under the mighty bulk of Ben Avon is well recalled by the strange-looking floating Bur-weed (*Sparganium affinis*) and is never to be forgotten for the bitter snowstorm—it was in the month of August too—and the long toilsome journey home, wet to the waist with fording through the almost ice-cold water of the river.

May not such memories as these be justly called the

"pleasures of collecting." If as Bacon tells us in his Essays "A Garden is the purest of human pleasures," and "God Almightie first planted a garden," surely the love of wild flowers must be the next most pure pleasure, and as "God Almightie" must, I suppose, have created the wild flowers before he planted a garden; I should almost be inclined—without in any way wishing to lessen the pleasures of a garden—to claim the first place for the natural love, rather than for the artificial pleasure. Certain it is that the love of flowers, whether they be in their natural state or fostered by art, is an exquisite delight, which, unlike too many other pleasures, leaves behind it no remorse nor any regrets. Again, if "on Earth a Flower only can be perfect," as Nathaniel Hawthorne thought; surely the love of God's most perfect creation must be a form of natural religion, carrying with it high and holy thoughts which should be encouraged to the utmost.

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

If, as Tennyson has told us, the highest mysteries of all God's works are wrapped up in a plant, and may possibly be revealed to a soul even unconsciously seeking the Creator through the medium of His most perfect work; is not the study of such perfection a thing worth fostering, especially among the young, who will only too soon rub off the bloom and freshness of their minds in the turmoil of the busy lives before them, and be apt to lose sight of the search after perfection, in the dust and racket of their daily pursuits?

Setting aside altogether the mere scientific aspect of the question, and the delight of feeling oneself gradually becoming master of a subject, is it not worth while to try and interest a child in a study which, while it affords a pleasant occupation in the present, stores up memories for the future, if it be persevered in; of boyhood, youth, manhood, and middle-age against the time, not too far off from any of us; when staleness and lassitude begin to take the place of energy and strength, when the long ramble or the steady march of many

miles, once so eagerly looked forward to and so keenly enjoyed, becomes a thing to be thought of twice before it is undertaken once; and every year it grows more pleasant to turn over the treasures gathered long ago, and mentally to see the scenes and faces of old friends, and to hear the voices now to be seen and heard in reality no more; in place of setting out to seek new acquaintances, whether places, plants, or persons?

HOW TO INCULCATE KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

By Mrs. Wood.

All good laws spring from true philosophy; therefore, the law of Kindness to Animals must have its foundations laid deep down in the philosophical kinship of the soul of man to the soul of his beast.

The Prophet who would teach this holy law must take the hand of the little child and lead him, back over the hills of time, to that spot where man and beast began their life in happy unison. There, in Eden's garden, he shall see the lion and the kid, side by side on the green pastures; the wolf eating straw by the ox; the leopard reposing at the feet of the gentle woman, who caresses his beautiful hide and calls him sweetly by his name. The child must know that this is no vanished glory, but that it is a true picture of the new earth to be when He is King who shall save both man and beast.

The next step will be to introduce the little philosopher to animal life as it is now under altered conditions. The rural scenes around home—natural and artificial—menagerie or zoological gardens, even the busy Cattle Mart, all will be instructive.

Then, when it is apparent that the circumstances of animal life are strangely altered, it will be time to show how this change has been brought about by man's rebellion against the law of love. Tell the old story of the one sad day in Eden and how, after man's fall, the earth began to bring forth briars and thistles, the serpent to crawl in the dust, and the most gentle creatures became fierce and treacherous and bloodthirsty. The still sadder tale must follow, of how our gentle animals had to shed their blood through long ages, to teach man's hard heart that God would indeed provide Himself a Lamb. Let the child know that innocent animals had to struggle and perish in the waters of man's flood, that the shelter of the Ark was shared by man and beast alike.

and that nature's resurrection was hailed first by happy birds. Show how animals share the famines and diseases and accidents of our disordered life; how, unable to complain, they partake of our daily toil and suffering, and have to endure at our hands whatever we choose to lay upon them. In this way the sense of the close relationship between man and beast may be fixed in the young mind. What child's heart will not go forth in sympathy towards lives thus interwoven with his own destiny. This theoretical part of the training will be nourished and developed by intimacy with the poetry and prose bearing on this tender subject. The exquisite poems of Mary Howitt—so rich in natural history—should form a real part of every child's education. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," and Mrs. Barbauld's "Earth's many Voices," cannot fail to deepen loving sympathies. Æsop's "Fables" afford a rich fund of wisdom. Wordsworth's "Pet Lamb" breathes the very essence of child-tenderness. Many poems of Blake flow from the same sweet source. A series of stories entitled "Our Dumb Companions" will be found helpful.

Perhaps the most inspiring kind of reading is a life of an ardent naturalist such as that of Thomas Edwards, or Lord Waterton. White's "Selbourne" is another inspiring volume. But animal life must be studied from Nature herself. Parents must visit her with their children as much as possible. Many a lesson of heroic virtue may be learnt from watching the habits of the most ordinary animals. In the care of domestic animals children may learn invaluable lessons. Dr. Johnson said that a man who performed one duty day by day regularly for a year, deserved the respect of his fellows. In duly attending to dumb creatures this quality of unremitting perseverance is secured. It is wholesome for a child to be in contact with humble and lowly service of animals. He will involuntarily respect the kindly woman who so cheerfully plunges through the snow to take a warm meal to her fowls. He will honor the simple farm-boy who rises from his warm bed to minister to a suffering creature under his care—or, who faces the bitter wind and blinding storm to seek some poor sheep lost in the snow drift.

Happy the child who is thus trained to a life of sympathy with Nature and Nature's children.

TO A CHILD BORN IN APRIL.

Happy little April maid
Who in early childhood played,
In the father-tended glade,
All among the flowers!

Happy that thy mother's heart
Knows so well its mother's part,
To be glad, for glad thou art
Babe of April joys.

Never mind the April showers,
They will bring us lovely flowers;
God sends beauty, it is ours,
Wreathe thy happy brows!

Every little leaf and bud
Cowslip field and primrose wood
All for thee, to do thee good,
Skip then with the lambs!

Sing sweet April lassie sing
Thou art part of joyous spring
Earth is thine, and Christ thy King,
Praise Him with the birds.

K. E. W.

TEL SONO, A JAPANESE REFORMER.

"I am a little Japanese woman."

(*From her Autobiography*).

CHAPTER VII.

SHORTLY after the incident before mentioned I left the cellar to work for a kind Christian lady, but in six weeks she was called to Ohio. Then Mrs. K. Waterman, a lady living near, said she would send me to school if I would come to her and wait on her daughter. She made this kind offer because she was in sympathy with my plans. Thus through her my way to gain an English education was opened.

For three days I attended the public school, and each day was questioned by the principal regarding my native country, my name, and age. "Are you sixteen or seventeen years old?" he said. For a long while I stood without making any reply, fearing to say that I was almost forty years old, lest he would not allow me to come to school.

He did not know what was going on in my heart, and explained again in very plain words his question. I could no longer be silent, so I said "I am twenty-four years old." He looked surprised. "What? twenty-four years old! Are you sure?" That night Mrs. Waterman received a letter saying I could not attend the school. I wept bitterly over the letter, refusing to leave my room or eat, so completely discouraged was I; but Mrs. Waterman soon comforted me by saying she would send me to her daughter's school, which she immediately did. In June, 1888, Mrs. Waterman's daughter died, and thus I had no work to do. Though she did not say for me to go away, I decided to seek employment and a home

elsewhere. This time I went to work for a music-teacher. The family was very late in rising, thus keeping me late with my work. In order to reach school in time I would have to run to catch the train; but the conductor was kind, and used to wait when he saw me coming.

Wishing to know how to make American dresses I next went to live with a dress-maker. One afternoon, while there, I was mending stockings in the sitting-room when some ladies came in. They asked me why I was darning so many stockings. "Because I wear out a pair almost every day," I said. Then they wanted to know what number shoes I wore. I said I did not know, but that Japanese women's feet were very large. Two of the ladies took off their shoes and tried them on my feet and found them quite large enough. "You should wear shoes No. 4½ instead of No. 7," they said, laughing; "then your stockings would not wear out so quickly." After they had gone I went out and bought a pair of boots the proper size. I laughed very heartily after when I thought of how funny No. 7 shoes must have looked with the short skirts I then wore. I had not thought of my shoes being too large. I had only known that with every step they slipped up and down and that my feet felt very heavy. So anxious was I to study that my appearance received but little thought.

One afternoon, while waiting for the train to go over to the school, I went into a fruit-store to buy some bananas. As I was going out some one called after me, "You want cracker? You want cracker?" I thought it was the storekeeper, and said, "No, thank you." Twice again the question was asked. I answered in a little louder tone, for I did not like to be asked so often, "Oh no; I do not want any!" Then I noticed that those about me were laughing, and I looked around to find a parrot had been talking to me. I felt so ashamed that I hurried home without waiting for the train.

At this time my kind teacher, Mrs. Reid, said to me, "I have been thinking about you, and how very hard it is for you to meet the school expenses and your car-fare over here. If you are willing to teach drawing to the kindergarten children one hour every day you need not pay any thing for instruction."

This kind offer I gladly accepted.

CHAPTER VIII.

I ONCE went to an employment-office in San Francisco in search of work. The woman in charge said that she had a very hard place, where the lady could not keep a girl one week. I said I would like to try it. There were five children in the family, the father and mother, and an upstairs girl.

One of my first orders was that I must not use over three shovels of coal at once, and that whenever I had any time I must chop coal and wood. Every night the lady gave me three cupfuls of oatmeal for breakfast, and that was all the breakfast they had. Very often I had not enough hot water because of not being allowed to keep much fire. She would come in very often to look at the stove and to see if I had used much coal, and the dampers were kept tied with wire so that they could not be opened to make the fire burn brightly. She and her husband drank coffee in the morning but we were not allowed any; and if we wished tea she would put about ten or twelve leaves in our cups.

From five o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night I worked hard. For the up-stairs girl, who was about eighteen years old, I felt very sorry, because she had not enough to eat. As she took care of the children she had her meals with the family, and was too much afraid of her mistress to eat much. She asked me to give her a piece of bread every evening. My only opportunity to get it was when taking off the dishes, as the lady kept the keys of the pantry. So I would slip a piece into my pocket and afterward put it under the girl's pillow. She was very grateful for the bread, and said she could not stay long if I went away, because she had not strength to work so hard without more food.

One morning after I had baked as usual I left the bread and fresh biscuits on the table and went to my ironing in the washing-room. Soon the lady called me, and with an angry face said, "Did you eat five of those biscuits?" I said I had not been in the kitchen since having baked them. Then she called the up-stairs girl and asked her, but she said she knew nothing of them. And then she collected all the children before the table, the oldest one being eighteen years of age, and examined each one. They all said they had not taken

the biscuits, though I thought they very likely had eaten them, because they were always hungry. Then she said she believed the milkman had stolen them when he brought the milk into the kitchen. The next time baking was done she commanded that the bread be left upon the same table, and that I watch from some hiding place when the milkman came in. "Wait until he gets out of the kitchen," she said, "then call after him 'to give back those biscuits.' If he refuses, examine his pockets." Later she came in and wanted to know how he stole the biscuits and whether he gave them back or not; but I told her he did not take them and that he said he never stole her biscuits.

One Saturday I swept four bedrooms and put the children's large play-room in order between doing the cooking; but she said I did not do enough work for the money I received. I said, "Very well, you may get some one else to do your work. I cannot work any more than I am doing." About ten o'clock at night, a few days later, she said for me to begin ironing because the next day would be very busy. "No," I said, "I cannot work after ten o'clock." "You must obey me," she exclaimed. "If you wish I will go away at once, but I cannot obey such an unjust command." "If you do go away now I will not pay you for your past work." "Very well, I will never sacrifice my health for money. However, I will make public your conduct for the benefit of others." I began to pack my things to go away at once, but her husband asked me to stay two days and promised he would pay me honestly. The children also begged me to stay and excuse their mother.

The last morning I rose early, did all the morning work, and baked so that there would be enough bread to eat for a week after I had gone. "Why did you bake bread?" the lady said, coming into the kitchen. "I do not want it, and you must pay me for it." I said I was very sorry, but would pay her seventy cents for the seven loaves. "You must pay one dollar for the time you spent," she said. I did so, and then I said, "I hope you will go to church now and get your heart in a better condition." A boy came from the Japanese Mission to help me carry my things. He looked on surprised when he saw me tying up the bread, and the lady watched my movements very closely. "You need not trouble about the bread," I said, "because it is mine." "Where are

you going to take it?" she questioned. "To my pastor and friends. And now I want to thank you very much for the experience I have had with you. It has been good for me."

On my way to the mission I bought some tea and a half-roll of butter. After I made the tea we sat down to enjoy the bread. "You must eat with a relish," I said, "for this is very dear bread." Then I told them all about what had happened, and we had a merry time together.

CHAPTER IX.

As I went into these different homes, sixteen in all, I went with the purpose to learn all possible. One thing could not fail to impress me, and that was the difference between those homes where God was honored and where He was not.

After many talks with my pastor and kind Christian ladies, and after studying the Bible diligently, I came to know Christ as my Saviour. God spoke to me, and I knew Him to be the true God for whom I had searched so many years. I was very happy, and wanted to be baptized soon, and yet I wanted to do something for my Saviour before I was baptized. It was just at this time that my mother died in Japan, her last words being, "My work is not perfected, for I am only sixty years old; but I must die."

After studying three years in the private school I was graduated, 1889, and returned to San Francisco to do hard work again that I might earn money enough to attend some training-school for Christian workers.

On my return the sad and destitute condition of many of my country sisters appealed to my heart. I determined to help them in some way, and in January organized a benevolent society, its object being to help the poor and fallen among the Japanese women, to give food and care to the sick, to provide a way for children to be attended to while their mothers worked, and to lead the wicked into the path of righteousness. I put into this society all the money I had saved for my future work, and secured over one hundred members for it. Shortly after the organizing of this society a poor Japanese woman who had been carrying on an evil work died. As she had no relations

in this country the people among whom she lived took care of her while she was sick, but they had no place to bury her. Two men came to my office and wished me to speak to my pastor about allowing them to bury this woman in the Japanese Mission burial-grounds. I did so, and told him that I thought this a good opportunity to put into operation my plan of doing benevolent work among these most degraded and sunken people. He gladly granted their request, and then they asked him to conduct the funeral service and invited me to accompany him. We went to the undertaker's house, where the corpse was, and where was gathered quite a company of men and women. I looked carefully into their condition, and when the service was over asked the manager to give me time to speak. Standing up, I said: "I am very glad to meet you, my dear country sisters. Will you not all stand and look once more into the dead face of this our sister? What do you think about her face? Is it not sorrowful and thin? I can almost see her sorrow-stricken heart when her life went out. Perhaps she had been homesick and wished to see her parents and sisters and brothers, and died saying, 'I hope to see once more my dear native place and my mother and father." Some ancient person has said, 'When a person dies his last words are good.' When people are in good health, eat nice food, wear beautiful clothes, and are engaged in unclean business, they never remember their native land, but selfishly go on getting more and more, and wanting still more and more. They never turn to see their own hearts covered up with wickedness, and do not prepare for death, although this is not our eternal home. When we die we must go back to the eternal home of our heavenly Father. This sister's mother, father, and relations are waiting for her, and saying proudly to their friends every day: 'My daughter went to America, where she is getting a good education.' They do not know the sad condition in which she is; they never think of evil. Then, sisters, what do you think will happen when this sad message reaches her parents? The poor mother will perhaps die with a broken heart. Sisters, you have parents. Do not forget them, do not forget your loved native land. Pass not through the narrow and unclean streets, but walk in the right, large

road." The women sobbed aloud and the men hung their heads. When I saw how they felt I said: "I trust that *you* are not engaged in wicked business, but if you find among your friends any one who does work that is not right please ask her to stop; and if you find those who are poor or in any trouble come and tell me, that I may help them. I have established a society for those who need help, and have a room all ready for them; therefore please come to me at any time." Then we went to the burial-ground, returning to the mission about eight o'clock in the evening. That night all my Japanese Christian friends met me in the pastor's sitting room, and he told them about what I had said. "Your words were very good," he said, turning to me. "Everybody has been afraid to speak against these wicked people, but you were not afraid."

It is the custom in Japan, when a person has been dead seven days for the family to make a feast, and invite all who attended the funeral. These people observed this custom, and invited me to the house of the chief man, who had had charge of the woman's funeral. My friends feared to have me go; but I said I believed the people trusted me and would do me no harm, and accordingly went with the guide who was sent for me. On reaching the place I was seated in a pleasant room and served with a nice dinner. When through my dinner they asked me to speak, which I gladly did. At eleven o'clock I went back to the mission, accompanied by one of the men. Three women had asked to become members of my society, and some of the men had said: "I will stop gambling and drinking wine; therefore please put my name among your society members." About ten days after the chief man brought me five dollars. "We collected fifty-four dollars from among our company for the funeral," he said. "After expenses were paid ten dollars remained, and I wish to give half to the Japanese Mission and half to your society if you will please receive this small gift." I did so, and he went away with a glad heart.

Nearly every day I was visited by these people, many becoming members of the society and attending the Sunday services at the mission.

Thus was begun Christian work among fallen men and women. Every day I visited them, explained the Bible, and

pleaded with them to do right. My friends begged me to stop for they feared I would suffer harm; but I did not fear. I knew my God was always with me.

The work of the society is still carried on by Mrs. M. E. Harris, who is president. Many poor children are kept there, and when women and girls get out of work they stay there and take care of the children till they find a good place; then others come to take their place. Thus the work goes on, constantly changing and growing.

CHAPTER X.

ONE afternoon a Japanese young man came to my office and asked if I would listen to his story. On my answering that I would be pleased to do so, he related the following: "I came to San Francisco one-and-a-half years ago, accompanied by about twenty-five Japanese. One of the number had been a Christian many years, and he preached to us every day on the voyage. His preaching made us feel very happy; it comforted our hearts and made us forget our loneliness. Soon after we arrived here three of us believed on Christ, whom we had heard of during the voyage through this man's preaching, and we went to work to earn money for our education. Not long after we heard that our preacher had begun to drink and play cards. This made us feel very sad, and we begged him to stop, but he would not listen to our words. Then we determined on asking you to speak to him, and it is for that purpose that I come to you to-day." I said I feared he would not listen to me, as I was only a poor woman, but that I would try what I could do. That evening the young man accompanied me to the house of his friend and said to him, "Miss Sono wants to speak to you." "Well," he answered, his thick voice and red face betokening the drunkard. He looked intently at me for a long while, then remembered that he had heard me speak at the poor woman's funeral. I talked with him a long while, but apparently with no good result, for he said, "Wine is a very good thing. I love it very much. Indeed, I must love it, because when I have trouble or am sad I can at once become happy by taking the dear wine. It makes me

forget my poverty." I waited until he became more sober, then asked him if his parents were living. He said his mother, seventy years old, was living, and that she had no other children. Then I said, the tears running down my cheeks all the time I talked, "Who is taking care of her now? It is your duty to care for her. She has loved you very deeply, more deeply than you can love her. You ought not to come so far away while she is living. She is thinking of you every day, and waiting for you to return, for she longs to see your face before she dies. She is old and soon must die. Can you do her any good after she dies?" His face was downcast while I talked; then he said, "I thank you very much for your kindness to me. I will think seriously about what you have said. It is very late now, and you had better go back." When I reached the mission with my guide it was almost twelve o'clock. From that time the man began to attend regularly the Sunday meeting, and during the week to talk with many of his friends. The young man afterward thanked me for having spoken to his friend, and causing him to stop the use of wine. When I left San Francisco the reformed man met me at the station to say good-bye. My last words to him were, "Please do not forget your mother, but go back while she lives."

My plan for the future is to establish a free Christian school in my native place, where there are no Christians, no churches, no missionary schools. Already the voices from over the ocean are calling, "Come back quickly! Come and lead us into a better and a happier life."

I long to return that I may live and work and die for my heathen sisters. God has led me to America, he has blessed me with his own salvation, has provided for the needs of my body and soul; and now he bids me go back to the home-land and there make known his law.

We have had the great pleasure of a visit from Madam Tel Sono, at Ambleside, and have found the presence of this highly cultivated heroic, Christian Japanese lady, very inspiring and helpful. We were all deeply impressed with her fitness for the great work she has in progress. Sympathy, tact, tenderness, administrative power, and practical mastery of detail, combined with her extraordinary experience, should make this

interesting Japanese lady—such another educational reformer in Japan as we in England have in Miss Clough, Miss Beale, Miss Shirreff, Miss Buss—Indeed Madam Tell Sono's is far the greater work; for *Christian* education among the oppressed women in Japan, should produce a social revolution of a nature, which we at home can hardly realize. The feature of the movement which interests us (in Ambleside) most deeply is the training department for governesses, high class girls trained to teach in high class families, on the lines of the House of Education. As she says "the missionary cannot reach the highest class;" but, as a woman of that class she hopes first through the children, and then through the mothers to introduce christianity to the more thoughtful and cultivated among her countrymen. As she herself said, Japanese hold the teachers of their children in very great respect, and when the children ask them questions they say "go to your teacher and she will explain it to you." The emperor's edict has made it possible for any who wish it to become Christians, and therefore Madam Tel Sono says there will be no bar to the employment of Christian Japanese women. The high class Japanese are very anxious to get western civilization taught to their children, this she is quite capable of imparting to her students, and she hopes by her experience to gain many Japanese women to her side. Her aims and efforts are known already in her country, and she is earnestly looked out for by many friends.

She is collecting in England and America a building fund (including site) of £1,200. All but £200 of this has been obtained by her indomitable perseverance. She is also asking for annual subscriptions, to support 25 half scholarships at £6 each, for the training of governesses who cannot meet the whole cost of their maintenance (£12 per annum). The fact that she has been able to enlist foreign sympathy and help for her undertaking, adds enormously to her already great prestige among her countrymen. And we may look forward with confidence to a great christian educational work for the elevation of the women, in a country in which many of us are deeply interested. We earnestly hope that the readers of the *Parents' Review* will support Madam Tel Sono.

All business letters to her should be addressed to the Japanese Consulate, 84, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., or to the Japanese Ambassador, 8, Sussex Place, Hyde Park, W., to whom all subscriptions should be sent; or to the Editor of the *Parents' Review*, who will gladly forward them.

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION.

THE Annual Meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday afternoon, June 7th, at London House, St. James Square, by the kind permission of the Bishop of London. The chair was taken by the Countess of Aberdeen, one of the Presidents of the Society. The room was crowded, and amongst those present were Canon Daniel, Miss Beale, the Lady Alice Archer Houblon, the Lady Isabel Margesson, Miss Helen Webb, M.B., Dr. A. T. Schofield, Mrs. Douglas Powell, Lady Macpherson Grant, Rev. Sidney Davies, Rev. J. T. Penrose, Preb. Eyton, Mr. Arthur Pease, Rev. H. and Mrs. Hart-Davis, Mrs. Walter Ward, Mrs. Gurney Fox, Mrs. Ronald McNeill, Mrs. Washington Epps, and Miss C. M. Mason.

Mr. Henry Perrin, the Organising Secretary, in presenting the Report, said that the year showed much progress both in the number of meetings, of active branches, and in the increase of general interest in the work of the Society. Letters of regret at their inability to attend had been received from Lord Meath, who had been obliged to take the chair at another meeting, from Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, who had expressed the greatest interest in the work, from the Bishop of Hull and Archdeacon Sinclair.

The Rev. Prebendary Eyton in moving the adoption of the Report, said that he must express his great appreciation of the work of the Society. It had done and was doing a most important work, and one which needed to be accentuated, in enforcing the personal responsibility of parents in the training of their children. The real work of the Society was to insist on this and to urge on parents not to delegate their authority. He then went on to say a few words on the great importance of religious education. In children's education, they must begin with the greatest thing of all, and that was God. They ought not to begin with teaching religious observances before giving to children a real conception of God. In many of what might be called well-regulated homes, children had such notions about God

as would not be found in a heathen land. Definite moral teaching ought also to be given; not merely the inculcation of the virtues but of the reasons why they should be cultivated. There should be clear teaching of the grounds of moral obligation. To say that these things were to be done because they were right was not enough: there ought to be fuller explanation. He thought the moral element in games should not be underrated. The characters and tendencies of children could often best be seen in the excitement of games. The moral element should be recognised, but should not always be enforced: a sermon should not be given in the midst of a game of cricket. [Applause.]

Mr. Oscar Browning, in seconding the Report, said that only the very great interest he felt in the work of the Society could have induced him to come and speak on a subject, about which he had so little knowledge. He had had very little to do with the education of the young. But in studying the history of teaching and the lives of the great teachers, he had noticed that all great improvements in the methods of education had come from the study of the education of the very young. Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Frœbel had created almost a revolution in education, but the most successful precepts of Rousseau and the greatest discoveries of Pestalozzi and Frœbel were made through what they had to do with the very young. Parents should be encouraged, since these great improvements had been made, to study the development of their own children, which might also have great effects. As a man, who had been a master in a public school, he would emphasize the fact that the responsibility of parents did not end with sending their sons to school. He himself used to urge on parents that the success of their boys depended more on them than on their masters. They should above all, keep closely in touch with their boys. He hoped that such a large meeting was a good augury for the welfare and prosperity of the Society. [Applause.]

Canon Daniel, in supporting the resolution, said that one of the objects of the Society was to secure harmony between home and school teaching. This necessity for harmony was not always kept in view, judging from what parents often said about schools and teachers about parents. Yet to obtain continuity of education, there should be an understanding

between the parents and teachers. A community of principles and unity of method ought to exist. Children were educated at home before they went to school, and were often taught on the most antiquated methods, and had to unlearn a great deal at school. It was the worst thing for a child to unlearn with a great deal of trouble, what it had taken a great deal of trouble to learn. Such books as Mangnall's Questions were used, and classifications were taught in different sciences that had gone out centuries ago. Parents should co-operate with teachers by ascertaining the best methods and the best books: they should support the teacher's authority, and should not criticise the school and the curriculum to their children, as he had heard parents do. He then pointed out the importance of the physical side in education, such as the provision of suitable desks to prevent children becoming round-shouldered or near-sighted. Another point he would urge on the parents for the sake of the children was to secure them privacy at their home lessons. No real work could be done amid the distractions among which children were sometimes expected to work, such as piano-playing, visitors, and servants going in and out. The hours of work, too, should be regulated: the children should not be allowed to work when or as long as they pleased: fixed and regular hours were a good training and the best security of the work being properly done. [Applause.]

Mr. Arthur Pease spoke in support of the resolution, enforcing the importance of the example of parents in all efforts of Christian training.

The Countess of Aberdeen said that after so many weighty speeches, it was hardly necessary for her to drive home the need for supporting this Society. She and Lord Aberdeen regretted very much that they could do no more for the Society, but at any rate they could claim to represent parents who felt their need of the help and guidance which the Society could give. Most of those present had probably been connected with the work that was doing so much good among the mothers of the working classes, and yet they must often have felt that the mothers of the richer classes needed help quite as much, if not more. They all felt a great debt of gratitude to Miss Mason and all who had instituted this Society. They had been ridiculed at times—there had been

paragraphs in the press, but they could bear such remarks. The best way to get over any prejudice was to increase the circulation of the *Parents' Review*. The great point of the *Review* was that it brought before them an ideal for which they might strive in the education of their children, physical, moral, mental, and religious. The Association had been chiefly spoken of as helping to train children in their private lives, but she would like to call attention to the work it could do to train children for their public lives—for the services which their country was more and more expecting. It had been said, and it was true, that this was a glorious time in which to live, but sometimes they felt that the demands upon them were greater than their strength; but if the demands on them were great, they would be greater still on their children. There was increased need for good administrators in local matters and in wider fields—who would supply them? So they ought to train their children in all those ethical qualities which went to make up a true and good public servant. The Association had a great work to do for the country, as well as in the private lives of parents and children. [Applause.]

The Report was then adopted.

Miss Mason gave an account of the work done in the House of Education at Ambleside, and of the letters they had received from parents in all parts of the world, whose children were doing the courses prescribed at Ambleside. She spoke of the success of the teachers they had trained, and said that all the students who came there had a vocation to the work in the true sense of the word. They did not train "lady nurses" or "mothers' helps" or "nursery governesses" in the old sense of the word, people who could speak their mother tongue imperfectly, and were therefore thought fit to teach young children; but they trained ladies to be good teachers whether of young or of older children. [Applause.]

Dr. Schofield moved a vote of thanks to the Countess of Aberdeen for taking the chair and coming to London at considerable inconvenience to do so. He read a letter he had received from Mrs. Dallas-Yorke, in which the system of instruction and arrangements at Ambleside were spoken of in the highest terms, and gave the personal evidence of a

lady friend of his, who had taken a governess for her children from Ambleside, and who was delighted with her methods. There were now many ladies who were waiting to get governesses from Ambleside. He recommended the study of *The Parents' Review.*

Lady Isabel Margesson gave an account of the great success that had attended the Monthly Meetings in the Belgravia Branch, and the welcome which the parents had given to the courses of Training Lessons. They had had three courses: "The Theory and Practice of Frœbel," by Mrs. Walter Ward; "Teaching Children to Draw and Paint," by Mr. E. Cooke, a disciple of Ruskin; and "Religious Instruction," by Miss Agnes Mason. This last course had been especially welcomed by many mothers who had felt the very great difficulty of the subject. A Natural History Club had been started for the benefit of Members. She had much pleasure in seconding the vote of thanks.

Miss Beale of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, spoke of the great importance of co-operation between parents and teachers; of the necessity of a religious basis for education, and of the great help the Union had been.

The Rev. Mr. Hart-Davis also supported the vote of thanks, said that they must all regret that they were not children, to be brought up on these new methods, or that Miss Mason had not been born fifty years before. They must all be grateful that they had the help of the Society with their own children. He should like to call attention to the fact that the Society was a "National" one, and he hoped its influence would spread not only among the richer classes but also among the commercial and trading classes, and above all among the working classes. He had much pleasure in supporting the vote of thanks. [Cheers.]

The vote was put by Dr. Schofield and carried by acclamation.

Lady Aberdeen, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, said she had to give a message of regret from Lord Aberdeen for his inability to attend. The Society would soon have to relieve them of their office, from circumstances out of their power to control, but they should always be glad to have been connected with it. [Applause.]

The proceedings then terminated.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This month I am going to give you a very short task, which will only take up one day, and that is not too much to ask for, even by an Aunt, is it? As Wednesday is generally a half-holiday, I have chosen Wednesday, the 12th of July, and I want you to write me short letters, telling me what flowers you can find in full bloom on that day, and I should be very proud of my Nephews and Nieces, if they would paint me one flower with the brush only. Do not first draw it with a pencil; but take your brush full of the right colour, and paint it straight on to the paper.

Here is a specimen of the sort of letter Aunt Mai likes to receive:—

Training College, Darlington,
24th May, 1893.

Dear Aunt Mai,

I thought I should like to tell you about my Caddis Worm, which I have had since the 15th of April. It is nearly an inch long, and has such a soft body that to protect itself, it builds a house all round it. I put it into a saucer of water, and it began to crawl all round it; a few days after we gave it some little pieces of sealing wax, and it soon began to join them on to its house, it looked very funny partly sticks and partly sealing wax.

I also gave it some beads of different colours, which it has joined on too. Its house had got very long by this time, and soon it kicked off some of the hinder part, and put some more sealing wax on in front. We feed it with lettuce and water weed. Yesterday we found two more in a little stream and brought them home, and put them with the other.

I am, your affectionate little friend,

HILDA MARY SPAFFORD.

Aged 9¼ years.

If you will tell me your ages, that will interest me very much. Sometime I shall ask you to tell me all you can about yourselves and pets, so that I can know you better.

Believe me, Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

P.S.—I should like all letters to be sent to Wharfmead, Ilkley, before the 30th of July.

3*s.* is offered to the girl under 11, who makes the best doll's dress, five inches long.

3*s.* is offered for the best cut out paper horse, done by boys under 11.

All work, which will be returned, must be sent to Auntie Mai, Wharfmead, Ilkley, before the 30th of July.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES.

Will appear in this and following numbers.

Any boy or girl under sixteen, who guesses sixteen out of eighteen of them correctly, will receive a copy of Miss Maclehose's Tales from Spenser. Answers to be sent before the 30th, to Auntie Mai, Wharfmead, Ilkley.

Within a little green house,
There is a little brown house;
Within the little brown house,
There is a little yellow house;
Within the little yellow house,
There is a little white house;
Within the little white house,
There is a little heart.

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a crystal strong and clear,
A golden apple doth appear.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY.

Five little children of my acquaintance are so fond of a game they call 'hiding,' that they have begged me to tell other children how to play it. It is well known to most of

our readers, but is generally played by older people, and I have not met many mothers who have introduced a very educational and enjoyable game into their nurseries. The power of observation is seldom cultivated scientifically in the young. Children are said by the older people, to be such keen observers, and to possess such sharp eyes (too sharp very often for the unfortunate nurses and mothers), that they are allowed to possess and lose it, without any effort to guide and direct on the part of the educator. Hence we constantly come across examples such as the following:—

A village library was closed for spring cleaning a few weeks ago. A notice was put up on the door stating why it was closed, and the day it would re-open. A stationer who has a shop round the corner, told a lady that during the three days, at least twenty people went in each day to ask why the library was shut, and when it would open again, although every enquirer had been to the door, and had seen the notice. Again, how few people even read correctly. Writers are painfully aware of this, when the post comes in, and almost always brings a letter of thanks for "your very able and clear letter, but would you kindly let me know where I can get so and so? and what is the width of this? and the size of that?" Each question has been clearly anticipated in the paper, and the unfortunate writer has to waste (if he is good natured enough), a few moments every day to ask the correspondent to again read the paper, where he will find every information. There are so many untidy brains in the world, that it behoves us to pay especial attention to early training of habits of keen and true observation. For this purpose I know no other game that is better than hiding. An object is chosen, a made spider, pair of scissors, small pot, pencil, etc., and shown to the children, who then leave the room. The object must be placed so that it can be seen from most parts of the room, and not covered in any way. The children then enter, and as they see it, quietly sit down, without speaking, and so on until all are seated, when the first finder is allowed to hide the next time, and the game begins again. Children of three or four years can play the above game.

A very good game can be taken from 'Practical Studies in Apperception,' given in the May number of the Parents' Review.

Place twelve different colours in a row, and let the child look at them a few moments to study the colours and order they come in. Make the child turn round, and cover its eyes, remove one colour, and ask the child to find out what you have taken. I must confess that I had not looked upon this as a game, but after taking it with two children of four, for the benefit of Mr. Rooper's investigation, I was much interested when they came and asked again for the game of "hiding eyes" as they called it. And since then it has been quite adopted as a favourite nursery game.

Ball Drill.

The following drill has been learnt by a class of children in four weeks, practising twenty minutes every morning.

The two youngest children, aged four, only worked both hands together in each exercise, but a boy of six easily mastered every action.

The piano is played to each movement, but as our readers may not already possess the same pieces, the names will be given, and the time, so that teacher can easily choose other tunes which will probably prove quite as effective. The number in brackets represent each beat of a bar.

I.

1. Music. Keel row. The beats will be given to each action.

(1) Both hands at the sides, ball in right hand.
(2) Both hands raised.
(3) Throw ball on floor.
(4) Catch both hands.

2. (1) Left hand on side. Right foot forward. Throw with right on floor.
(2) Catch.

The piece is played through to each part.

3. (1) Right hand on side. Left foot forward. Throw with left.
(2) Catch.

4. (1) Left hand on side. Right foot forward. Throw with right hand on floor.
(2) Catch with left hand. Left foot forward, and so on.

II.

1. Slow C time, such as Moira's Welcome.
(1-2) Swing round both arms.
(3) Throw ball into air.
(4) Catch with both hands.
2. (1-2) Right foot out. Left hand at side. Swing right arm round.
(3) Throw up.
(4) Catch with right hand.
3. (1-2) Left foot forward. Right hand at side. Swing left arm round.
(3) Throw up.
(4) Catch with left hand.
4. (1-2) Right foot forward. Swing right arm.
(3) Throw with right hand up.
(4) Place left foot forward. Catch with left hand.
(1-2) Swing left arm.
(3) Throw ball up with left hand.
(4) Place right foot forward. Catch with right hand.

III.

1. Tune. Keel Row.
(1) Left hand on hip. Right foot forward. Hold ball downwards in right hand.
(2) Throw on floor to bounce.
(3) Ball comes up.
(4) Knock down again with palm of right hand.
2. (1) Right hand on hip. Left foot forward. Hold ball downward in left hand.
(2) Ball comes up.
(3) Knock down with palm of left hand.
(4) Ball returns.
3. (1) Left hand on side. Hold ball downwards in *right* hand. Right foot forward.

(2) Ball returns, and left foot is placed forward, and right hand on hip.
(3) Ball is knocked down by palm of *left* hand.
(4) Right foot placed forward and left hand on hip.

IV.

Time two-four, slow. "Des Schlossergesell," in Laugh and Learn, by Jennett Humphreys, goes very well to this drill.

1. (1) Pupil places *right* foot forward. Bends *left* elbow and raises the arm at the shoulder, bringing the forearm and hand before the chest. Throw the ball up the *right* hand outside the raised arm towards the body.
(2) Catch it as it falls between the arm and chest.
2. (1) Repeat the same with the left foot forward and right arm bent.

V.

Time six-eight. "The Hundred Pipers" is recommended.

1. (1) Pupil stands erect with both arms raised from the elbow. Throw ball over the head from the right hand to the left.
(3) Catch with left hand.
(1) Throw with left.
(3) Catch with right.
2. (1) Kneel on left knee, and throw ball with right hand over head.
(3) Catch with left.
3. (1) Kneel on right knee, and throw ball with left hand over head.
(3) Catch with right.

VI.

Tune. Keel Row. Dance the Highland Schottisch, throwing up the ball four times at the 3rd beat of each bar with the right hand. Advance to the left and throw up the ball with the left hand four times at the 3rd beat. Join right hands, and throw up the ball on each beat as the pupil hops. Then take left hands, and throw up with the left.

THE VIOLIN PLAYER.

Listen, children, and I will tell you what happened many years ago, when your fathers and mothers were little children, to a wonderful player on the violin, when he met a greater musician than himself.

Years ago, in the little village of Landolin, which is situated near the Black Forest, lived a little boy called Franz Hormuth. Landolin lies in the heart of a large Roman Catholic district, and Franz was, in consequence, brought up in the shadow of the Church. When he was a very little boy his mother took him to all the services, and she soon discovered that the strains of the organ would at first check his wails and tears, and later, his fits of passionate temper, which I am sorry to say Franz now and then gave way to. The most wonderful sights to little Franz were the Saints' days, when the white-robed Priest walked round the village under the canopy, preceded by the Acolytes, in bright red dresses, and when on the return to church the organ pealed forth, and the boys' voices ascended, Franz's heart would almost burst with the desire to go up straight to heaven, where the angels could teach him to make such beautiful music.

Franz's mother was very, very poor; his father had died when he was only one year old, and the poor woman was obliged to work hard in the fields all day, to earn bread for herself and golden-haired boy. Sometimes in the evenings, when she returned home, her heart would be very sad, for she had not earned enough to buy wood to put into their stove, and had only a very little piece of brown bread for their suppers. But when she saw Franz's rosy, happy little face she felt better, and after they had divided the crust, she would take his hand and lead him to the Church, where they found warmth and light, and heard the organ peal forth. Franz's mother had a clear, beautiful voice, and when they reached home again, often lulled him to sleep by singing all the sweet strains they had heard in the Church. So Franz was nursed in music, and as he grew older, his love for it grew stronger and stronger, and the old white-haired Priest would often lay his hand on the boy's head and say:—

"Franz, my boy, we must make a musician of you, and

then you shall sing in our church." Then Franz would stand on his tip-toes and feel very big and grand.

One day, when he was ten years old, a strolling player came through the village, and for the first time in his life, Franz heard the notes of a violin. They sank deep, deep into his soul, and that night he told his mother that he must save every penny he could, to buy such a marvellous instrument. His mother, who was very proud of her good little son, promised to help him, and lay aside her little mite.

So they both worked very hard, and saved little by little, until one evening, on Franz's sixteenth birthday, they opened their money-box and eagerly added up the money.

"Mother," exclaimed Franz, as they counted thirty shillings, "the good Lord has given me my violin. We have enough!" The happy woman could not speak, but her eyes filled with tears, and she drew the boy's face to her's and gave him a proud mother's kiss.

The next evening, as soon as work was over, Franz and his mother started from their home, and went over the fields, by the winding river, and along the broad high road until they reached the nearest town.

The good Priest had sent a note with them to an old friend who kept a large stock of musical instruments, and to him they wended their way, and in a very short time Franz was the proud possessor of a violin, which the kind seller reduced considerably for his friend's sake.

"I can tell you of a young Professor who lives here, who would give you lessons for very little pay, if you could come here for them," he said to Franz as they were leaving the shop.

They thanked him, and Franz promised to return for lessons, and then hurried home through the dark night with their precious burden.

Neither slept that night. Now and then Franz put out his hand, and trembled as he touched a string, and a sweet sound wailed forth. His mother lay still, and listened, and thanked God for giving her such a clever and good son.

The next year Franz practised every evening on his violin, and when the neighbours heard this, they often gave him pennies for doing work for them, and then they believed that they paid for his lessons, and had every right to say "our violin."

So time went on, and the village folks grew very proud of their young musician, who became, when he was eighteen, the leader of the village band, which played every week in the Inn.

His mother lived to see this, but she was no longer strong enough to work in the fields, and Franz, like the good son he was, worked for her during the day, and played for her every evening, and his mother could never make up her mind when she talked about him to the neighbours, whether his playing was better than his goodness, or his heart better than his music.

One day two travellers strayed out of the beaten track, and found themselves, as night approached, at Landolin, very hungry and very cold. They found their way to the Inn, and the landlord gave them a hearty welcome, and a warm supper.

When they were finishing their meal, the sounds of music and merriment came through the open door, as the landlord brought in the pipes and lager beer.

"What is going on downstairs?" asked one of the two men.

"We have a school feast to-day, and it always ends with a dance in my house," said mine host. "We have a very great musician living in our village, and he is now playing for the dancers. Would you care to join us, gentlemen?" The travellers thanked him, and said they would shortly come down. As he left the room they looked at one another and laughed.

"Shall I let mine host know that Jean Becker, of the famous Florentine Quartette, is now under his roof, and does not care to hear this village musician murder his beloved violin?" said the younger man.

"No," said Jean Becker, "let us go down and enjoy ourselves. I am in the right mood for romping with children; but remember you are not to breathe my name."

So down the steps went the two friends, and found themselves in a big, well-lighted room, filled with merry, laughing children, who were trying to dance a waltz to the strains of Franz's music. He sat at one end of the room, pouring his soul out on the strings of his dear violin, scarcely seeing the children as they flew hither and thither. The dancers' feet flew round faster and faster, and Jean Becker seizing a little

maiden of ten, and his friend a still younger child, whirled into the giddy crowd, and danced harder than anybody else. The children screamed and laughed louder than ever, when they saw their new big play fellows, and the landlord and villagers stood in the doorway, and looked through the windows to admire the scene, and more than one said, "Ah! they all dance so beautifully because Franz plays so well."

At last Franz brought the music to an end, and all the breathless boys and girls sank on the benches and chairs placed round the room, and laughed and talked about the two big men who had joined them.

Jean Becker stepped up to Franz and thanked him for playing so well, and asked if he might look at his instrument. Franz handed it to him half fearfully, lest his violin should come to any harm in the hands of a stranger.

Jean Becker, placing one foot on a chair, put the violin into position, and drew the bow quietly across the strings. A wonderful chord transfixed Franz's attention, and he never once removed his eyes from Becker's face, as he suddenly began the most marvellous magical air. The children and villagers became as one man. They laughed, smiled, had tears in their eyes as Jean Becker commanded them in his music. A wonderful light lit up Franz's face, as though the one thing he had always been looking for in his life had come to pass.

At last Jean Becker stopped, and laying the violin on the table, turned hurriedly towards the door, wishing to depart before words or applause broke the spell. As he reached the door, a groan, as from a hurt animal stopped him, then a crack, and then a cry like a little child in pain. He turned and saw that Franz had broken the violin across his knees, and was standing with his arms raised, each hand holding a part of the murdered violin, and crying, "After this god has touched you, no human hand shall ever again desecrate you." And sinking down on his knees, he hid his face in his hands and wept for grief at losing his dear violin, and for joy that he had heard a greater player than himself.

I know children, you never like sad endings to your stories, and as the above tale is perfectly true, it may give you pleasure to hear that Franz became a noted player in the

county round Landolin, and he has at the present day a little grandson who intends to play some day as well as his grandfather.

CLAY MODELLING.

(Continued.)

This month we will take two subjects, as the weather is warm, and pupils are anxious to be out of doors, and to study Natural History rather than Modelling.

Vegetables are so abundant and inexpensive this month, that we can easily provide a model for each child. They have done the apple and the pear, so we will now take quite a different form and subject, and therefore choose an open pea shell, or bean shell, with the peas or beans lying in it.

You will require for the lesson, say to five pupils:

5 boards.
5 wet sponges.
5 small pieces of clay.
5 peas or beans.
5 tools.

The latter can be obtained at Newmann's, in Newmann Street, and one tool, which he knows I recommend, and which is quite sufficient for nearly all clay models a child can make, can be obtained for 4d.

When the pupils are seated, take a piece of clay and roll it into a thin sausage between the palms of the hands. It must not go between the fingers, as they would leave their impression on the clay. Lay the roll on the board, and flatten with the right thumb. Take the tool, and with the knife end cut it the size and shape of the model. Take it up, place the thumb in the centre and carefully turn up the edges against the thumb. Notice where the depressions occur that contain the peas, and carefully make them with the end of the thumb. Take small pieces of clay, roll them into balls, flatten slightly, and model them to resemble the peas, wet them with the damp sponge and place them in their places. Noting carefully the difference in size, smooth the outside with a wet sponge, and the pea is finished.

For our second subject, we will take a tomato for our

model. For the lesson the teacher will require boards, clay, sponges, tools and tomatoes.

Roll a piece of clay into a ball between the palms of the hands, and slightly press two ends together. Roll a small piece into a thin roll, cut it the length of one of the raised parts of the tomato, make it thinner at both ends, wet with the sponge, and place on the flattened ball. Put as many on as there are rolls on the model, and then carefully work each to the exact shape of the one on the original tomato, running them together on the flattened surface where required. The ball must be very small, otherwise, when all the rolls are placed on it, it is much larger than it ought to be. Both these models have been carefully and successfully worked by children of four and five.

Our Little Cooks.

Stewed Beef and Maccaroni. Little dripping; 2 ozs. beefsteak; 1 oz. maccaroni. Cut the beef into thin strips, dip them in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, roll each one up separately, and tie them with string.

Make a little dripping hot in a frying-pan, and fry them quickly in it, then place them in a stew-pan, add enough *hot* gravy or water to cover them, and let them stew gently for one hour.

Break the maccaroni into small pieces, throw it into boiling salted water, and let it boil for forty-five minutes, then strain it, and arrange it round a dish, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Remove the string from the beef, and place it in the centre, taste the gravy and add more salt if necessary, and pour it over the dish.

Scones. 2 ozs. flour; ½ oz. butter; a very small pinch of cream of tartar; ditto carbonate of soda; ditto salt; buttermilk or milk and water. Add the tartar, soda and salt, to the flour, rub in the butter, then mix to a stiff paste with milk and water or butter milk.

Roll it on a floured board, and cut it in four with a knife, and bake at once in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes.

Edith Olliff,

Lecturer to County Council.

THE GIRLS' PRIZE.

The handkerchiefs sent show great care and patience on the part of the little workers. There is not one that is badly sewn, the hems and stitches being even and regular. Under these pleasant circumstances it is difficult to decide who the winner must be, and as several friends have declared that there is no difference of merit between two, I divide the prize between Hilda Mary Spafford, Darlington, and Irene Prestwich, Manchester. The work of a little girl only five years and eleven months old is so good, that I send Dorothy Ward, Nottingham, an extra prize of 1*s*.

Excellent. Maud Baxter, Ivy Brown, Peggy Denton, Mary E. Doweling, Edith Elphich, Ethel Gabain, Dorothy Gabain, Mary Twycross, Vera Hamilton, Winifred Dunthorn, Maudie Bate, Florrie Bate.

I trust that all my little Nieces will again try in the competitions, and that in time they may all be winners.

THE BOYS' PRIZE.

The paintings of caterpillars are also good, and I hope to receive work each month from the young artists. The first prize is taken by Clinton Lewis, age seven, Veytaux, Switzerland, who has painted a capital pansy with a green caterpillar on one of the leaves, and pictures of six other caterpillars.

An extra prize 1*s*. is awarded to Hugh Ward, Nottingham, age seven years, for paintings of two caterpillars.

Charles Gordon Doweling, George Alexander, and Noel Hudson, have all sent very good drawings of single caterpillars. If they had done as many as the winners, they would have stood a better chance of the prize. The first two boys' work was as good in quality as in quantity.

Work will be returned to the competitors, if they will enclose a penny stamp.

AUNTIE MAI.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

DEAR EDITOR,—I think "H.B." will like a book of songs for little children called "Six Song Stories," music by Molloy, price 2/-, published by Chappell; or "Sing me a Song," music by Alfred Scott Gatty. Both are charming, and the songs easy.

G. S. F.

DEAR EDITOR,—I should like to recommend to "H.B." "Child's Garden of Verses," words by R. L. Stevenson, and music by Mary Carmichael, published at 1*s.*; Gatty's "Songs for Little Singers," in three vols., each 2*s.* 6*d.*, in paper covers. These are very simple both in words and music. Brahm's "Nursery Rhymes," 1*s.*, are very pretty, but the music is not quite so simple. The above can be obtained from the Stores or Whiteley's at a discount of 3*d.* in the 1*s.* May I also recommend a wonderfully cheap edition of Sonatinas, Rondos, &c., published in the Litolff edition, No. 2007, at 1*s.* 8*d.* This "Sonatinen-Album" contains 32 pieces, (in good print, fingered by Clemens Schultze, with notes at the bottom of the pages shewing how turns and graces are to be played) by Beethoven, Hummel, Schumann, Dussek, Clementi, Kuhlan, Steibelt, Mozart, &c.

H. A. P.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to H.B.'s enquiry for songs for little children, may I mention Æsop's Fables set to music, 2 parts, 1*s.* each, B. Williams, 19, Paternoster Row.

M. A. W.

DEAR EDITOR,—As I originally recommended "La Nature," I cannot let A. A. J.'s extraordinary remarks on that periodical pass unchallenged. I have taken it for nearly 20 years, and am puzzled how any one could think descriptions of the marvels of nature and the clever inventions of men to be unsuitable reading for the young. I did not recommend it for mere children, but rather for boys, especially as the descriptions of machinery, etc., with plenty of illustrations are just the thing to interest them. I think A. A. J. must have got some other paper by mistake, as I do not think any one could possibly object to the *right* "La Nature;" it is edited by Tissandier, and published by Mason. I am very sorry I gave a wrong title to "La Conquête de la Lune;" it is rather an old book, and I was only reminded of it by seeing an English translation, and thought its title, "The Conquest of the Moon," was an exact translation of the English one, but seem to have been mistaken. I should have thought, however, that Hachette could have identified it, though it is possibly out of print.

M. L.

DEAR EDITOR,—Perhaps the most important Educational event of the past month has been the publication of the New Code for Evening Schools, Everyone who has studied at all the working of our system of public elementary education must have felt, to quote the words of Mr. Airy, one of H.M.'s Inspectors, that "whilst everybody is doing his best to perfect the work up to the age of 14, a deplorable proportion of the energy expended vanishes into thin air." It is to be hoped that the new rules, drawn up under the enlightened supervision of Mr. Acland, will supply a much-needed stimulus to Evening Coutinuation Schools, and enable those who, as day scholars, have acquired to some extent the use of intellectual tools, may learn to employ them for mental development, and to render themselves more efficient workers.

A valuable article in the *Spectator* of April 15, entitled "Property in Character," points out that many parents (and even teachers) require from their children the same instantaneous obedience that they require from their dog or their horse, not merely when that obedience is for the child's benefit, but simply because it is gratifying to their own sense of property in the child to see it echo their minutest wishes. Up to a certain point, of course, ready obedience to orders of which the reason is not understood is as essential in schools and families as it is in an army, but it should rest on the belief that these orders will be given for sufficient reasons, and not for the mere satisfaction of those who give them. What a parent ought to wish for in his children is, indeed, instant obedience to orders given for the child's good, and an eager readiness to trust its parent, but beyond this, as much that is distinct and individual as the child's nature can provide. To desire to exercise the privileges of ownership over the character of another, is desiring to make it something infinitely less, infinitely poorer, than it was intended to be.

I think I have before referred to Mrs. Panton's articles in *Woman* called "As the Twig is Bent"—I have before me now the sixth of the series (May 24), in which she urges the importance of parents "making friends" of their children even in the nursery. From their earliest days children should recognize that their parents are their best friends, and should never feel the lack of sympathy even in their smallest hopes and fears. If from the first they are taken as far as possible into their parents' confidence, there will be less discontent on their part when they see other children enjoy advantages that their own parents cannot provide, and there will be less likelihood in after life of their making friends for themselves who may be unwelcome in the home circle.

In another paper "Amica" points out that one cause why family life so often falls short of ideal happiness is the want of strict justice between its members. After enforcing this in the relation of husband and wife to each other, she says, "Let the children be taught from the cradle that they have no rights over each other, save in so far as common right governs them all. . . . Let parents remember that the children have rights as well as duties. . . . Let the children remember that the parents have privileges as well as responsibilities. . . . As they grow up let the children all understand that they are to be something, to do something, that they are perfectly independent of each other, though children of one father, yet with equal

rights and privileges. . . . No elder brother or sister is to decide what the others shall be or do; no younger brother or sister shall be an unfair aggressor on the rights or possessions of their seniors. If they borrow from each other they must pay again, and the less borrowing the better. . . . But people may say 'Is there to be no give-and-take, is there to be no kindliness, no generosity in the family?'—Certainly, but no injustice; no claiming the services and self-denial of others as a right; no selfish demands on the time or the possession of our blood relations on the high-handed and quite unjustifiable plea, 'He is my brother,' 'She is my sister.' Let family life in all its relations be established first on the lines of fairness, as between man and man, and love, joy and peace will not fail to follow." This writer also thinks that boys and girls should, if possible, receive exactly the same preliminary education, should alike learn to sew, to row, to run, to cook, and that history, and science, and languages, and mechanics, at the outset should be taught them together.

Those who were interested in the article I quoted last month on "Children's Music" may be glad to know of "The Child's Garden of Verses," by R. L. Stevenson, and "The Children's Sacred Wreath," a collection of well-known nursery hymns, both set to music by Mary Carmichael. The medodies are simple and charming, and the little ones soon pick them up, and warble them as they lie awake in their cots, at least mine do.

June 7. PATER JUNIOR.

To H.B.—Answer to question in May number of *Parents' Review*.—"The Baby's Opera" (coloured), illustrated by Walter Crane, is a charming simple book of Nursery Rhymes. (Publishers, G. Routledge & Sons). "National Nursery Rhymes," by J. W. Elliott, with illustrations (G. Routledge & Sons), is a larger book, a little more advanced, and most delightful. Price of either, I think, about 5s.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—You might be interested to hear about an idea for the early teaching of Composition, which we have also borrowed from the Germans.

I give each child above eight years of age, ten words picked at random from the dictionary to write down. I then explain carefully the meaning of each, and the child must bring to its next lesson ten sentences written out, each containing one of these words, so that I can judge if the pupil has thoroughly grasped the meaning of each word.

B. A. T.

DEAR EDITOR,—When the last term ended, and holidays began, my children came to me and said, Mother, may we learn something to do with our hands in the holidays? I then suggested Holiday Lessons, and asked them if they would like to take an hour each morning, and we would take the first day, modelling; the second, basket-work; and the third, bent-iron work, and then begin again. They are delighted with this, and the youngest of four has been allowed to join us, and is quickly learning to make his little brain direct his hands. Children so often—strange as it may sound to many—get so tired of perpetual play, that other parents may be only too delighted to adopt our new plan.

B. JOWETT.

Quinta do Pico de São João, Funchal, Madeira,
May 12th, 1893.

DEAR EDITOR,—Some copies of the *Parents' Review*, together with the book on Home Education were put into my hands a little while ago by Mrs. Gordon.

In speaking of them afterwards to her I was able to say how much they had interested me, because they, to a certain extent, legitimized some heterodox proceedings of my own in the training of my little son. Mrs. Gordon thought it might interest you to hear of any steps taken in the direction to which the *Parents' Review* is a guide, and so I am troubling you with a little of my experience.

You will see by the heading of my letter that I am a resident in Madeira, and will probably not be surprised to learn that Funchal, our *city*, is by no means a modern Athens. Means of education for English children are not abundant. My little boy, who is just eight years old, goes to a small private school which is open about two hours a day, and where daily portions of Pinnock's Catechism, Guide to Knowledge, Poetry and Spelling are served out. I do not believe in solitary education for a dreamy, highly imaginative boy, and therefore rather send him to be with other children for two hours a day, than keep him at home with his baby sister.

If I might choose his lesson books for school it would be easier, as it is I can only supplement at home, and you will see that some of your precepts and suggestions are put into practice. I have a great horror of the dry bones of Pinnock's History, and so have tried to clothe them and breathe life into them from various authors.

Was it a daring experiment to try an illustrated Shakespeare and use his historical plays from John to Henry VIII to interest so young a scholar? At any rate the result surpassed my expectations. We read, explained and skipped, and every morning, after an eager "Come along, mamma! Here is the book," the immortal William was allowed to take hold of another mind. The interest was intense. Pity and indignation, fun, laughter were all there—Harry V of course appeals to a boy—but the sovereign contempt of this eight-year-older for unfortunate Henry VI in his fear of Margaret, was very funny. "Oh, gentle Margaret, oh, sweet son," this small boy would declaim, with his head on one side, and a ludicrous grimace, and follow it up with a vehement denunciation of "the old stupid," as he collapsed on the sofa and kicked his heels in the air.

He nicknamed his baby sister "Mrs. Falstaff," and our united grief is that after Henry VIII there is no more Shakespeare to our Pinnock. No more jam to our bread. Tennyson's "Mary Tudor" fell miserably flat, but "Westward Ho!" and the time of Queen Elizabeth was as refreshing as a breath of mountain air. All this seems exceedingly unorthodox—but this boy of mine does not care to be "talked down to." He resents the condescending tone of some of the instructive children's books, calling them "baby pap," and has no greater delight than to hear a good author with the big words altered and the difficult passages skipped. I had my doubts about reading "King Solomon's Mines" to him, but he was delighted. "Ivanhoe" ought to have done well, but somehow it is very difficult to put into boy-English of to-day. The Johnsonian influence must still have been pretty strong, though we don't notice until we find that it is not Saxon English.

The dearth of good educational works here would not matter so much if I knew enough of English publications to be able to order them from England, but owing to long residence abroad and to the fact that I was partly educated on the Continent, I know shamefully little about British school books. I want to teach my boy geography and history, and two or three other 'ologies together making, as it were, a juvenile history of civilization, and I wonder if anything exists in English which could serve as a kind of back-bone to my scheme. I remember my own struggles with geography and dates and scientific and commercial inventions, and how I hated it all. I could cram, and had an omniverous mind, and I remember, when I was over twenty, the humiliation I felt before a Hungarian girl of fourteen, when I realized what she knew and what I did not, and how stupid it seemed, to be completely at sea when allusions to facts were made on all sides which betrayed a thorough knowledge of centuries of thought and civilization of which I was absolutely ignorant. My English education no doubt was defective, but I really believe that I am not far below the average middle class mother of to-day in knowledge.

I want to explain what I was deficient in.

I knew a good deal of English History and Bible History, some Greek and Roman History, Modern French and Scotch History, and the dates of our English Kings. As well as this I knew isolated facts, and biographies, but my learning was all one sided and insular, and scrappy in the extreme. I had heard of the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, but where they came from, or where they settled I had not a ghost of an idea, any more than I had of what the Germans call the Volker Wanderŏng, or of the Byzantian empire or the glories of Venice in its palmy days.

I had read of Charlemagne, Henry of Navarre, and the Medicis, Martin Luther, Copernicus, Michael Angelo and Plato, but as to the surroundings of these people, what their countries were like and what produced them, and what was doing in our island when they *flourished* (as it was called in the lesson books), I knew nothing.

I don't know whether I was quite as bad as the lady who spoke to some friends of mine about "les modes de Louis XV, *Quinzième siècle*" or the French author (crowned by the French Academy too) who declaimed about a fame which should spread from the freezing pole of the North to the *burning* pole of the South. But I know that I was perfectly hampered by ignorance, not knowing what went on in Europe at any given date after the Conquest, except when the Crusaders mixed up all Christendom, and some of the dukes and kings had a chance of standing up and getting labelled, because they all went to the Holy Land, and fought and quarrelled together.

Now would it be possible to obviate this in teaching my boy by beginning in this way.

Take two maps of Europe, &c., one of to-day, and one of the known world B. C. 52.

First of all, point out our island and its proportion to other countries, and tell how many nations had gone to the making of the British people of to-day. Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Celts of all sorts, and Normans, and make the child understand that to be able to judge about his own country he must see what other ones were like as well. Tell briefly something about England's great navy and her manufactures and inventions, about rail roads and light houses and printing machines, and then go back to the old map of Julius Cæsar's time, and show what England was then, and so gradually trace the progress of time to the present day.

But history must not only be traced in our own island. To say that Julius Cæsar was a great Roman general, and came from Rome in Italy is little.

I would describe Rome of that time, its streets and people, dress and customs, education and religion, where it stood in cultivation. Get some personal peculiarities of the great man, see his friends, and hear them talk. There are books on all sides which could help.

Then I would go with Cæsar to the lands he went to. Put the deep blue sky of Egypt before the child, and the yellow sunlight on the massive sculptured buildings and bas-reliefs. People the streets of these cities, ancient even then—with the black faces and bright coloured figures moving among the great palaces.—Give a picture of the Nile with Cleopatra in her barge. Show the temples of Apis and Isis and the

statues—and religious processions—the Pyramids—the great desert and its caravans, the river and its crocodiles. There are geography and history and natural science all wanted here to present Egypt as Cæsar saw it. Eber's books make one *see* it. Cæsar's own conquests take us over the Asia, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, France, and Belgium of that day, and a description of our own island as he saw it, with the eyes which had looked upon the splendours of the East and South, will touch a child's imagination, and make it alive to the contrast, and mindful of it, far more than if all the histories of separate nations were separately learned with dates.

I do not know if I am right in thinking that our insular pride and prejudice might be less in later years, if we were taught in the beginning where England had been in the scale of nations, and how much she owed to her conquerors.

Cæsar makes a thread which joins the known world together at that time.

When that great period is taken in we might go on to the birth of Christ, and then will come the travels of the apostles, where the Christian religion began to spread. Palestine, Greece and Rome in Nero's time, lives of gladiators in Rome and the homes of gladiators and barbarian slaves in the north. Here are more links in a chain of interest binding the known world together. Then comes the destruction of Jerusalem, and dispersion of the Jews. And with all this comes description of climate, country, rivers, seas, great eruptions of volcanoes, great inrushing of hordes of savages, destruction of cities and monuments, the battle and dying out of old idolatries, and the rise of the arts and learning again.

In all this the history of our own land would have its full place. It was not for nothing that Britain was for 400 years a Roman province—as many a straight road, and strong ruin, public bath and Latin name will testify.

Of all the splendid romances, delightful to tell and teach, such a story of the world's history ought to be the most splendid. I am longing to begin, but I need a skeleton at all events, a sort of guide to direct me in the use of books, and do not know what is best. If it were in English, good—but if it were in French or German, it would be the same.

Our great historians give us minute accounts of our own land, and stories of old Saxon kings—but never a word of description of the land they came from, or what their nearest kinsfolk did for a living.

We used to learn books of ancient mythology, mostly that of Greece and Rome, but the great changes in our own land, from the worship of the mistletoe, through Roman and Scandinavian idolatrous periods up to Christianity, is never thoroughly explained.

I am afraid that I have written too much, and bestowed a good deal of tediousness upon you, but you seemed to be the best authority that could be consulted, so please forgive,

And believe me, dear Editor, yours truly,

M.P.

OUR WORK.

Fésole Club.—Subject for July—Butterfly or Moth, from the life The object of the study will be not so much to make a scientific diagram of the pattern on the creature's wings, (flattened out as they are when preserved in a collection), but to sketch the attitude, as it stands with wings open, and again with them shut. You can probably catch a butterfly or a moth, and keep it for a short time under a glass, without injury: but if that be impossible, draw any sort of little creature that you can observe,—even if you get only a hasty note of a daddy-long-legs on the window; only, the study must be from life—a character sketch or portrait: and of the size of life, as nearly as possible: giving chief attention to the pencil drawing, and then a little colour if convenient. Drawings to be sent to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire, by the end of July.

The House of Education.—A visit from the lady visitor, Mrs. Dallas Yorke, (May, 26th—29th) has stimulated the students greatly, and afforded them very great pleasure. The incoming students for the incoming session appear to be a very promising set, earnest, educated women. We wish many more such would enter on training. It is depressing to have to say, No! to so many mothers who write for governesses. We feel greatly cheered by all the pleasant things said about our work at the Annual Meeting. We should like to say here that Miss Beale's sympathy was especially generous and encouraging, as the report of her address is inadequate. We have received an extremely useful and generous gift from Mrs. Dallas Yorke in the shape of Chambers' Encylclopædia, the new edition, half bound. By the way, our Library has some empty shelves, and gifts of books would be very acceptable.

The Parents' Review School—The Summer examination is a private one, that is, parents themselves examine on the term's work, ordering theirs as much as possible on the lines of the *Parents' Review* School examinations, sending in total of marks gained and general report. The children may be examined at any time before the family disperses for summer holidays. Holiday irregularities make it impossible to fix a time to send out a general examination.

The Parents' Review.—Our readers must continue to make great efforts to spread the magazine: had they only heard all that was said about the *Parents' Review* at the Annual Meeting, our readers would all act as colporteurs, and we should be saved from all further anxiety. Meantime we have to acknowledge, very gratefully, a cheque of £20 from Mrs. Hudson, a kind gift to enable us to pay a debt to the Publishers of the Magazine.

Our Natural History Club, by M. L. Hodgson.—The most interesting forms of pond-life to inexperienced naturalists are generally those that make the greatest show—a big newt or water beetle; a large dragon-fly larva or a big caddis-worm. Therefore, first of all, I will endeavour to put you in the way of successfully catching and keeping some of these. An aquarium is not an easy thing to manage, but like everything else "practice makes perfect," and a little perseverance and thought on your own part will carry you a long way on towards success. A bell-glass and stand does not cost much, and quite a small one will be the best thing to prepare for your first attempt. In many places you will get a good one about the right size for 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* Clean river sand and shingle will make a good bed for your weeds, which you must tie to stones, and then fix firmly in about four inches of shingle. One of the best weeds to get to start with is the common American weed, it grows freely, and is no trouble; fill up your glass with clean water, let it settle, and you may then start for your chosen pond. A clear pond with plenty of duckweed on the top and small forests of weeds below should give you all you want and much more.

A few jam-pots with string handles; a bottle or two, and a good strong net with a long handle, are all the equipment you need.

If you watch the pond carefully for a moment you will soon see the newts come up to breathe; a quick dive with your net, and you will probably get a fine black fellow with a gay orange waistcoat. Another dive and you may get a smooth slender lady to keep "Sambo" company. Newts are very interesting, and if you drop a tiny worm into your aquarium you will be amused to see the quick dart with which it will be snapped up by the middle, and enjoyed bit by bit, until only a head and a tail appear out of each side of the creature's mouth. Put a bit of cork on the top of the water for the newts to sit on, as they are very fond of taking an airing. You must read up the subject for yourselves as soon as you find a newt to study. A big water-beetle will soon be seen blundering about, be quick and you have him, and he is safe in a bottle, remember, though, he has wings and can fly, so keep a piece of perforated zinc over your aquarium, or you will be startled in the evening by a sudden flop on the floor, and behold your newts are out, or your beetles are wandering abroad. Beautifully ugly as a dragon-fly larva is, I do not advise you to keep one, they are very greedy and eat up everything; examine them or keep one for a day or two in a bottle, but don't keep them in with your other things. Caddis-worms are simply delightful, climbing, tumbling, running actively about everywhere, clad like jack-in-the-green on May morning, or like a walking rockery, they will give you endless fun and interest, so search carefully for them, and keep about half-a-dozen. If you are lucky enough to get a water-spider, I congratulate you, they are very beautiful, and quite easy to keep and feed. Keep a goodly number of snails, as they are your other friends' housemaids, and do good service with their hungry appetite for all refuse. Trumpet snails, with their backs gaily feathered with live weeds, are very ornamental. As soon as you succeed with these you may venture on a few small fish, but do not keep too much at first. To change the water you will need about a yard of small india-rubber tubing, place one end in the water, draw some partly up the tube by sucking slightly, before it quite

reaches your mouth let the end fall into a pail, it will act as a syphon, and by guiding the end in the water about, all small pieces of refuse may be cleared off; add clean fresh water instantly. This ought not to want doing often if you keep your animal and vegetable life equally balanced. A small watering-pot with a fine rose helps to keep it fresh, if you rain down a small canful occasionally. Next week I hope to give you further notes on the smaller objects of interest that you may hunt for in our ponds and ditches.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

READING BRANCH.—The Summer Meeting of this Branch was held in the Drawing room of Oaklands, Reading, by the very kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton. There was a good attendance of members and friends, to hear a paper read by the Rev. M. T. Friend, Chaplain of H.M. Prison, on the "Ethics of Punishment." The subject was treated in a masterly and logical manner, and ended in an interesting discussion of details taken part in by Mrs. R. H. Hart Davis, Miss Haigh, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Alfred Sutton, Esq., H. T. Pugh, Esq., and the Chairman—the Rev. R. H. Hart Davis. A vote of thanks was proposed by Dryland Haslam, Esq., and seconded by Alfred Sutton, Esq.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KANT.

BY MADAM DE STAËL.

(Translated by Mrs. Lane).

KANT lived to a very advanced age, and yet never left Königsberg, where among northern snows he passed his entire life in meditating on the laws of the human intellect. An indefatigable passion for study enabled him to acquire varied knowledge; science, languages, literature, all were familiar to him, and he contented himself with the silent pleasure of reflection, without seeking that renown which came to him only when advanced in life. In solitude he contemplated his own soul; the investigation of the mind gave him fresh weapons in support of virtue; and though he never took part in the violent passions of men, he could forge arms for those who might be called to battle. Except amongst the Greeks, there is hardly any example of a life so strictly philosophical; and this very life is in itself a proof of the good faith of the writer. To this strict honesty must be added a refined and well balanced mind, which served to correct his genius when it allowed itself to be carried too far. This seems to me to show that we should set

ourselves to judge impartially the persevering work of such a man.

Kant began by publishing several writings on physical science, and he showed so much sagacity in these studies, that it was he who first foresaw the existence of the planet Uranus. Herschel himself, after having made the discovery, acknowledged that Kant had announced it. His treatise on the nature of the Human Understanding, entitled *A Critique of Pure Reason*, was for some time little known; but when at length it was discovered what a wealth of ideas it contained, such an impression was produced in Germany, that nearly everything which has been done since in literature or philosophy can be traced to the impulse given by that work.

To this treatise on the Human Understanding succeeded the *Critique of Practical Reason*, treating of morality, and the *Critique of Judgment*, the subject of which was the nature of the beautiful. The same theory is at the base of all three treatises which embrace the laws of the understanding, the principles of virtue, and the contemplation of the beauties of Nature and of Art.

I will endeavour to give a sketch of the principal ideas contained in this doctrine. Whatever pains I may take to expound with clearness, I cannot disguise from myself that attention will be necessary to understand. A prince who was learning mathematics was irritated by the application required for that study. His teacher replied, "It is absolutely necessary for your Highness to take the trouble to study in order to learn, for there is no royal road to mathematics." The French public, which considers itself a prince, must allow itself to be told that there is no royal road to metaphysics, and that to arrive at the comprehension of any theory, it is necessary to pass through the intermediate stages which have led the author himself to his own conclusions.

Materialist philosophy delivered the human understanding to the rule of external objects, reduced morality to personal interest, and the beautiful to the merely agreeable. Kant wished to re-establish primitive truth; the spontaneous activity of the soul, conscience in morality, and the ideal in the arts. Let us now examine in what manner he attained these different objects.

At the time when *A Critique of Pure Reason* appeared, there were only two "systems" of the Human Intellect received amongst philosophers; the one, that of Locke, attributed all our ideas to our sensations; the other, that of Descartes and Leibnitz, endeavoured to demonstrate the spirituality and activity of the soul, free-will, in a word the whole idealist doctrine. But both philosophies rested their doctrines on purely speculative proofs. The algebraic method applied to objects which cannot be taken hold of by reasoning alone, can leave no permanent trace in the mind. Whilst reading these lofty philosophic conceptions one thinks one understands them, one thinks one believes in them, but those arguments, which appear the most convincing, soon escape the memory.

Must man, weary with his efforts, confine himself to the knowledge he gains through his senses?—in that case there could be but pain for his soul! Whence shall he get the idea of immortality when the fore-runners of destruction are so distinctly visible on the faces of mortals, and when living nature is hourly falling into dust? When all the senses speak of death, what faint hope could speak to us of re-birth? If the senses alone were consulted, what idea could one form of the supreme goodness? So many sorrows undermine our life, so many hideous objects dishonour nature that the unfortunate mortal curses existence a hundred times before a last convulsion snatches it from him. Should man, on the contrary, reject the testimony of his senses, how shall he steer his course in this world? and if he only trusts to them how shall enthusiasm, morality, and religion resist the repeated assaults on them from sorrow or from pleasure?

Thought was straying in this immense incertitude when Kant endeavoured to trace out the limits of the two kingdoms of the senses and of the soul, of external nature, and of intellectual nature. The power of thought and the wisdom with which he traced these limits were unexampled. He did not wander into new systems on the creation of the universe; he recognized the limits that the Eternal mysteries must impose on the human mind, and a point which may be new to those who have heard only of Kant is that there is no philosopher more opposed to ordinary metaphysics on certain points. He only studied the depths of that science to employ

it as the very means to demonstrate its insufficiency. One might say that he, like a new Curtius, cast himself into the abyss of abstraction for the purpose of filling it up.

Locke has victoriously combated the doctrine of ideas being innate in man, because he always represented ideas as being part of experimental knowledge. The examination of pure reason, that is to say, of the original faculties forming the intellect never drew his attention. Leibnitz pronounced this noble axiom "there is nothing in the mind that does not come from the senses, except the mind itself." Kant, as well as Locke, recognized that there are no innate ideas, but he set before himself the endeavour to discover the sense of the axiom of Leibnitz by examining what are the laws and sentiments which constitute the essence of the human soul, independently of all experience. *The Critique of Pure Reason* is devoted to the demonstration of these laws and what the objects are on which they can be exercised.

Scepticism, to which materialism almost invariably leads, had gone so far that Hume had ended by overthrowing the basis of logic itself, in seeking arguments against the axiom that there is no effect without a cause.

Kant wished to discover if absolute certainty were possible to the human mind, and he only found it in necessary ideas, that is to say in those of the laws of our understanding, of which the nature is such that we cannot conceive anything as differing from its representation by those laws.

In the front rank of the imperative forms of our mind are space and time. Kant demonstrates that all our perceptions are subject to these two forms. He concludes that they are in ourselves, not in external objects, and that on this point it is our understanding which gives laws to external nature instead of receiving them. Geometry, which measures space, and arithmetic, which measures time, are sciences capable of complete proof, because they rest on necessary ideas in our mind.

Truths acquired by experience never carry with them this absolute certainty. When anyone says "The sun rises every day," "All men are mortal," imagination could conceive an exception to these truths which experience alone makes us consider indubitable. But imagination itself cannot suppose anything without the range of space and time.

To this primitive intuition of space and time we must add, or rather give for basis, the principles of reasoning, without which we can understand nothing, and which are the laws of our intellect. The relations of cause and effect, unity, plurality, totality, possibility, reality, necessity, etc. Kant considers these as equally necessary ideas, and raises to the rank of sciences only such departments of knowledge as are directly based on those ideas, because it is in these only that certainty can exist. The forms of logic have no result except as applied to judging external objects, and in that application are subject to error. But they are not the less necessary in themselves, *i.e.*, we cannot escape from them in any of our thoughts. It is impossible for us to conceive anything beyond the relations of cause and effect, of possibility, of quantity, and these ideas are as inherent in our minds as space and time. We can perceive nothing except through the unchangeable laws of our manner of reasoning. Thus these laws are also in ourselves, and not external to us.

German philosophers call subjective ideas those that arise from the nature of our intelligence, and of its faculties and ideas; objective, those that are excited by sensations. Whatever may be the nomenclature we adopt on this point, it appears to me that the examination of our mind agrees with the dominant idea of Kant, *i.e.*, the distinction that he establishes between the processes of our understanding and the objects which we know through these processes; and whether he only refers to abstract conceptions, or whether he addresses himself (as in religion, or morality) to the sentiments which he considers as equally independent of experience, nothing is more clear than the line of demarcation that he traces between that which comes from our senses and that which belongs to the spontaneous action of our soul.

Some expressions in the teaching of Kant having been wrongly interpreted, it has been pretended that he believed in a priori knowledge, *i.e.*, that which is imprinted on our minds without our having learnt it. Other German philosophers approaching more nearly to the philosophy of Plato have indeed thought that the arche-type of the world exists in the human mind; and that man can only conceive of the universe as he has its image innate in himself. But there is no question of this doctrine in Kant. He reduces the

intellectual sciences to three—logic, metaphysics and mathematics. Logic teaches nothing of itself, but as it rests on the laws of our understanding its principles considered in the abstract are incontrovertible. This science can only lead to truth by its application to words and things; its principles are innate but its application is experimental. As to metaphysics, Kant practically denies their existence, as he contends that reasoning can only exist in the sphere of experience. Mathematics alone appeared to him to depend directly on the notions of space and time, that is to say to those laws of our understanding anterior to our experience. He endeavours to prove that mathematics are not a simple analysis, but a synthetic positive science, creative and certain in itself without its being necessary to have recourse to experience to test its truth. One must study in the works of Kant the arguments on which he rests this view, but it is true at least that there is no man more opposed to what is called the philosophy of dreamers, and he is more inclined to a dry and didactic style of thought, although the object of his teaching was to raise the human race degraded by materialistic philosophy.

Far from rejecting experience, Kant considered the business of life as being nothing more than the action of our innate faculties on external knowledge. He believes that experience would be only a chaos without the laws of the understanding, but that these can only have for object the materials presented by experience. It follows that beyond these limits metaphysics themselves can teach us nothing, and that it is to spiritual perceptions that must be attributed the knowledge and belief in all beyond the visible world.

When it is desired to employ reasoning alone in order to establish religious truth it is an instrument that bends in every direction, equally adapted to defend or attack it, because it is impossible to find any foundation in experience. Kant places in two parallel lines the arguments for and against the liberty of man, the immortality of the soul, the fleeting or eternal duration of the world, and it is to the spiritual sense that he appeals to incline the balance, as the metaphysical truths appear to him of equal weight on one side or the other. Perhaps he was wrong in pushing so far the scepticism of reasoning, but it is to annihilate this scepticism more surely in

eliminating from certain questions the abstract discussions which have caused it.

It would be unjust to suspect the sincere piety of Kant because he has upheld that in the great questions of transcendental metaphysics the reasons for and against were equal. It appears to me that there is honesty in this avowal. So few minds are capable of comprehending such reasoning, and those which are capable have so great a tendency to quarrel among themselves, that it is rendering a great service to religious belief to banish metaphysics from those questions which concern the existence of God, free-will and the knowledge of good and evil.

Some thoughtful writers say that no weapon must be neglected, and that metaphysical arguments must be employed to persuade those who trust in them. But such arguments lead to discussion, and discussion to doubt on whatever subject it may be.

The great epochs of the human race have been always those in which the greatest truths have never been contested either by writing or by speech. Evil passions might lead to wicked deeds, but no one cast a doubt on religion, even if he did not obey its precepts. Sophisms of all kinds, the abuse of one sort of philosophy, have in divers countries and in different centuries destroyed this noble steadfastness of belief and source of heroic devotion. Is it not therefore a noble idea for a philosopher to forbid the entrance of the sanctuary to the very science he professes, and to employ the whole weight of abstract ideas to prove that there are regions from which they must be banished.

Despots and fanatics have endeavoured to prohibit the examination of certain subjects by the human reason, but reason has always freed itself from these unjust barriers. But the limits that the mind imposes on itself far from enslaving it, give it a new strength, that which results always from the authority of laws freely agreed to by those who submit to them.

A deaf mute before having gone through the education of the Abbé Sicard might have an innate certainty of the existence of the Deity. Many men are as far removed from profound thinkers as deaf mutes are from other men, and nevertheless are not less susceptible of experiencing as it were

in themselves, natural truths, because these truths arise from feeling.

Doctors in the physical study of man, recognize the principle which animates him, and nevertheless no one knows what life is; or if one were to begin to reason it would be quite possible like some Greek philosophers, to prove to men that they do not exist. It is the same concerning God, conscience, free-will. One must believe in them because one feels them. All argument must be placed in an inferior rank to this fact.

Anatomy cannot be exercised on a living body without destroying it. Analysis in experimenting on indivisible truths disfigures them, for the very reason that she attacks their unity. We must divide our soul in two for one half to make observations on the other. In whatever manner this division may be made, it takes from our being that noble identity without which we have not the necessary strength to believe what conscience alone can affirm.

Assemble a great number of men in a theatre or a public place, and tell them by reasoning some truth of the most general description. In a moment you will receive as many different opinions as there are individuals present. But if some tale of heroism is told or of generosity, immediately unanimous exclamations will show you that you have touched that instinct of the soul, as living and powerful in our being as the instinct of self-preservation.

In referring the knowledge of transcendental truths to feeling which admits of no doubt, in seeking to prove that reasoning is only valid in the sphere of the senses, Kant is far from considering the power of feeling as an illusion. He assigns to it on the contrary the first place in human nature. He makes conscience the innate principle of our moral existence, and the perception of right and wrong, is according to him, the original law of the heart as space and time that of the intellect.

Has not man by the aid of reasoning denied free-will? and yet he is so strongly convinced of it that he detects himself experiencing esteem and contempt for the animals themselves, so strongly does he believe in the innate power of choice, of good and evil in all beings.

It is sentiment that gives us this certainty of our freedom, and this freedom is the foundation of the doctrine of duty, for

if man is free, he ought to create for himself all powerful motives to combat the action of external objects, and to free the will from selfishness. Duty is the guarantee of the metaphysical independence of man.

We shall examine the arguments of Kant in contradiction to a morality founded on personal interest, and the noble theory with which he replaces that hypocritical sophism and perverse doctrine. It is possible to see Kant's first work *The Critique of Pure Reason* from two points of view. Precisely because he recognized reason as insufficient and contradictory he had to expect that it would be used against him. But it appears to me impossible not to read with respect his *Critique of Practical Reason*, and his different writings on morality.

Not only are the principles of Kant's morality austere and pure, as might be expected from his philosophical inflexibility, but he unites constantly the testimony of the heart to that of the understanding, and takes singular delight in applying his abstract theory on the nature of the mind in support of the simplest and strongest sentiments.

A conscience acquired through the senses could easily be stifled by them, and the dignity of duty is degraded in making it depend on external objects. Kant therefore returns frequently to demonstrate that the profound feeling of this dignity is the necessary condition of our moral being, and the law by which it exists. The power of the senses and the evil actions which they make us commit, can no more destroy within us the idea of right and wrong, than that of space and time is injured by the errors of application which we may make of them. There is always in whatever environment one may be a force of reaction against circumstances which arises from the depth of the soul, and one feels that neither the laws of understanding, nor moral freedom, nor conscience can come to us from mere experience.

In his treatise on the sublime and the beautiful entitled *A Critique of Judgment*, Kant applies to the pleasures of the imagination, the same system from which he derived such fertile developments in the sphere of mind and feeling; or rather it is the same soul which he investigates, and which manifests itself in science, in morality and in the fine arts. Kant maintains that in poetry and in those other arts which

are worthy to depict the sentiments of the heart by visual images, two kinds of beauty, the one in touch with this life and time, the other, with the eternal and the infinite.

And let no one say that the infinite and the eternal are unintelligible. It is the finite and the mortal, which one would often be tempted to believe as but a dream, for thought can define no limits to Nothing, and Being cannot conceive No-Being. One cannot even enter deeply into the exact sciences without meeting with the infinite and the eternal, and things that seem most tangible belong as much under certain relations to this infinite and this eternal as feeling and imagination.

From this application of the sentiment of the infinite to art must arise the ideal, *i.e.* the beautiful, not considered as the mere gathering together and imitation of what is best in nature, but as the realised image of that which our soul presents to itself. Materialistic philosophers judge the beautiful with regard to the agreeable sensations it causes, and place it thus in the domain of the senses. Spiritual philosophers who refer all to reason, see the perfect in the beautiful and find some analogy between the useful and the good, which are the first steps of the perfect. Kant rejects both interpretations.

The beautiful considered only as the agreeable would be imprisoned in the world of the senses, and subject therefore to difference of taste. It could not deserve that general assent which is the true character of beauty. Beauty defined as perfection should exact our esteem. The enthusiasm which beauty should inspire belongs neither to the senses nor to the judgment. It is an innate disposition like the feeling of duty and the necessary truths of our understanding, and we recognise beauty when we see it, because it is the external image of the ideal of which the archi-type is in our own minds. A difference of taste may be applied to that which is only agreeable, for the senses are the source of that kind of pleasure, but all men must admire the beautiful, whether in art or in nature, because they have in their soul the divine feeling which beauty awakens, and which causes them to enjoy it.

Kant passes from the theory of the beautiful to that of the sublime, and this second part of his *Critique of Judgment*

is even more remarkable than the first. He makes the sublime consist in moral freedom struggling with destiny and with nature. Unlimited power terrifies us, magnitude overwhelms us, nevertheless we escape by the strength of our will from this feeling of physical weakness, the power of destiny and the immensity of nature are in perpetual opposition to the miserable dependence of the human creature, but one spark of sacred fire in our soul conquers the universe since that spark is sufficient to resist everything which the whole power of the world might demand from us.

The first effect of the sublime is to overwhelm man, the second to raise him. When we contemplate the storm arousing the waves of the sea, and appearing to threaten both earth and heaven, terror takes hold of us even if we are out of reach of personal danger. But as the clouds heap themselves up when all the forces of nature are manifested, man feels an inward energy which can deliver him from every fear through strength of will or resignation, by the exercise or abdication of his moral freedom, and this knowledge of himself revives and encourages him.

When we are told of a noble action, when we hear that men have borne unheard-of tortures to remain faithful to their opinions, at first the image of their sufferings overwhelms our thought, but by degrees we regain our powers of mind, and the sympathy which we feel with their greatness of soul makes us hope that we could also triumph over our miserable senses to remain true, noble and dignified to the end of our life.

In fact no one can define what is, so to speak, the highest point of our existence. St. Augustin says, "we are too much above ourselves to understand ourselves." He would have a very poor imagination who could believe he could exhaust the contemplation of the simplest flower, how then could he attain to the knowledge of all that is contained in the idea of the sublime?

I do not flatter myself that I have been able in a few pages to describe a system which has occupied for twenty years all the thinkers of Germany, but I hope to have said enough to indicate the general spirit of the philosophy of Kant, and its influence on literature, science, and morality. In order to conciliate experimental philosophy with idealist philosophy,

Kant has not subjected one to the other, but has given to each individually a new degree of strength. Germany was threatened with that dreary teaching which looked upon enthusiasm as an error, and set down as prejudice the most consoling emotions of life. It must have been a lively satisfaction for a race at once philosophical and poetical, as capable of study as of enthusiasm, to find all the beautiful affections of the soul defended with the strictness of abstract reasoning. The power of the mind cannot be long negative; it cannot consist principally in things not believed in, in those not understood, or in those despised. A philosophy of belief, of enthusiasm is necessary, a philosophy which confirms by reason what feeling reveals.

The adversaries of Kant have accused him of having only repeated the arguments of the ancient idealists. They have pretended that the teaching of the German philosopher was merely an ancient system in new words. This reproach is unfounded, there are both new ideas and a special character in the teaching of Kant.

It shows traces of the philosophy of the 18th century, although intended to refute it, because a man must enter into the spirit of his time even when he wishes to combat it. The philosophy of Plato is more poetical than that of Kant; the philosophy of Malebranche more distinctly religious; but the great merit of the German philosopher has been that he has raised up moral dignity, in giving a strong logical theory as basis for all that is noblest in the heart. The opposition which men have endeavoured to place between reason and feeling must infallibly lead reason to egotism, and sentiment to folly. But Kant, whose vocation it was specially to form great intellectual alliances, has made of the soul a single home, where all the faculties live in mutual harmony.

The polemical portion of the works of Kant, those in which he attacks materialist philosophy, is in itself worthy of the highest admiration. That philosophy has taken such deep root in many minds and has produced so much irreligion and selfishness that a mere revival of the thoughts of Plato, of Descartes, or of Leibnitz would have been a benefit. But the philosophy of the new German school contains a host of ideas special to it. It is founded on enormous scientific knowledge, daily receiving accession, and

on a method of reasoning singularly abstract and logical, for although Kant blames the employment of this kind of reasoning in the examination of truths beyond the range of experience, he shows in his writings a metaphysical strength which places him in the first rank of thinkers.

It cannot be denied that the style of Kant in his *Critique of Pure Reason* deserves much of the blame given to it by its adversaries. He has used terms very hard to understand, and a wearying neologism. He lived alone with his thoughts and persuaded himself that new ideas needed new words, although there were already words for all.

On the points that were clear in themselves, Kant frequently uses a very obscure style of metaphysics, and it is only in the dark places of thought that he carries a luminous torch. He resembles the Israelites who had a column of fire as a guide during the night, but a cloudy one in daylight.

Works bristling with difficulty as these of Kant would have stood a small chance of study in France, except with patient and persevering readers; this is not, however, a valid reason for these unnecessary difficulties. Perhaps, however, he would not have dug down so deep in the science of the human understanding if he had attached more importance to the expressions he used to explain it. Ancient philosophers always divided their teaching into two distinct parts, that which they reserved for the initiated and that which they taught in public. The style of Kant's writing is quite different, both as to his theory and as to the application of that theory.

In his metaphysical treatises he uses words like ciphers, giving them the value he requires, without troubling himself with those given to them by custom. That appears to me a great mistake, for the attention of the reader is wearied in endeavouring to comprehend the language before reaching the ideas, and the known can never be used as a stepping-stone to arrive at the unknown.

It is necessary however, to do Kant justice even as a writer when he gives up his scientific language. In speaking of arts, and especially of morality, his style is nearly always perfectly clear, energetic, and simple. How admirable then appears his doctrine! How well he expresses feeling for the beautiful and love of duty! With what strength he

separates each from all calculation of interest or utility! How he ennobles actions through their source and not for their success! In a word what moral grandeur does he not give to man, whether in himself or in his external relations! Man, that exile from Heaven, that prisoner on earth! So great as an exile, so miserable as a captive!

It would be possible to extract from the writings of Kant a host of brilliant ideas on all subjects, and perhaps it is from this teaching alone that it would be possible in these days to extract new and ingenious views, for the materialist philosophy can no longer offer anything interesting or original. The piquancy of jokes against what is serious, noble, and divine is used up, and the youth of the human race can only be restored in future by returning to religion through philosophy, and to feeling through reason.

BOTANICAL WAIFS AND STRAYS.

By W. M. Hind, LL.D.

It is a common experience of collectors of wild plants to fall in with foreign species unexpectedly, and, not infrequently, with home species at a distance from their natural localities. That these strangers should present themselves to professed botanists as a rule, and not to the world generally, has in some cases exposed the finders to the suspicion of reporting fictions rather than facts. Facts they are notwithstanding, witnessed by the contents of many Herbaria. It is a collector's business to use his eyes, to recognize the forms which experience has made familiar to him and to greet with pleasure a new face among old friends, or a well known face in a strange locality. Meeting with a foreign plant on our shores, or, a well known species in a strange locality, the natural inquiry is, How came it here? A satisfactory reply however is not always forthcoming. In some cases the stranger can give no account of itself; while in other cases a sufficient answer may be found.

Man's hand has, in most instances, been the instrument by which the plant of foreign origin has been introduced to a new home. Not necessarily with a conscious knowledge and of set purpose, yet by his agency, does the stranger find a home in our soil and grow among the wild plants of our land. A considerable number of species, which have obtained a permanent standing in our British Flora, owe their position to human agency. They were at one time strays from cultivation, either from the garden or the farm. Other species still occupy only a debateable position among our British plants. The *Apennine* and *Crowfoot Windflowers* can in almost all cases be traced to a neighbouring garden. The *Pheasant's Eye*, though occasionally found in a cornfield, is more at home in the garden. The *Winter Aconite* has strayed from the shrubberies, where it was once planted; but finds its most congenial home in them still. The *Welsh Poppy*, indigenous in Wales and the Lake district, is only a garden

stray in most other parts of England. The *Many-podded Hedge Mustard* was thrown out of a garden in Bury St. Edmunds about 1785, A.D., and established itself in the neighbourhood for about 100 years. *Monkshood*, gathered by the late Rev. E. A. Holmes at Southelmham, Suffolk, must have been a garden outcast. *Larkspur* and *Columbine*, though native plants, occasionally occur as garden strays. In the summer of 1891 I found some plants of the *Greater Astrantia* in a dell at Middleton in Teesdale, which must have come from some garden in the neighbourhood. The garden *Chervil* has been established on a bank, near Halesworth in Suffolk for about 100 years, and was no doubt originally a garden stray. I have three times found the *Michaelmas Daisy* apparently wild, at Dunadry, Co. Antrim, at Gorleston and at Peasenhall, Suffolk, in all cases as strays from cultivation. An *Aster* has been established in Redgrave Fen for more than sixty years, which may possibly be the *Michaelmas Daisy*. If so, there is no clue to its occurrence there, being at a considerable distance from any garden. The *fragrant Butter-bur* occurs in various places as apparently wild. In most cases it will be found to have come from a neighbouring shrubbery, having swarmed over its boundary and established itself in the neighbouring hedge banks. The same is likely the case with the *White Butter-bur*, which I have not seen in any of its British localities. *Mahonia aquifolia* occurs in Hartest, Suffolk, at a distance from a garden. Birds have likely been the means of conveying the seeds to the place where it grows. *Symphytum orientale* and *tauricum* are occasionally found seemingly wild: likely they are strays from gardens. *Strawberry Blite*, found near Bury St. Edmunds, was likely an escape from cultivation. *Crocus argenteus* and *aureus* have been long established in a pasture at *Great* Barton, Suffolk. They are believed to grow on the site of an old garden, where they must have been originally planted. *Narcissus poeticus* and *biflorus* occur in quantity in a pasture at Pinner Green, the likely site of an ancient garden. *Crimson* and *Alsike Clover*, *Brank*, or *Buckwheat*, the *taper*, *spreading* and *field Brome Grasses*, and *Italian Rye Grass* have become more or less established in the country as strays from cultivation.

Besides the strays from plants purposely introduced from abroad, either for ornament or use, other plants have followed

the march of cultivation, and have become common weeds in our cornfields and among our green crops. Agricultural seeds, brought from other lands, have frequently weed seeds mixed with them, which are sown with the crop and spring up with it. In some cases the weeds are carried off with the crop and disappear. In others they become established as permanent occupants of the soil. *Buxbaum's Speedwell* is a case in point. According to Mr. H. C. Watson this plant began to attract the attention of our agriculturists and botanists about 1825. Now it is a common denizen of our fields and gardens. About thirty years later another *Speedwell*, *Veronica peregrina*, attracted the notice of Mr. J. Sim at Perth. A few years later I first found it at Belfast, where I observed it for several years in succession. In 1860 I found it at Pinner Hill, Middlesex, and in 1871 at Gweedore, Co. Donegal. It has not yet become common, but it has obtained a place in the London Catalogue of Plants and in several Floræ. *Oriental Wormseed* has been known as a casual for about 170 years, yet without permanently establishing itself. In 1881 it was found at Nayland by my friend, the Rev. J. D. Gray, in a clover-field. In 1890 I also found it with clover at Honington. It may fairly be assumed that in both cases it was introduced with foreign seed. In 1859 I found *Caraway* in East Kent, where it evidently was a remnant from a former crop. In 1888 I gathered it in meadowland at Newmarket, where it doubtless had been sown with the grass seed. *Hoary Mustard*, a plant from the Channel Isles, and *Yellow Star Thistle* I found among sainfoin in Euston and Bowbeck, Suffolk, evidently having been sown with the crop. *Montpelier Trigonella* from Cockfield, Suffolk, was no doubt introduced with other seeds. In 1883 a specimen of *Nicandra physaloides* was brought to me from Somerton, where it grew in a beanfield, probably from stray seed. In neighbourhoods where the *Flax of Commerce* is cultivated, strays are frequently found growing by the wayside and in other places, seeds having escaped from the packages in which they had been carried. *Hemp* at one time was frequently met with as a stray, when it was an article of home culture. Nowadays it usually results from the sweepings of cages, where it is used as food for birds. *Canary Grass* may be generally accounted for in the same way, though in some districts it occurs as a stray from culti-

vation. *Coriander* is now rarely found, as it is no longer cultivated in Britain. *Branched Broomrape*, parasitical on *Hemp*, is wholly or nearly extinct with us, through hemp being no longer sown in this country. *Flax Dodder* is now seen only in the districts to which flax culture has become restricted.

The importation of wheat and other cereals from abroad has been the means of introducing a number of strange plants into this country. Nearly forty years ago the late Mr. A. Irvine gave an account in the pages of the *Phytologist* of a large number of strange species, which he had found in a small enclosure on the south bank of the Thames, near Wandsworth. I had an opportunity of visiting the place with him, and found the ground thickly covered with strange plants. With a few exceptions, such as *Artemisia campestris*, they were exotics. The explanation of their appearance in that locality is very simple: A large quantity of foreign grain had some time before been cleaned on the ground, and the separated seeds had taken root and produced a flourishing crop. A somewhat similar case came to my knowledge, while collecting information for the publication of *The Suffolk Flora*. I and my friend the Rev. J. D. Gray, on various occasions met with several casuals on the banks of the race of Nayland Flour-mill. These were chiefly found on heaps of mud which had been taken at times from the stream. Among them were *Alyssum incanum* *Verbascum phœniceum*, and the *Loose*, *Green*, and *Glaucous* *Panic* grasses. The most interesting find occurred in 1884. On a spit of land lower down the river we noticed about a dozen strange plants, not in flower, but evidently belonging to the Natural Order *Compositæ*. Some of these roots were brought home and grown on. When matured they attained a height of four to five feet, and produced a large number of light blue blossoms. A specimen was submitted to the Authorities at Kew, and it was declared to be *Mulgedium tataricum*, a native of south-western Asia. In this particular case, the presumption is, that the seed was brought from Batoum, or some other port on the east coast of the Black sea, with wheat, the cleanings of which had found their way into the Mill stream, and in the end the Asiatic weed took root on the bank of the Stour. Last year Mr. Gray

sent me a specimen of *Silene dichotoma*, a Hungarian plant, likely from foreign grain taken to Wiston Mill on the Stour.

Another fruitful source of waifs and strays is found in the heaps of ballast brought to our ports from other lands. Only a few weeks ago a collector informed me, that he had in the course of years gathered one hundred strays on ballast heaps. Though this statement may require a grain of salt to make it go down, there can be no doubt that foreign plants are occasionally introduced in this way. I have at various times observed both foreign and British strays on ballast at Ipswich Docks. Among these are the *One-flowered Lentil* and *Round-seeded Vetchling*; also the British strays *Nottingham Catch-fly*, *Yellow Vetchling* and *Canadian Fleabane*. *Babington's Sand Mustard*, which is so common on the Ipswich ballast, I am inclined to regard as a ballast plant. The hermaphrodite form of *Annual Mercury* found occasionally at the docks may possibly have been introduced with ballast.

In 1842 or 1843 I found a growth of *Flax*, *Hemp*, and other exotics on some gravel that had been recently laid down on a private road in the outskirts of Liverpool. The gravel had likely served as ballast in a ship which had *Flax* and other seeds as part of its cargo, and escapes from these vegetated when the opportunity was afforded them.

It is now fifty-one years since the *Elodea canadensis* or *Water Thyme* was first observed in the lake at Dunse Castle; five years later it was found near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire; and in 1849 I found it in quantity in the river at Burton-on-Trent, and pointed it out to Mr. E. Brown of that town, who traced it to the Staffordshire Canal. It is not likely that it had its origin in any of the places where it was first observed in Great Britain. If introduced as a living plant from its native home in North America, it more probably found its first British resting place in waters near our western coast. However transported to this country, and wherever its first cradle among us may have been, there is no doubt that in 1840, A.D., it was altogether unknown to the British Flora. At the present time it is widely distributed throughout the country, and is to be found in almost all canals, sluggish rivers and streams. Still more surprising, it occurs in solitary ponds and pools which have no communication with each

other, or with the arterial water system of the country. With us it can ripen no seed, being only of one sex, and it depends wholly for its propagation on the division of its stems. Every internode about half an inch in length may become the origin of a new plant. So it has come to pass that a plant of very recent introduction among us has, in the course of fifty years, from a waif or stray, become one of our most common and widely distributed plants.

There are some among our strays of which no clear account can be given of their appearance among us. The most feasible conjecture is that they have been accidentally introduced with other seeds. The following are instances: *Crimson Horn Poppy*, in a kitchen garden at Pinner. *Erucastrum Pollichii*, on the roadside at Brandon. *Cowherb Soapwort*, close to a lime-kiln at Pinner. *Small Flowered Balsam*, at Bury, and Stutton. *Small Flowered Melilot*, at Dunadry, Co. Antrim, and Southtown, Suffolk. *Perfoliate Claytonia*, Honington. *Oriental Bunias*, in a sandy pasture at Elveden. *Silene catholica*, at Bury St. Edmund's, likely introduced. Two years ago a showy annual appeared in a Ranunculus bed at Honington, which has propagated itself. A friend informs me that it is a *Phacelia*. It comes near *Picircinnata*, but that species is not an annual. *Verticillate Sage*, at Heigham, and Long Melford. *Great Brome Grass*, in a cart track of a pasture field at Fakenham, Suffolk.

The following strays, collected by other hands, may be classed as unaccountable appearances: *Hungarian Hedge Mustard*, Lowestoft, Mr. E. Skepper; *White Mignonette*, Lowestoft, Dr. Trimen; *Squarrose Trefoil*, Hengrave and Lawshall, Sir T. Gage; *Stellate Trefoil*, Southwold, Rev. E. A. Holmes; *Resupinate Trefoil*, Lowestoft, Dr. Trimen; *Hairy Potentilla*, banks of Gipping, Mr. H. Haward; *Greater Ammi*, Cockfield, Rev. Dr. Babington; *Achillea decolorans*, Drinkstone, Mrs. French; *Echinospermum Lappula*, Southwold, Rev. E. A. Holmes; *Rough Dogtail Grass*, Lowestoft, Mr. E. Skepper; *House Brome Grass*, sandy fields at Thetford, Rev. E. F. Linton.

Though waifs and strays belong to the by-paths of Botany, they occur sufficiently frequently to reward the diligent collector's search, and they have the peculiar interest of appearing unexpectedly and as a welcome surprise.

GILBERT WHITE'S SELBORNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAMPSHIRE hardly affords a more delightful expedition than that from Alton to Gilbert White's Selborne.

The high road from Alton carries you first between high banks, opening now and then and giving you glorious views, now over hills cultivated to the summit—and valleys spread with corn, and now up the wooded valley of a brook that joins the infant Wey. Next you trudge laboriously uphill with an ever-widening view. You are mounting the back of a "hanger." Hanger appears to be a quite local name applied to the steep face of a chalk hill which rises with a gradual slope, and then descends with a sudden fall, presenting a sharp escarpment to the valley : or rather to the "hanging" woods which usually clothe this sharp descent. The "Hanger" we are mounting extends in a pretty regular curve to Binstead, where it is known as the "Binstead Hanger," then, a double curve brings it to Selborne, where it is the celebrated "Selborne Hanger," from whence it goes on to Hawkley, forming between Binstead and Hawkley an irregular crescent, walling in on the west the great basin of sand and gravel which includes the ancient royal forests of Woolmer and Alice Holt.

As to Hawkley Hanger, Cobbett has said the last word.—"Out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the Hanger, and never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted. I pulled up my horse and sat and looked ; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water."

Gilbert White gives a charmingly graphic account of a great landslip which occurred here in the March of 1764, too long, unfortunately, for us to quote. It appears that a hard winter had been followed by "vast gluts of rain," and great melting snows, so that the land springs or levants (called *lavants* in

Sussex, where they give their name to more than one village), were in flood. Then, in the month of March, a considerable part of the great woody hanger at Hawkley was torn from its place and fell down, leaving a high free-stone cliff, naked and bare, resembling the steep side of a chalk pit. This huge fragment, sapped by the waters perhaps, foundered and fell plump, planting a gate and its posts so true that the gate opened and shut in its new situation just as it had done on the hill top, forty feet above; while several oaks, as suddenly transplanted, continued to grow as before in their new place. About a hundred yards from the foot of the hanger stood a cottage by the side of a lane. White is inclined to think that the event affords some clue to the character of this romantic district: he says, "I begin to suspect that the ends of many of our hills have slipped and fallen away at distant periods, leaving the cliffs bare and abrupt. This seems to have been the case with Nore and Whitham Hills, and especially with the ridge between Hartely and Ward-le-ham, where the ground has slid into vast swellings and furrows, and lies still in such romantic confusion as cannot be accounted for from any other cause." A remark of Cobbett's supports this theory. He notices that spurs run out from this main chain into the valley like piers into the sea, and that the ends of these promontories are *nearly perpendicular*, and their tops so high in the air that you cannot look at the village below, without a sort of fear that it may be overwhelmed.

After this long digression let us return to the point of the road which brought us to the brow of the long hill. Here it is the Worldham Hanger, taking name from the village at its foot. A road is carried along the top of the hanger, and almost its whole extent, from Binsted to Hawkley, from every point of which you get a magnificent view, and what a walk you have along the top of the ridge, with glorious and most diverse country at your feet on either side, your lungs filled with the keen sweet breath of the downs!

A short interval of poor tillage, one of the reclaimed fragments, divides the heath from Woolmer Forest, a tract of land some seven miles long by two and-a-half in breadth, consisting of sand covered with heath and brake-ferns, "without having one standing tree in the whole extent," says White, though plantations have been made since his day. The ferny brakes of

the forest were once well stocked with red deer: and White tells delightfully how Queen Anne did not think the Forest of Woolmer beneath her royal regard, "For she came out of the great road at Liphook, which is just by, and reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half-a-mile to the east of Woolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy of the attention of the greatest sovereign!" And the historian of Selborne knew this for a fact, because he had it from an old keeper named Adams, whose father, grandfather, and great grandfather had held the head keepership of the forest in succession. He himself saw something of the grand hunts, when a royal huntsman and six yeoman prickers in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the stag hounds, came down to carry all that was left of the red deer in carts to Windsor, and the neighbourhood was entertained with many a "most gallant scene."

It is to be hoped the delight of their final hunts made up to the naturalist for the honour and renown to the parish of Selborne which departed with the red deer: he admits that, for the morals of the parish, they were better away: for "all this country was wild about deer-stealing;" and though he shews a certain tenderness for the poachers, "the temptation being almost irresistible, for most men are sportsmen by constitution," he admits that the "hunters," as they called themselves, especially the "Waltham blacks"—young men with blackened faces from Waltham Chase—had run to such lengths in lawlessness and idleness, as proved that the red deer had been their ruin. So great were the enormities committed here and elsewhere, that the Government was forced to interfere with the famous Black Act (George I.), "which comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before."

Though the red deer are lost to it, the solitudes of the forest attract many kinds of wild fowl, lapwings, snipes, wild ducks, partridges in "vast plenty" on the verge of the forest, and within the memory of man, black grouse. "Bin's Pond," which White notices as a favourite breeding place for the wild fowl, is now drained; but Woolmer Pond, a "vast lake for this part of the world," fully a mile and a half in circumference, is still a great

breeding place. "On the face of this expanse of waters, and perfectly secure from fowlers, lie all day long in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teals, and widgeons, of various denominations, where they preen and solace and rest themselves till towards sunset, when they issue forth in little parties—for in their natural state they are all birds of the night—to feed in the brooks and meadows; returning again with the dawn of the morning." The other two "considerable lakes" of the forest, Hogmer and Cranmer—(Woolmer, *i.e.* Wolf *Mere* gives its name to the Forest, Cranmer is Cranemere, and Hog mere requires no explanation) are still stocked with carp, tench, eels and perch, but the fish do not thrive because "the water is hungry, and the bottoms are a naked sand." Our road skirts the edge of the forest which stretches to the left out of sight; the air is delicious; your veins tingle with a sense of joyous exhilaration; your eye revels in the rich harmonious colouring—the duns and purples, the chocolates, the olives and dusky browns, which melt into one another like the tints in an eastern rug. The bees swarm here, getting in the heath honey for which Hampshire was famous in Fuller's time: though he says, by the way, Hampshire honey is "worst on the heath, hardly worth five pounds the barrel." Towards the lower end of the forest you come to Woolmer Pond, quite a large pond, as we have said, with an island, and a margin of pollard alders.

At the foot of the forest is the beautiful church of Blackmoor, built by Lord Selborne. An inscription on the south wall states that this church is the offering of a parishioner; and we were told that from his earliest boyhood it had been Lord Selborne's great desire and ambition to be able some time to build a church. When he found himself duly prospered in store and basket, he came here, raised this church for his altar, built a parsonage, schools and cottages, and last of all his own house in a clump of firs, on a site where Roman remains have been found.

SELBORNE.

We approach Selborne through one of the rocky, hollow lanes which now, as in Gilbert White's time, "are among the singularities of the place;" lanes cut out of white chalk-like freestone of the district, bare as a stony water-course, and

as deep, worn down by the "traffic of ages and the fretting of water," until they are sometimes sixteen or eighteen feet below the fields—hop plantations for the most part, for we are on the malmy ground dear to the hop. White describes these lanes as grotesque and awful in times of flood when the torrents rush down the broken sides of their high banks, making cascades among the tangled and twisted roots of the hedge-trees; but nothing can be lovelier than they are in the summer, with their high, ferny, mossy banks, kept cool and green with trickling water.

At last we come in sight of Selborne—a snug, warm village at the foot of a long green beechen "hanger," with a streamlet, crossed by a foot-bridge, running through its one straggling street. You approach between hop-lands and corn-fields; you are among snug farm-houses and pretty cottages; there is the white tower of the village church, and, in a low dell by its side the parsonage, and, over the way, the object of your pilgrimage, the house of Gilbert White. Who, born twenty miles from the spot, would have ever heard of fair Selborne, if he had not chatted of its "natural history" with a tenderness, grace and faithfulness which would be the making of any English village? And yet, "fair" it is, occupying a lovely and very fertile valley, backed by the Hanger and by the Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory, remarkable for sending forth two streams into two different seas. In the crowded tumbled churchyard is an old yew, a vast tree, twenty yards in girth, and spreading its heavy branches out a great way; and under it is a bench, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" have gathered, no doubt, for untold generations, for this yew is supposed to be much older than the church. You look long in vain amongst the weather-worn head-stones for that marking the grave of Gilbert White, but at last, near the north wall of the Chancel, you come upon one, with—

G. W.
26 JUNE,
1793.

And that is all there is to shew that this swell in the turf under heavy grass is the grave of the gentle naturalist. Within the church is a more imposing monument. But this is almost the only memory of his virtues that Selborne retains: an admirer of his, who came hither on pilgrimage long enough ago to un-

earth "an old dame who had nursed several of the family," could learn no more than that the quaint old bachelor was "a still, quiet body," that, "there wasn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure you Sir,—there wasn't, indeed." And this of the man who filled the common room at Oriel, on the occasions of his yearly visits, by his inimitable way of telling a story! Opposite the church, where the village street forks, are two fine ashes planted by White, and behind them is his house, grown by degrees into a long house of considerable size, and with various joins, but all in keeping. Entering, you pass through a quaint hall, dark with old oak, and lined with cases of stuffed birds—most fit furnishing for this house—and there hangs the shell of "Timothy."

Above the kitchen, looking south towards the Hanger, is the pleasant room in which Gilbert White read and wrote, and from whose windows he had good opportunity to consider the ways of the "winged people," more especially of the swallows, whose "placid and easy flight," draws much attention here for the sake of him who made their habits a life study. You may see the room where Gilbert White was born, in the July of 1720; not that his father lived there at the time: he was born in the house of his grandmother, whose husband a former Gilbert White, had been Vicar of Selborne. Mr. John White, the father of the naturalist, was a barrister of the Middle Temple; but the metropolis was less attractive to him than his native village, and when Gilbert was eleven years old he came with his family to live in the old home, the abode of several generations of Whites.

Then began such a searching into the history and habits of every living creature in earth, air or water, which made the parish of Selborne its haunt, that one son at least was fascinated. Bog and heath, meadow, hedge and beech wood were explored by the father and his four boys: they were a family of out-door naturalists; but one son says of himself—

> "Me, far above the rest, Selbornian scenes,
> The pendant forests; and the mountain greens,
> Strike with delight."

That son was Gilbert, who, notwithstanding several offers of College livings, chose to settle himself in his native village, that he might study the behaviour of the chaffinch and the cuckoo, the kite and sparrow hawk, and all the tribes of the "winged nation," which sought the precincts of Selborne; nor did he confine himself to birds; mice and moths, sticklebacks

and spiders, oaks and ants, and fairy rings, there is scarce a natural object about Selborne, animate or inanimate, which he has not made interesting to the world by the charming record of his observations. He remained a bachelor all his life, but one wants to know why the attachment, which led to the long and bright correspondence with Miss Mulso, of which we are told, did not end in marriage. The gentle bachelor was not lonely however; his neighbours loved him, and probably he was seldom without one or another batch of his numerous nephews and nieces. Certain of the nieces were prime favourites, witness his characteristic invitation to Selborne:—

> Return, dear nymphs; prevent the purple spring,
> Ere the soft nightingale essays to sing;
> Ere the first swallow sweeps the fresh'ning plain,
> Ere love sick turtles breath their amorous pain.
>
> Return, blith maidens; with you bring along
> Free, native humour; all the charms of song;
> The feeling heart, and unaffected ease;
> Each nameless grace and ev'ry power to please.

His peas and his cucumbers, the vagaries of Timothy, his pet tortoise, the rural affairs of his neighbours, the chronicling of daily observations about the weather, the keeping of a calendar which shewed when every wild flower blossomed, afforded him manifold interests—until he died, in the house where he was born and had lived, in the 73rd year of his age—a pure and gentle spirit, who has inclined many to the pleasant ways of the home naturalist.

The gardens are delightful, and a broad lawn, well sprinkled with trees, reaches up to the very foot of the Hanger. We looked over into the well stocked kitchen garden, of which "Timothy" writes to Miss Mulso, "In my present situation I enjoy many advantages, such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney beans, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially with a good choice of delicate gooseberries!" and beyond was the "neighbouring meadow" were Timothy lost himself for eight days, "for my fancy represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit those extensive plains." We asked after the summer-house where the merry tea-drinkings took place; alas, there was little but a round site overgrown with

beeches, and a few chips (we carried off one or two) which told of recent havoc. No longer even—

> "Its haunts forsaken, and its feasts forgot,
> A leaf-strown, lonely, desolated cot!"
> Is this the scene that late with rapture rang,
> Where Delphy danced, and gentle Anna sang?
> With fairy step, where Harriet tripp'd so late,
> And, on her stump reclined, the musing Kitty sate?

There, before us, leading from the summer-house, was the brick-path which Mr. John White had made that he might go dry shod to the Hanger in wet weather, an accommodation which his son Gilbert, no doubt, made free use of. There it is, leading right up to the Hanger, a red path, three or four bricks wide, placed end to end, and not too close together, so that the water can escape between them. We followed this footway to a sheltered wood-path, where the light fell green through beech-boughs, and then, up the Hanger, dry and brown underfoot, carpeted with beech-mast and fallen leaves of many years, lines of grey satin trunks about and above, a roofing of fairy green fingers: "The most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage or graceful pendulous boughs," says Gilbert White of the beech. The whole of the "vast hill of chalk," rising 300 feet above the village, is popularly known as the Hanger now, but Gilbert White divides it into "a sheep-down, the high-wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger." The prospect from the top is glorious, reaching to the Sussex and Surrey Downs, and covering much of Hampshire; and though the beech does not favour a prolific undergrowth, in the earliest spring the bare woods are odorous with the delicious scent of the mezereon; and you may find here the spurge laurel, and the autumnal gentian, the lesser periwinkle, and truffles—if you know how to get at them.

In the centre of the village is a square open space where the children and young people play, called, not the village green, but the "Plestor;" which appears to be a corruption of *Pleystow*, the play place (White). This common was granted for the use of the people to the monks of Selborne in the year 1271, by Sir Adam Gurdon and his wife Constantia. At the south corner of the Plestor there used to stand a "very old, grotesque, hollow pollard ash, which for ages had been looked upon with

no small veneration as a shrew ash." A shrew ash is not an ash tree of a particular sort, but one which had a deep hole bored into its trunk, into which hole a luckless shrew mouse was thrust, and plugged in! To what end? Why, these shrew mice were looked upon as baneful little beasties which brought terrible pains to the horses and cattle by running over their limbs or bodies; but have a shrew ash handy, and your horse or cow might be restored by gently rubbing the ailing part with a twig of the precious tree! No wonder the Selbornians were in arms when

"The late vicar stubl'd and burnt it,"

in spite of all they had to tell of its efficacy. White has other local superstitions as extraordinary as this of the shrew ash but we have not room for them here. We hope we have said enough to induce some of our readers to make a pilgrimage to a site so full of pleasant memories.

THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

By W. G. Collingwood.

XIV. THE ROYAL ROAD.

In the old times, when lands were wild, and tangled woods or trackless wastes made travelling really what its name implied—a travail—a toil and a pain, the best of kings were those who built the roads. We go off by train or coach for our holiday jaunt, and little think of the labour that was spent in bygone ages to bring this trim and tended country-side, with its highways and byways ready for our use, out of the primeval wilderness. And in any kind of study, nowadays, we have our methods and manuals prepared for us—we little know with how much labour—by former kings of these realms of thought. They say sometimes that there is no royal road to learning, but when you think of it, what road is there, so long as it is a right road, that is not a royal one? —surveyed by eyes that could see beyond a limited horizon, and fenced, for our wilful feet, by wise provision, which we in our turn are wise in recognising and obeying.

In drawing, as in any other study, you can go across country if you choose, but if you want "to get on" you must follow the beaten track. It may not lead you as far as you would like to go; it may be less interesting than loitering in pleasant places; but your pilgrim's progress is assured so long as you persevere in it.

But which road? Are there not many ways of learning art? Some recommended by this authority and some by that? Yes; it is true that there are cross-roads and by-paths, which the active walker may take, especially when he travels with some Mr. Greatheart to guide him. But for the rest of us it is best to go by the king's highway—the old road

that all the great men of the past have taken, none the worse for its antiquity; just as many a triumph of modern engineering for coach or railroad carriage has only retraced the ancient line, laid down over mountain and moor hundreds of years ago by the Romans.

Now the object of these papers has been to indicate, as simply as may be, the way and course of study laid down by the royal road makers in art.

As new members one after another have joined the Fésole Club it has been convenient to refer them, for the principles on which it is worked, to the back numbers of the *Parents' Review*. But now it seems that many of these back numbers are no longer to be bought, and therefore it becomes necessary to repeat the substance of what has been said, though it would be difficult to present this old old story in a new and entertaining form.

The Fésole Club was formed in March, 1891, at the suggestion of the Editor, to give opportunities for subscribers to this Review to have correspondence lessons in drawing. It was called the Fésole Club, because the principles intended to be followed were to be those of Mr. Ruskin's *Laws of Fésole*, the book he wrote, or rather began, as a manual for his Oxford drawing school. That book was hardly intended for private study, and it has been found too difficult to serve as guide for most young people. But the method it sketches out and the suggestions it makes for amateur study are nevertheless perfectly practicable; indeed, they are of all systems the most practicable, for they reduce the teaching of drawing and colouring to its very lowest terms, according to the methods of the great masters of the early Renaissance.

I said just now "amateur study" for of course it must be well understood, that any young person intending to become an artist, must go to the regular artists' schools, and not expect to find short cuts to professional excellence in the works of Mr. Ruskin or any other writer. Indeed though it seems a hard saying, it is, I believe, a true one, that the less a young artist reads about theories and principles of art, the better. He cannot evolve pictures out of principles, and he need not waste his time in trying to deduce principles out of pictures, that is for the poor art-critic to do. The young artist must get into contact with

the concrete, with actual facts, with nature and practice; and the more genius he has for art, in all probability the more incapable he will be—at any rate the more indisposed he will be for criticism or philosophising.

But the amateur student is in quite another position. He cannot expect to produce artistic results in the same sense that the professional artist's work is "artistic". An amateur, after two or three years' study, giving two or three hours a week to drawing, can hardly expect, unless by unparallelled conceit, to do things that critics would desire to look into, *as works of art*; and yet, as reflections of nature, as notes of beautiful visions, and memoranda of strong emotions, an amateur's work may be not only beautiful, but it may be extremely valuable, and well worth the time spent in learning how to produce it. The question is, then, how to economise the amateur's time and labour; and above all, how to teach nothing that will ever have to be unlearnt.

For example, any young person may learn in a few lessons from any clever teacher, of whom there are many, how to reproduce his mannerisms, and make what is called a "charming sketch." But that is not learning to draw; that is only learning how to manufacture a single article, for which there is an extremely limited demand, and of which there ought to be a still more limited supply. Learning to draw means much more; it means gaining the power of representing what you see, and gaining the habit of seeing it when it is set before you. Mannerist sketching means shutting your eyes to everything which cannot be easily represented in your teacher's style; and habituating your hand to certain kinds of action, which prevent it from following the forms of nature with real accuracy and unaffected fidelity.

The simplest way of all would be to teach the beginner from the beginning to lay down the correct from, the correct tone, and the correct colour, at one moment, and with one movement, by dexterous brushwork. And that is, of course, what the greatest artists have always attained to. No doubt it is quite possible to encourage the habit of brushdrawing in the beginner, and to teach it as a special branch of education, as an accomplishment, useful in training the eye and hand to decision. In elementary exercises very pretty results can be obtained, and there is no doubt that the brushdrawing drill is

capital practice. But the members of our club would hardly consider themselves fortunate if they were condemned to go through all the exercises necessary to make them even tolerable brush draughtsmen before advancing to the study of nature in her more complicated and interesting forms. There is hardly a single subject which could be set to a sketching class, in which the attempt of young amateurs to draw with the brush would not mean every sort of disproportion and clumsiness. Perfect brushdrawing is the glory of the master, the swaggering imitation of which is the shame of the misguided amateur.

Is this too strong a thing to say? I think not, because there is another way of drawing by which you *can* be correct without being clever; and there is no need for you to be clever; while correctness is the root of all the value of anything you can do in art. Only so far as you are correct can you make things beautiful. A careless draughtsman can be picturesque or comic, but only accurate drawing can be beautiful. If you doubt that, try to draw a mouth. If you can draw a beautiful mouth with the brush you are a master, and need no lessons that such as I can give. But if you find it hopeless, I can tell you how to learn, and I can assure you at the same time that the great brush-draughtsmen have learnt their art in exactly the way I propose to you; that is to say, by giving up the attempt at dexterity, and fixing all attention at first upon accuracy. In the Florentine School the earliest drawings of the great masters are in painstaking outline. Michael Angelo, for example, facsimiled German engraving with his pen as a boy, and afterwards became the boldest wielder of hammer and brush in Rome, and, beyond cavil, the draughtsman of his age. To step over into modern times, you may have seen the engravings from Turner given in "Modern Painters" as examples of the most perfect and elaborate brush-drawing of mountains and rocks. The engraver, in order to give full value to their accuracy, has drawn a fine line round each of the little spaces which, in the originals, are merely dabs and splashes of the brush; but dabs so exquisitely formed, and splashes so accurately placed, in spite of their apparent freedom, that no amount of elaboration can improve upon their correctness. How, do you suppose, did Turner come by that power? It was simply by steady point work

during the whole period of his youth; and not only that, but by the habitual sketching of everything in pencil outline in preference to splashes and effects of colour. The same can be shewn, I believe, of all the old-fashioned masters who have become really great as draughtsmen with the brush. Some, of course, like Durer, never get beyond point work; of some, like Tintoret, we have hardly remains enough to judge their juvenile work; but speaking generally, when the members of the Fésole Club are asked to outline their studies, they are only asked to do what most great artists have done, and in so doing have become great draughtsmen.

Outline then is the first step in our process; either simple pencil outline, or outline corrected and completed* with the quill pen, or refined with the crowquill steel pen (using Indian ink); or if the student wishes to take the most difficult, but at the same time the most perfect course, outline with the fine brush point. The next step is to lay on the colour.

In the old times when people talked about chiaroscuro, which was a sweet mysterious word, like "Mesopotamia" to the old woman, there were three stages of art,—outline, and shading, and colouring. But I believe Mr. Ruskin was one of the first in modern times, at least in England, to insist upon a practice which is now becoming general—though not by any means so general as it should be,—by which the student is directed to match the colour of nature as nearly as possible, and to lay it frankly on his paper or canvas at once. The general colour of any visible mass can be more or less imitated by mixing a tint to match it, just as you match a ribbon in a shop; holding up your bit of paper with a trial tint upon it between your eye and the object you are painting, and then laying that tint over the mass you have outlined.

If you have made your outline right, it will not look like an elaborate pen etching, or complete engraving of your subject, but it will look rather like a map of it; for by "outline" we mean outline in the strict sense of the word

*In three steps: A. strike the leading lines; B. mark the points of detail and expression (these with the lead pencil, lightly, and if possible, without the use of indiarubber); C., with steady, equal, fine pen line, draw the contours of masses. This last is the outline proper.

—the contour of masses of different colours. For instance, in drawing a leaf, you do not outline all its ribs (unless they show masses of different colours, which is unlikely); while if there are spots of discolouration, brown or yellow, you would outline them, as being separate colour-masses. This, of course, makes the outline a much simpler business; it also makes the effect of your picture more likely to be simple and massive. And when you come to draw, as you ought, at a distance of ten or twelve feet from even small objects, to outline them firmly, refusing all fidgetty detail, but getting their great colour masses simply laid down with the pen, and simply tinted with the brush, you will begin to understand why we take the name of Fésole for this club, you will find some of the broad and dignified spirit of the greatest Florentine art, stealing, you can hardly tell how, into your studies of chairs and tables, or cocks and hens.

But it is not enough to rest with a flat wash over the outline. The colour must express the light and dark, and every colour-mass must be modelled. While the colour is still wet you can take out the lights with a nearly dry brush, and when the tint is dry, or nearly dry, the darkest touches can be thrown in. In this way you preserve the transparency and clearness which are the especial virtues and beauties of water-colour. Water-colour that is washed and rubbed becomes gritty and loses its brilliancy; water-colour that is too often retouched and over-painted becomes opaque and heavy; but you cannot be wrong with a single wash, matched to the general half-tone of the mass, and modelled and reinforced in this manner. Nor need the process take either much time or much labour. What it does require is great attention, and decision, not of hand, but of mind. In this way water-colour sketching on our principles becomes one of the most educational of all occupations.

I should not venture to say that, if I were going to ask you to do dull exercises and uninteresting drill, but the fact is that our first attempts have always been direct sketching from nature; and that is what they must always be, until the students are their own masters, able to dispense with the leading strings and to follow their own bent or talent. This

method of outline and modelled colour is not proposed as a principle for artists, but simply as a method of study; historically the method of the great Florentines, and always the simplest and most natural process. Given the habit of representing nature on these terms, and all the other powers and possibilities of art may follow in their due time. Observation to begin with, choice of subject and taste in composition may follow in their own course as they naturally develop themselves. This is at any rate nothing in the way of affectation and unnatural mannerism to be unlearnt, and every step in the process is a firm one.

It has sometimes been asked what are the rules of this club. There are no rules, but what the common sense and good feeling of the members should dictate. To send in their studies punctually,* to see that the portfolio sent round to them containing the exercises and criticisms which form the class teaching of the club, are carefully handled, properly repacked and forwarded, and in a general way to do as you would be done by, is all that is asked. But one thing is needful, and that is perseverance. The Royal road, in common parlance, has come to mean a railroad, that carries you like a parcel when once you have taken a ticket. The Royal road of the times when travelling was travelling, had only one sort of Royal coach upon it, and they called that the DILIGENCE.

*The subject for August, in our present Natural History series, will be Caterpillars. Get your caterpillar on a large sheet of paper—not too close under the eye—say five or six feet off, so that you may see him as a whole without anatomical attention to detail. Let him crawl about as he likes, and do you make as many sketches of his attitude and colour as the time will allow. Drawings to be sent in by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

SCHOOL HOURS AND HOLIDAYS IN DAY SCHOOLS FOR BOYS.

By Charles Simmons, M.A.

Head Master of University College School, Preparatory Branch, Hampstead.

It seems to me that the time has come for reconsidering the distribution between work and play, of the day and of the year, in secondary schools for boys. It is an obvious anomaly to begin with, that we have the same system of holidays for boarding schools and day schools, although the conditions of the two are so different. The classes using the two are to some extent distinct, but in any case the system of public day schools of the second grade, together with the few great public schools which are day schools, is important enough to be considered with exclusive reference to its own requirements and conditions. Again, with reference to the distribution of the day, it is a noticeable fact that within the last twenty years have come into existence a large number of High Schools for Girls, corresponding exactly in position and attainment with the schools I am speaking of, which have adopted from the first a quite different system from that commonly in use. It is an extraordinary thing that the two systems should exist side by side, with more or less serious inconvenience to every family using both, without giving rise to any debate as to why there should be this difference, much less to any movement on the part of parents having for its object the assimilation of the two systems.

Before speaking of our present practice, and of what I think would be an improvement on it, I will give a few particulars as to that of English schools in the past, and that of foreign schools at the present day. A fair specimen of the rules laid down in some instances by the pious founders of sixteenth century grammar schools may be taken from the

will of William Ermysted, a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral, who in 1548 established the Grammar School of Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire: "The master shall be a chaplain or priest; he shall be personally present in the parish church of Skipton every Sunday and feast day when there shall be service, and shall celebrate in the church on Sundays and feast days, and three days in every week before seven in the morning. He shall daily enter and teach in the school, except feast days, unless hindered by sickness or other reasonable cause, immediately after six in the morning from the 1st of March to the 1st of October, and shall then faithfully exercise himself in teaching the boys until eleven, and from one in the afternoon until six. And from the 1st of October till the 1st of March he shall begin at seven in the morning, and shall instruct the boys until five or six, as necessity may require. He shall not absent himself from the said church and school above twenty days at one time or several in any year, under penalty for the first offence of 20*s.*, then 30s., and for the third removal from his office." So in the statutes of Kirkby Stephen Grammar School, Westmoreland, drawn up in 1566 by Thomas, Lord Wharton, it was ordained that the school hours should be from 6 to 11 and 1 to 6 in summer, and from 7 to 11 and 1 to 5 in winter.

The school day, therefore, consisted of ten hours in summer, and in the winter of eight or nine hours, "as necessity might require," a phrase which contains interesting possibilities. Whether home-work was exacted besides we cannot tell, but in one other instance I find an admirable regulation made to the effect that the scholars were always to converse in Latin. This rule, if scrupulously observed, more than supplied in an easy and natural manner the absence of definite preparation. Holidays there were apparently to be none, except, no doubt, the afternoons of feast days and the days on which the schoolmaster was absent, when the school would probably be closed. At Kirkby Stephen provision is made in a quaint style for the possibility of the master's falling ill: "As often as the said schoolmaster be craized, so the time of his disease pass not one month," the usher was to take his place. It is difficult to conceive what a school day of this kind must have been like, especially towards the end of it. With all the advantages of a state of siege, in days when probably neither parents nor

magistrates were sentimental as to the amount or the frequency of corporal punishment, a master could no doubt secure order. But with a curriculum consisting entirely of reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin, without any of the relief afforded in a modern school to a master by change of boys, and to a boy by change of room and master, the monotony must have been indeed dreadful. It is hardly surprising that the masters were thought to need stringent warnings against the haunting of alehouses and taverns after school hours. I may notice in passing, that masters in day schools have been probably in all cases long ago relieved from Sunday duty. The latest trace I have found of this requirement was at Brentwood, where, in 1866, voluntary classes were still held on Sunday.

A century and a half later William Hutchinson, in founding by will a free school at Bowes, in Yorkshire, orders that the master and usher, with the scholars, shall daily through the week (Sundays and feast days alone excepted), resort to the school at seven o'clock in the morning, and depart thence at four o'clock in winter, and five in summer. He proceeds: "I will that the scholars shall play twice a week, viz., on Thursdays and Saturdays, after dinner, and never without the licence of the master or, in his absence, of the usher: unless the governors come thither and think it meet, or some worshipful person present require it, which thing I charge upon his conscience to observe with all carefulness, and upon such playdays, especially in summer time, to appoint the boys to get bows and arrows, for their better exercise in their bodies."

What was understood by a half-holiday may be illustrated by an ordinance of Bungay Grammar School, Suffolk, providing that school was to be open on Saturday and every half-holiday until three o'clock in the afternoon.

Again, in 1719, the vicar and lord of the manor framed Statutes for Market Drayton Grammar School, in which the same hour of 7 a.m. was specified, and I can remember the same plan being tried during the summer term in my own school days, when for the sake of, I think, an hour's work I had a walk of a mile each way. By this exertion we purchased the boon of going home at 4.0 instead of 5.0. I can well remember how drowsy every one was in the afternoon, and how very little work was done.

From a search of some extent in the reports of the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1865, I find that on an average the number of weeks in the school year was then 40, and the number of school hours in the week 30. But there was considerable diversity. For instance, out of 15 schools, I think all semi-classical, in the West Midland division, one worked for 38 weeks, 2 for 39, 7 for 40, 2 for 41, 3 for 42. In schools of a more elementary character the number of weeks was often as great as 44 or 46. As to hours, one had only 25, one as much as 37½. This diversity becomes much more striking when home-work is taken into account, but unfortunately very few of the reports give any definite information about it. Where such information is given the time mentioned varies from 8 to 18 hours per week, partly of course according to differences of age. Taking home-work into account, Gloucester Cathedral School worked 1443 hours per annum, while Hereford, a school of exactly the same character, worked 1720, and Tewkesbury, a school of rather lower grade, no less than 1760.

Most of these schools probably had two half-holidays a week, in which case the school work must have been arranged very much as at Ipswich, on the plan of 4 days of 6 hours each, 3 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, and 2 days of 3 hours each, the hours being 9—12, 2—5. At St. Peter's School, York, on the other hand, three half-holidays were secured by working on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday till 1.0.

In some schools a difference was made between summer and winter, a reduction of three hours or more per week being made in winter. At Bradford, on the other hand, unless there is a mistake in the report, an exactly opposite system prevailed, for the hours were 25 per week in summer and 30 in winter.

In Germany the holidays in the Lyceum and Real gymnasium amount to about the same number of weeks as in England, but they are very differently distributed. The school year begins in spring, not, as with us, in autumn. As the exact date of its beginning depends on Easter, one school year differs to some extent in length from another. The Easter holidays consist of a month, a week is given at Whitsuntide, the summer holidays nearly coincide with

the month of July, the Michaelmas and Christmas holidays are for a fortnight each.

The number of school hours in the week varies from 32, or with an optional subject 34, down to 28. In the preparatory classes the number is of course less.

What strikes one most is the arrangement by which the great bulk of the work is done in a morning of no less than five hours, without any break other than such as is inevitable in changing classes. This seems to be due to a comparatively recent change, the object of which was to secure two free afternoons a week, Wednesday and Saturday. On the other days drawing, singing, and gymnastic classes are held, and in some cases classes for modern languages and chemistry. A number of games are apparently *taught*, as it were, in short periods of half-an-hour each, which reads very oddly in the case of cricket and what appear to be Rugby and Association football. As to home work I can give no details, but I understand the amount of it is large.

In France a decree of June, 1890, fixes the duration of sedentary work, which includes preparation, at six hours in the elementary classes, for boys, as I understand, of from nine to eleven or twelve, at eight in the Grammar division for boys of from eleven to fourteen, and at ten-and-a-half in summer, and ten in winter in the higher division called of Rhetoric, for boys of from thirteen to sixteen. The latter amount seems excessive. The morning consists of three-and-a-half hours, from 8 to 11.30, or from 8.30 to 12.

The holidays extend to quite a week more than is usual in England, the New Year holidays consisting of a fortnight at Paris, a few days less in the country, the Easter holidays also of a fortnight, while from three to five days are given at Whitsuntide. The summer holidays in the Lycées extend over the whole of August and September, work beginning again on the first Monday in October.

The details I have given above from the reports of the Schools Enquiry Commission, refer of course in nearly all cases to the old system of four quarters. The introduction of the three term system has not materially altered the general practice, except of course that the Michælmas holiday has disappeared. As a rule the holidays amount to thirteen weeks, the rest of the year being divided into three terms of

about thirteen weeks each. The summer holiday consists of six, seven or even eight weeks, resembling in fact more and more the long vacation of a college; the remainder of the thirteen weeks being divided in various proportions between Christmas and Easter. The date of the latter holiday still continues to be determined as a rule by the date of Easter. In the present year, as Easter fell very early, some schools fixed their holidays independently of it. As others, probably the majority, adhered to the older plan, an amount of inconvenience resulted which forcibly illustrated the need of some agreement on this point. Notable exceptions to the general practice are that the great school at Manchester takes its spring holiday, in accordance with local custom, at Whitsuntide instead of Easter, and that the City of London School continues to be distinguished by the shortness of its holidays, which amount to only ten weeks in the year.

In considering what changes should be made in the present system, I start with the proposition that the work of the term is far too hard while it lasts, both for teacher and for pupil, especially for the former, but that it does not last nearly long enough. We have got into a vicious circle. Long holidays are necessary because the work of the term is so exhausting: the work of the term must be made exhausting to compensate for the length of the holidays. If I ask what reason there is for thus compressing the work of the year into thirty-nine weeks, I can find no reason except that it is the established practice to do so. Not merely is this not the case in any other department of work other than teaching and learning, but it is a striking fact that no parent would think of adopting in regard to music or any other subject learned out of school, the same principle which he accepts without question in regard to languages and mathematics.

In teaching languages especially it seems to me that our cardinal rule should be "little and often." We exactly reverse this by teaching a great deal during three months, and then allowing a complete interruption of study for three, four, six, or even eight weeks. We all know that as a rule the interruption must be complete. Very few parents have time or inclination to keep themselves familiar with the details of what their boys are learning, and without that familiarity it

is almost impossible for them to take up the direction of studies. Such direction is least likely to be given just in the cases in which it is most necessary. And where it is given, it introduces in proportion to its efficiency the evils which would result from sending a boy alternately to two different schools. Holiday tasks must in practice be voluntary and will always be undertaken, if they are of an intellectual character, by the exceptional boys who have already worked their best during the term and would be benefited by a complete rest. The general rule is that work is not only abandoned but forgotten, and it sometimes strikes one that many boys believe the *raison d'être* of holidays to consist in preparing a mental *tabula rasa* for the operations of the following term. These interruptions have, I believe, a disastrous effect quite out of proportion to their actual duration, just because they tend to destroy in a boy's mind the sense of continuity in his studies. On the other hand I believe that for play quite as much as for work, the holidays are to a great extent a mere waste of time. As soon as the first delightful sensation of absolute freedom has passed away, I believe that boys are secretly weary of holidays. A boy cannot appreciate the happiness of *dolce far niente*; his characteristic phrase for justifying any apparently aimless method of occupying time is that it is "something to do." The fact is that, especially for London boys, as soon as work ends, play ends too. All play, such as boys most enjoy, is more and more associated with school, and is attainable only during term time. On the other hand even for boys who make no great effort after learning, the wear and tear of the term is very great. The pressure of home preparation, though I think that efforts have been very generally made to decrease it, or at all events to avoid increasing it, cannot be otherwise than severe when it comes after about five hours detention in school, to which has to be added the time spent in walking, or still worse, in travelling to and from school. On the other hand, the desire to secure better results without increasing the labour of the pupil, has exerted itself in increasing enormously the strain upon the teacher. The best teachers I have known, work as a rule far harder and far longer out of school than their pupils. Any conscientious teacher must feel that the mere confinement of children in school is not an object in itself,

but a necessary evil only to be justified by the attainment of great results. If a teacher is to teach in school, and not, as the manner of some is, merely to hear lessons and mark written work, he must give a large amount of time out of school to the work of preparation and correction. The result is to subject the teacher to a continuous strain which leaves practically no time during term either for study or for social life. The holidays are of course entirely delightful, because he knows how to use them, and in proposing to curtail them, I am, as a distinguished teacher said to me, proposing to destroy the one thing which makes the profession attractive. But I can say from my own experience that more leisure for study and for home life during term time would be a more than sufficient compensation. The holidays bring an *embarras de richesses.*

I have heard it objected to any proposal for curtailing the holidays, that it would discourage a boy's miscellaneous reading. I think the effect would be exactly the reverse. The habit of reading is one of very gradual growth, and this is just what our system takes no account of. A boy has no time for reading during term. Is it likely that he will methodically utilise any part of his time for reading during the holidays? And again I have heard it said that it is only in the holidays that parents can really see anything of their children. This is true, but the very fault of our system is that in term they see nothing of them, in the holidays they see a great deal too much. The daily round of duties to which both parents are as a rule bound, allows some leisure, it is to be hoped, every day, but very little continuous leisure. A parent's association with and influence upon a child must be continuous and gradual, if it is to exist at all. There is no time to cultivate such association and influence in three disconnected periods of a few weeks each, during which the parent is only partially free.

If I must make some definite proposals of my own which may elicit the opinions of others, I will put them briefly as follows. I would cut down the summer holidays to a month, which is quite as long as any schoolmaster and most parents can afford to spend at the seaside or abroad. I would give not less than a fortnight at Christmas, because children cannot stand the strain of schoolwork in the day and parties at night.

At Easter or at a fixed time in the spring I would give a week. If the summer holidays could be put earlier than August, I would perhaps give a few days at Michaelmas. In this way I would save for work, and, as I consider, for play, five or six weeks. On the other hand I would so reduce the strain of schoolwork during the term that even the Easter holiday might be dispensed with. I would do this by giving two half-holidays in the week besides the whole of Saturday, or else by lengthening morning school and doing away with afternoon school altogether. For town day-schools I think this would be an excellent system, which would obviate many difficulties. If any classes were held in the afternoon, they should be for drawing, handicraft or gymnastics, intellectual work being confined to the morning hours. I would re-introduce what has almost been discontinued, the giving of occasional holidays on national or local occasions. With the greatest history in the world behind us, we are singularly ashamed of recognising our greatness. On this point I am glad to quote the opinion of Canon Daniel, who, at a Health Exhibition Conference on Education in 1884, spoke of the need of these occasional holidays, and recorded his own suggestion that "the high schools should have a hagiology of their own, and that holidays should be kept in memory of the great educational reformers." I believe that these occasional holidays would be an immense boon to teachers, quite apart from their value as a help to the training in citizenship which is one of our most glaring educational wants.

There is no doubt, I think, that it would be a great advantage if the summer holidays could begin a month earlier than they do. Even at the beginning of August the length of daylight has already decreased one hour ; at the beginning of September this decrease amounts to two and three-quarter hours, and by the middle of the month to three and three-quarter hours, while the weather is becoming cool and unsettled. July is not only the best month for the seaside and for outdoor life generally, but is also the worst month in the year for school-work. On an average of fifty years the highest temperature may be expected in the middle of the month. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the chief examination of the year, which subjects both boys and masters to a strain altogether exceptional, should fall at the end of the term which covers the hottest weather, the longest days,

the athletic sports, and the greater part of the cricket season. So far as I can see, there is no reason why the summer holidays should be fixed as they are, except the assumed necessity of having the three terms of equal length, and the school fee divided into three equal parts. Why should not the autumn term be longer than the other two, the fee being arranged in proportion? It is, perhaps, the best term in the year for work, and already, as a rule, stands by itself, the other two being grouped for the purposes of the summer examination. If the summer term must remain as it is, I would fix the chief examination at Easter, and drop home-work from that time up to the summer holiday, as I believe is done at Fettes College. Some additional time for outdoor games may be got by dropping gymnastics and handicraft, which are specially suitable occupations for the winter months.

The general result of a change such as I have roughly indicated, would be to reduce to some extent, perhaps to a considerable extent, the number of hours during which a teacher would be engaged in actual teaching. At the same time I believe that from a number of hours thus reduced, a considerably greater educational result would be gained. Other advantages would result, of which I may specify two. It would be much easier, without any excessive strain, to impose extra tasks as a punishment for idleness, and to give extra teaching at home or at school in aid of boys dull or backward. Another advantage would be that the slighter ailments, which cost a day or two of absence, would be got over with less injury to lessons.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the subject of my paper is one which pre-eminently belongs to parents, though it is also one upon which schoolmasters seldom, if ever, hear the opinion of parents. Why should not the Parents' Union undertake the task of collecting those opinions?

HENRY VAUGHAN, THE "SILURIST."

HENRY VAUGHAN, called the "Silurist," a designation he adopted as native of South Wales, or County of the Silures, is a Poet of whom until comparatively recent years too little has been known.

He was descended from an ancient Brecknockshire family, probably of Royal origin, and was born in 1621, at Newton, on the banks of the Usk, for which he has shown his affection in much of his verse, and with which his name will always be associated. He and his twin brother Thomas owed their early education to the Rev. Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock, under whom they made considerable advance in classical studies. In 1638 the brothers both passed into Jesus College, Oxford, but the times were troublesome, and the Oxford of 1638 breathed the spirit of political conflict far more than of studious progress. The Court, removed here from London, was soon to become the pervading influence in the University.

Politics, rather than learning, became the order of the day, and Henry Vaughan appears to have left Oxford without graduating.

Sprung from an old Royalist family, it is no wonder that the young Vaughans (like most other Oxonians) should espouse the cause of the unfortunate Charles. Thomas is known to have borne arms for the king, while Henry, though it is uncertain whether he ever actually engaged in action, undoubtedly suffered imprisonment for the cause. In 1647 we find the brothers living together at Newton; Thomas now a clergyman and Rector of his native parish; Henry, who had obtained after leaving Oxford the M. D. degree of London, practising as a Doctor of Medicine.

There was however little assured peace to be looked for in those revolutionary days, and Thomas Vaughan had not long been in possession of his country living before he was

expelled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on trumped-up charges of bad conduct, and from the all-potent fact of his having borne arms for the king.

He retired to Oxford, where he devoted himself to the study of Alchemy. He also published verses both in Latin and English, and on his death, in 1665, was mourned by his brother in the Elegy called "Daphnis," a Pastoral something in the style of Spenser.

Henry Vaughan was intimate with most of the young literary men of his day, whom he met at social gatherings at the "Glove" Tavern, on occasional visits to London. Fletcher's plays, published in 1647, were prefixed by laudatory verses, of which Vaughan was the author, and he speaks also with special admiration of Ben Jonson and the young poet Randolph.

Vaughan first came noticeably before the public as an author by the publication of some love verses and a translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal; and soon after prepared for press his second volume of verses entitled "*Olor Iscanus*" or "The Swan of the Usk." This however was never published with the author's consent. It contains poems expressive of noble sentiments touched with Royalist enthusiasm, and indicating much depth of poetic feeling. There is in it nothing of which he need have been ashamed in later years, though it appears from the preface, written by Thomas Vaughan who published the volume in 1651, that the author had himself intended to burn the M.S. on account of its secular character. Henry Vaughan's later writings offer no such contrast to those of his earlier days, as do the writings for instance of Downe, but, like George Herbert (with whom he was connected by marriage), Vaughan experienced through a severe illness a great moral and intellectual change, and determined, as he says in the preface to his later poems, henceforth to devote his muse to religious themes entirely.

It was during his illness that Vaughan first became acquainted with the writings of George Herbert, which influenced him in no small degree. He determined to take Herbert as his guide and model, and speaks of him in loving terms as "the blessed man . . . whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least" (preface to "Silex Scintillans.")

In imitation of Herbert's work "The Temple," Vaughan published some sacred poems entitled "*Silex Scintillans*" (Sparks from the Flint Stone), but this volume and another called "*Flores Solitudines*" attracted little attention. He ceased from further publication, and little is known of the remaining years of his life. They were probably spent on the banks of his loved Usk, away from the uncongenial influences which characterized the Court and times of Charles II., and in the quiet retirement befitting the poet's gentle, musing nature. He was twice married, and died in 1695, at the age of seventy-three. By his own desire the following epitaph was placed on his tomb in the churchyard of Llansaintfraed :—

"Servus inutilis,
Peccator maximus,
Hic jaceo
Gloria ! + miserere ! "

Vaughan belongs to the Metaphysical, or as it has perhaps been more fittingly called, the Fantastic, School of Poets, and is one of the greatest of their number. Until the publication of a selection of his poems with an appreciative memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte in 1847, he was, however, practically unknown.

The licentious age in which he lived little appreciated the earnest piety of his verse, and during the pre-eminence of the correctly smooth style which after Milton reigned supreme till, from the ashes of the French Revolution, the breath of a new Renaissance was fanned on English Literature, no one cared to turn to the more rugged style of some of the better of the Fantastic Poets. The chief collections of the British Poets include no mention of Vaughan, and in our own day it has been possible for a fellow Welshman to address him, though in grateful admiration, as the "unknown Poet." *

Yet Vaughan is wonderfully modern in feeling. Containing, as his verse does, much of the fantastic setting characteristic of the age in which he wrote, there is still far less straining after effect, and far more *naturalness* in him than in most of his contemporaries. He is conspicuous for what Dr. Johnson calls his "clear intensity," and with much of Herbert's ingenious imagery and Crashaw's rapt devotion, possesses an individual depth of poetic feeling all his own. He was a

* See Lewis Morris's Lines "To an unknown Poet."

true lover of nature, and regards her often in that philosophic mood with which Wordsworth has made us familiar.

Take for example the following lines from a poem called "The Starre."

"Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile,

"Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarrs
My present search, for eagles eye not starrs;
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest;

"Yet seeing all things that subsist and be
Have their commissions from Divinitie
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee."

In this last verse it might almost be Wordsworth speaking, while the two preceding it show the quaint fantastic setting so often to be met with in the poems of Vaughan's day.

The beautiful poem called "The Retreate," and another entitled "Corruption," remind us of Wordsworth's immortal ode.

The former should be read in its entirety; from the latter I quote the opening lines:

"Sure, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays,
Had some glimpse of his birth."

There is much that one feels tempted to quote showing Vaughan's tender love of, and joy in nature, but I will give only the following gem-like poem on "A Shower":

"Waters above! Eternal Springs!
The dew that silvers the dove's wings!
O welcom, welcom to the sad:
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad!
Many fair ev'nings, many flow'rs
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower!"

The alliteration in the fourth line is very effective; we seem almost to hear the gentle patter of the rain.

In the "inwardness" which we have noticed in Vaughan's musings on nature, and which we are apt to regard as peculiarly modern, we are reminded of another nineteenth century poet—Tennyson, who is probably more akin to Vaughan in thought and manner than any other of our later poets.

An interesting comparison has been made between Tennyson's "Invitation to F. D. Maurice" and Vaughan's "Invitation to a Brecknockshire Breakfast," where one cannot but be struck with the similarity of thought and expression. But it is in the calm self-restraint and underlying pathos of such poems as "Absence" and "Departed Friends," —those beautiful lines, best known perhaps of all Vaughan wrote, beginning

> "They are all gone into the world of light!
> And I alone sit lingering here!"

that we are most strongly reminded of the better-known poet of our own day. They breathe the spirit of a hope rising from the ashes of a deep regret, and of the "Faith which comes of self-controll," which together form the key-note of "In Memoriam," and in varying degree of other of Tennyson's poems.

The self-restraint in Vaughan's poetry is very noticeable, when we remember he belonged to an age in which poetry was characterized by a wealth of extravagant conceits and exuberant wordiness. It is true that Vaughan's poetry is often fantastic in style, and ingenious in manner but he is also conspicuous for having known how to unite condensed thought with poetic expression. Take for instance this line

> "Prayer is the world in tune,"

or the following from "Sundayes":

> "A day to seek
> Eternity in time; the steps by which
> *We climb above all ages*;"

which are almost epigrammatic.

There is often in Vaughan a rugged earnestness as well as an occasional wealth of metaphor. He tried many styles of versification, and sometimes his lines lack harmony from being too much broken up, as in the longest and one of the otherwise finest of his poems "Rules and Lessons"

But many of his verses are full of grace and beauty, and few writers have perhaps in so small a legacy of poems shown more true poetic feeling. In many of them we get the purely devotional spirit as in Crashaw or Herbert, though with more self-restraint than the one, and with more of metaphysical intensity than the other. Many of these poems are very beautiful and occasionally reach a grandeur unrivalled by either Crashaw or Herbert; as for instance the fine lines in "The World" beginning:

> "I saw eternity the other night,
> Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
> All calm, as it was bright.

In conclusion I will quote only from a quaint little poem called "Stars":

> "Stars are of mighty use. The night
> Is dark and long;
> The rode foul; and where one goes right,
> Six may go wrong.
>
> "One twinkling ray
> Shot o'er some cloud
> May clear much way
> And guide a crowd."

Perhaps we could pay no better tribute to the memory of the retiring and humble-minded author of "Silex Scintillans" than by comparing his poems to a "twinkling ray" bright amid much that was dark in contemporary literature, and capable of shining with equal lustre still.

F. U.

BRUSHWORK.

BY MRS. HENRY PERRIN.

II.

LAST month I dwelt chiefly on the beauty of the "*j*" curve, and I hope our little friends will have by this time practised it in all directions and in numerous varied combinations, as it is in this way children can be encouraged to make original designs, and to see what lovely patterns can be drawn by repeating between parallel lines some of the simplest forms. It would be well if every page of their "brushwork" book (which ought to be not less in size than 9in. by 12in.) had a different pattern as a border to its central picture. Designs may be made also of straight lines in different directions with dots done with the point of the brush held upright; also "blobs" may be used, which are produced by the brush being laid on its side on the paper. The outlines of these "blobs" will be *ovate*, each formed of two "*j*" curves, so much used in Greek design. Children should be taken to see the Greek "Brushwork" on the pottery at South Kensington Museum, and shewn how the Greek artists made use of different modifications of the "*j*" in drawing their animals, especially those in motion. The spiral will be seen to consist of many "*j*" curves joined together, there being no complete circle; indeed the true circle is rarely seen in nature, and is not such a natural or easy curve to draw, therefore we will discourage its use for the present.

I would mention that of course compasses and rulers are never to be allowed; the horizontal and parallel lines enclosing the borders must be done by holding the brush of colour vertically, the little finger only touching the paper and the arm working freely from the shoulder and not from the elbow.

Before going any further I would again urge upon parents and teachers the necessity of leading the child to make *his own* observations of simple objects and to draw his own portraits of them, and above all to encourage imagination and originality of expression in design. Do nothing for the child but make him work for you, put him before nature, and tell him to paint what *he* sees, without thinking what he *ought* to see or what *you* see.

Mr. Brownlie, R.S.W., says:—"Many children hate drawing; the eternal outlining, the production of thin lines, is unutterably wearisome, and you cannot, or are not allowed, to put individuality into them. We may have clever draughtsmen, but where are our designers? You can count the real artist-designers of the present day on your fingers. What is the reason? It is this. All individuality has been destroyed in them, because in their art-training they have never been allowed to follow their own ideas, but had to adhere to certain rules which pressed everybody into the same form; or, even if the teacher was lenient, originality was not encouraged, though it might to some extent be suffered. But what ought to be done is to encourage a child to work by the aid of its imagination; and to give its own impressions of things."

Miss Mason, in her admirable system at the House of Education, gets her students to bring back leaves and buds of trees from their walks, and to copy them in "Brushwork," with name, locality and date attached to each. The twigs with buds they secure early in the spring, and later in the year compare their sketches with the same trees when in full leaf. This is an excellent way of teaching the students to know the many varieties of trees and shrubs, and to identify them at any time of the year. There is ample opportunity for this in London as elsewhere.

I will now make a few general remarks on colour, and afterwards try to illustrate them by taking an example of a flower.

It is necessary from the first to get children to see the beauty of *pure* colour. They should be shown that the box and palette are to be kept in clean working order, and the colours free from muddiness caused by the reckless stirring of one colour into another, a trick so popular with children.

They should also be taught that their water should be always clean during painting; for this reason a separate brush should be kept for supplying the water to the palette. It is also good to insist as far as possible that different brushes be used for different colours, if not this, that another glass of water be kept for washing out the brush. The colour in the brush should be liquid enough to flow freely, and when once applied to the paper, not touched again whilst wet. A good exercise is to practise the production of secondary colours by passing one colour over another when dry, as for instance in the case of violet, the blue can be passed over the pink. The effect is often far better than a previously mixed tint, and the children are able better to notice the action of one colour upon another in different proportions.

They can also be directed to *gradate* shades of the same colour, or different colours one into the other, as seen in the rainbow, sunset, petals of flowers, etc. Let them gradate a plain tint from the top of the paper downwards, and beginning with a full brush from left to right, guide the floating colour down the paper, taking more water and less colour as they proceed, a dryer brush can be used to suck up any surplus quantity of colour. The tint when finished must be a flat one, though gradated, without any unevenness or brush mark. Very pretty effects can be produced by one touch of say purple and another brush of yellow colour laid at the side of it, so that the two unite while wet, making an exquisite gradation most useful in flower painting and design.

Teachers should show their little would-be artists the difference between reflected colours and those which receive the direct light, and bring their eyes to see all the colours of the tulip in the grey light on the leaf. Ruskin says:—"The man who can see all the greys, and reds, and purples in a peach will paint the peach rightly round and rightly altogether."

I mentioned before that the brush is capable of giving various impressions of form in mass according to the angle at which it is placed on the paper and the amount of pressure used; it is well for children to notice these forms and to practise all in different directions, not forgetting the line work with the point of the brush. The "blob" impression is most useful for many petals and for small leaves, etc., but

the elongated ovate form is perhaps the most needed as for instance in crocuses, daisies, etc., and many leaves. My object in saying this, is to show that it is best to do all leaves and petals with one touch of the brush, and generally it is best to use the lightest tint and run in the darker shades with another brush while wet; this will avoid hardness. For example, take the tulip, a flower much beloved by children because of its bright colour.

Of course no pencil outline is to be drawn, but having first well filled the brush with the lightest colour seen draw in mass the flower, and with another brush with red, orange or purple, work into the damp colour, using as few touches as possible. The light and shade must be carefully noted, and the darkest part of the shadow tint not taken to the edge, as there is always a reflected light to give roundness. A clean water brush will with one touch soften the colour to the edge sufficiently.

With regard to the leaf, the child should first mix red, blue and yellow to make the grey for the lights, and before this tint is quite dry run in the rich greens where necessary. Leaves with very pronounced veins, must have the latter inserted in a second painting when the first is dry, but as a rule it is unnecessary to do more than suggest them as they are apt to spoil breadth of treatment. It makes it easier for a child to have the object laid on or stood against white paper, that its true depth of tone may be more readily seen.

If any little child in the Parents' Review School would like to paint me a flower and leaf, with a pattern border round the page, and put his or her name, age, and address on the back, I will return it to the little artist with a few remarks. It must be strictly understood that no help is to be given by others in the actual painting, which should bear the child's own stamp of originality.

One can only touch the outer garment of a subject so vast as colour, in a short article like this, but I shall have been content, if in my few remarks, I have driven home the necessity of impressing a child with a love of *pure* colour, and a respect for his brush and colour-box which will hold him in good stead, and direct him in all his studies and necessary experiments.

I will close my paper with a few words of Mr. Ruskin. "Great art accepts nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts to what is most perfect in her; false art saves itself the trouble of direction by removing or altering whatever it thinks objectionable. It is only by the habit of representing faithfully all things, that we can truly learn what is beautiful and what is not. High art, therefore, consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature; but in seeking throughout nature for 'whatever things are lovely and whatever things are pure.' Art is great in exact proportions to the love of beauty shewn by the painter, provided that love of beauty forfeit no atom of truth, and it must include the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with them, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious sum."

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. F. STEINTHAL.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Little Noel's Rissoles. 1 oz. of cooked meat; ¼ oz. of bread crumbs; 1 piece of suet as big as a nut; 1 little piece of onion, partly boiled; 1 teaspoonful of gravy; salt and pepper; 1 egg and bread crumbs. Take the meat and remove all the gristle from it and chop it up into tiny pieces; then treat the onion and suet in the same way. Soak the crumbs in the gravy and let them stand ten minutes. Mix the meat, onion, suet, and soaked crumbs together, season it, and take a little piece and make it into a ball about the size of a marble. Brush the balls over with egg, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. Drain them on soft paper to get all the dripping from them. Serve on a hot dish, and decorate with small sprigs of parsley.

Holiday Pudding. 3 oz. flour; 1 oz. suet; 1 oz. raisins (stoned); 1 oz. sugar; 1 egg; a little baking powder; a pinch of salt. Chop the suet very finely, pick and stone the raisins. Mix the flour and suet together, add the salt and baking powder, and egg, which must be well beaten. Line the pudding basin with the raisins, and turn the mixture into it. Take a piece of soft paper, grease it well, and put it over the top of the basin, and steam the pudding for one hour.

EDITH OLLIFF,
Lecturer on Cookery to the County Council.

LITTLE COCK SPARROW. BY AUNT MAI.

A tale for little children who do not like to be dressed in the morning.

ONE morning, Mr. Cock Sparrow was suddenly awakened by a tremendous blow, which knocked him over the side of

his little nest on to the ground at the foot of the old oak tree, nearly breaking his neck with the force with which he fell on the earth. He first turned his head round to see if it were dislocated, then stood up on his two little legs, and looked up to see who had wakened him so cruelly. On second thoughts, as he could only see the anxious face of Mrs. Sparrow looking for him over the side of the nest, he made up his mind that perhaps the best thing would be to fly up and enquire if she had knocked him over. So up he flew, and getting very red in the face with temper, said "What did you kick me out of bed for?" "Oh my dear," said his meek little wife, "I should never dream of doing such a thing. I was fast asleep, when I suddenly heard a great noise, and when I opened my eyes I could not find you, and I *was* so frightened." "Who can have dared to treat me in such a manner?" said Cock Sparrow, hopping round his nest with rage, "I might have broken my neck! Oh! I *am* angry!"

"Father," said a little voice, "I think I know, I saw the twig you always sit on when you sing for us, come and knock you out of bed."

Cock Sparrow was so pleased that he had found out who his enemy was, that he flew away, and quickly returned with a very fine worm for his eldest son's breakfast, then off he flew to the twig.

"How dare you pitch me out of bed this morning? You are very ungrateful after all the songs I have sung to you, and I'll never call on you again."

"Dear Cock Sparrow," said the twig, "I was just putting on my best green dress to come and apologise to you. I wouldn't hurt a feather of your head for the world; but just as I was waking up, Mr. North Wind gave me such a push that I came right across your nest, and could not help upsetting you. Do let us be friends still, and do sing for me again." And the little twig was so unhappy that she shed dewdrop tears.

Little Cock Sparrow made an elegant bow, and said with a very grand air,

"Madam, I freely forgive you; but—but—where does Mr. North Wind live? I *must* go and fight him, or he will think he can take any liberty with me."

"I cannot tell you where he lives; but I know he always comes over that hill yonder, so perhaps you had better get to the other side, and then ask your way."

"Thank you, madam, good morning," said Cock Sparrow very politely, for he was a true little gentleman.

He then went home and asked his wife to pack his portmanteau, while he put on his best coat and trousers, and tall hat. When ready to start, he kissed his wife and children, and taking his portmanteau under his wing, flew bravely over the hill. When he got to the other side, he began to feel a little tired, and that his bag was rather too heavy, so he wisely opened it, and taking out his dress suit, which he had thought would make an impression on the North Wind, threw them down to the ground, where they happened to fall just before the nose of a little chicken, who picked them up, and ran to his mother. Of course she dressed him at once in the suit, and he was soon the centre of an admiring crowd of hens and chickens, who were very much taken with the coat tails. After this, all the chickens in that part of the world were so anxious to wear trousers that they cultivated feathers on their legs, and to this day get all the first prizes in shows.

On and on flew our plucky little gentleman. A butterfly he met told him he must go further north, and fly over another hill. Before he could get quite over, he again felt so tired and faint, that he opened his portmanteau once more, and took out his tie and collar. They fell close by a large caterpillar who was on his way to be married, so he at once put them on, and was greatly admired by the bride and bridesmaids.

Cock Sparrow managed to get over the hill at last; but it was very hard work, and his wings were very weary, so he said, "Why should I carry an empty portmanteau? My wife gave it to me, so I am sorry to lose it; but still—here it goes!"

So down to the earth came the portmanteau, when it was soon captured by an industrious mole, who thought it would make a capital chest for his winter provision.

Then Cock Sparrow met an owl, who told him Mr. North Wind lived many, many miles away, and that he had yet a river, and another mountain to fly over. So much exercise made the little traveller warm, and as his head was beginning to ache, he took off his hat and coat, and threw them away.

The hat was picked up by a mouse, who hid it in an old water butt, because, he said to himself, that the day might come when he might like to wear it, especially when the sun was very hot.

The coat was found by a black beetle, who cut it up and made winter top-coats for his family.

As Cock Sparrow was passing over the last mountain he met an eagle, who told him that Mr. North Wind lived just at the other side, and that he must knock at the front door of his house and he would answer it. His house was a cave in the mountain, and the front door had a very large key hole, so he would soon know it. Cock Sparrow thanked him, then kicking off his trousers, as he was by this time very much exhausted, he struggled on until he found the door. He knocked bravely, and presently a deep, gruff voice answered "Who's there?"

"It is I, Mr. Cock Sparrow."

"What do you want?" roared the North Wind.

"I want to fight you, sir, because you nearly broke my neck this morning; you really should not be so rough."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" bellowed the North Wind. "Let me look at you." And he peeped through the big key hole. "What! you have no clothes on? I couldn't *dream* of speaking to a man who has no clothes on. Be off at once."

The North Wind laughed so hard through the key hole that little Cock Sparrow was lifted off his feet and, before he knew where he was, the North Wind had blown him back into his own nest, where his wife and children hung round his neck and nearly smothered the little man with kisses, because he had been so brave and valiant.

Then he had to go to bed and stay there until his busy little wife had made him a new suit of clothes.

THE EDDA FOR CHILDREN.

How Thor got the Kettle.

Once upon a time Œgis and his gods found one day after they had caught a large net of fish, that they had no kettle to cook them in. There the fish lay before them, and yet the

hungry men could not eat it, and being very tired after a long day's fishing they got very angry, and spoke very sharply to one another. Thor, who was a great big strong giant, looked Œgis straight in his eyes and said angrily, "You shall cook every meal in future for us, for leaving us without this evening." Œgis was so enraged with Thor for saying this, that he made up his mind he would have his revenge, and at last he thought of a plan. He called in a loud voice to Thor,

"Bring me a kettle yourself, that will be large enough to cook fish for you all."

The giants looked at one another in dismay, for nobody knew where such a kettle could be found, until the kind-hearted Ty whispered to Thor—

"I can tell you where to go. My father Hymir lives in the east. He is very wild and fierce; but I know he owns an enormous kettle that would hold us all—ay, and more too."

"Indeed," said Thor, quite delighted to hear the good news. "Do you know how we could possibly get near the kettle?"

"Yes, my friend," answered Ty, "but we must be very cunning if we mean to get it."

So Thor and Ty stole away from the other giants, and were drawn by goats in a chariot to the giant Hymir's castle.

Thor, who was always very kind to his animals, first of all put his goats into their stalls, and then stepped through the big door into the castle. He met Ty's grandmother in the hall, who looked very terrible with nine hundred heads; but close behind her came a beautiful golden-haired lady, carrying a cup in her hands. She was Ty's mother, and she was so delighted to see her dear son, that she threw her arms round his neck and laughed for joy; but in a few moments her eyes filled with tears, and she looked anxious and very unhappy.

"Oh, my son," she said, "how could you come here? Your father is so angry when he sees visitors that I fear he will kill both you and your friend. What must I do? Come quickly, I think I can save you by hiding you in the big kettle," and running swiftly in front of them, she gave Ty another kiss,

and pushed him and Thor into the kettle, where they sat perfectly still, as they did not wish to be slain by Hymir.

The big giant returned home that evening very late from the hunt. When he entered the hall the whole castle shook, so heavy were his footsteps, and Thor heard and felt the trembling, but was much too brave to be frightened.

His beautiful wife met him with smiles and words of welcome, and seizing one of his great big hands between her two soft little palms, she said, "Hail to thee, my Hymir, I have good news for you. Our son has arrived at last from his long journey, and has brought Thor the brave god with him. See they are sitting at the other side of that pillar which hides them from you."

Hymir looked at the pillar, and his glance was so piercing that it shivered it into a thousand fragments, and caused eight big kettles to fall, leaving only one whole one standing. Ty and his friend stepped out of this one and greeted Hymir, who looked at Thor and quickly made up his mind to destroy him.

He said nothing of his intention, but told his wife to boil three oxen for their supper. To his great surprise, when they sat down to the meal, Thor ate two of them. "Um," said Hymir, "if you eat like this we shall soon have to live on what we can catch."

Thor at once offered to fish for the next day's meals, if Hymir would provide him with bait.

"No," roared the giant, in a voice like thunder, "if you've got any courage at all you must go to the cattle, and perhaps you will be able to get bait from an ox."

Thor rose up and went hastily out into the woods, and soon came across a perfectly black ox standing in the pathway. He drew his sword, and with one stroke cut off its head, which he carried to Hymir, who was seated in his beautiful boat that was shaped like a horse. Thor got into it, and asked Hymir to row him out further; but Hymir said he had no desire to do so, and wished to remain near the shore.

Then both giants began to try their strength. First of all Hymir drew up two whales with one hook with his own hands, and then looked at Thor in triumph, who, he felt sure, would have to own he was beaten. Thor did not say any-

thing, but quietly fastened his hook into the ox's head, and lowered it into the water. The great, great serpent that goes round the whole world, saw it, and grasped it in his mouth. Slowly, very slowly Thor drew up the line, and when at last the awful head with the glistening eyes appeared above the water, the icebergs clapped against each other, and the caverns howled like thunder, and the earth shrank together, because it could no longer exist without the serpent band, and Hymir terrified and trembling seized his strong knife and cut Thor's line, so that the great fish sank once more into the ocean and again clasped the world together.

Hymir was still so angry and frightened as they rowed back, that he did not speak a word for some time. At last he said, "Will you halve the work with me? Will you either carry the whales home, or bind the boat fast?"

Thor gave no answer; but quickly stepped forward, grasped the prow, lifted the boat out of the water, and carried it with its oars and scoop on his shoulders to the giant's castle.

But Hymir was not satisfied that Thor was stronger than he, and he said, "No man is really strong, no matter how well he can row, if he cannot break my cup." Thor stepped forward, seized it in both hands and dashed the cup against the stone pillar; but when it was picked up it was found to be unbroken.

Thor was puzzled, and began to wonder if Hymir was going to conquer him after all, when Ty's mother came softly behind and said in a low whisper, "Throw the cup at Hymir's head."

Thor again took the cup, and hurled it with all his might against the hard head of the giant. Strange to say, his head remained quite whole, and unhurt; but the cup was broken in atoms. Hymir looked sadly at the remains. "Ah, I know much good has departed from me now that my cup is broken," then turning to Thor he continued, "Well, try and see if you can carry the big kettle away from my castle." Ty tried twice, but could not manage even to shake it. Then Thor stepped up to it, and lifted it with one hand on to his head, and quickly ran out of the castle to the stalls where his goats were waiting in harness, and away they flew to the land where the gods were living.

So Thor carried home the big kettle, and after every hard fishing day Œgis cooks the fish for the gods' supper in it.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Most children are fond of pets; some like animals best, others love flowers; both need care and attention. Some may imagine that in August the season is too far advanced, and that nothing can be done until next spring; but that is not the case, there is always work to be done in a garden to prepare for future crops and blooms.

If my little readers do not already possess a garden, they must ask their parents to spare them a piece of ground, not in too shady a place, and they must weed and dig this until it is in good order. Wall-flowers, Sweet Williams, and several other hardy perennials (flowers that spring up again year after year) can now be sown, and will bloom next spring. Mignonette can be sown this month in pots or boxes to bloom indoors in the winter. Never sow the seeds too close together, as they will crowd one another, and so cannot grow properly.

Hollyhocks, tall lilies, dahlias, and sunflowers must be tied to tall sticks so that the wind cannot knock them down.

All withered leaves and blooms should be picked off as they make the garden look untidy. Sweet peas and other hardy annuals should be allowed to run to seed, and so save children's pockets another spring. Prick out pansies and forget-me-nots in rows to flower in spring. Strawberry suckers if planted now will grow well, and bear fruit next summer. If the weather is dry and hot, water the plants every evening after the sun has ceased to shine on the bed.

Go round the garden every day, and pick off all caterpillars, insects, and slugs.

If the garden is infested with wire-worm, there is an old fashioned and simple trap, which will, if used, prove quite successful. Cut a raw potato in slices, bury them just under the surface of the ground; in a day or two dig up, and throw them into boiling water, and the garden will soon be cleared of these destructive creatures.

Little gardeners will require for their work a trowel, a small fork, and a rake. A spade large enough to be of use would be too heavy for their arms.

If any children would like to ask any questions, they are invited to write to Mrs. Hogsted, Locker's Hall, Billericay, Essex.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES.

[Refer to the July Number for information about prizes.]

I have a little sister, they call her Peep Peep.
She wades in the water deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high.
But my poor little sister has only one eye.

As I went over London Bridge
I peeped in at a window,
And there saw four-and-twenty girls
Dancing on a cinder.

Four prizes, two shilling, and two sixpenny prizes, are offered to girls under 11, for the best four knitted doll's caps.

Four prizes, two shilling, and two sixpenny prizes, are offered to boys under 11, for the best small cardboard sloyd model.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

August is a month when all children play, and do no work, so I will give no drills; but only pleasant merry games that they can play by themselves. The "worker's game" given in the June number has developed in some nurseries into a "dumb-story" play. The children who go out of the room choose a fairy tale, and when they come into the room act it without speaking one word until the audience cries out "Puss in Boots," or "The Goose Girl," or "Drake's Tail," just whatever it is, and then take their turn to go out and decide upon another subject. Children playing on the sands could first build a small platform and seats for the spectators out of sand, and could then play this game on hot days when it is too warm to romp.

Some mothers have written to say that Sunday games are a difficulty to them, what the children could do and what they ought not to do. A very popular play in many nurseries is to cut out figures, animals, flowers and pictures out of illustrated catalogues, papers, etc.; let the children then make little brown paper books about nine inches by six, and paste the cut out pictures on one side only, taking pains to arrange each page well, and then send them to a children's hospital. The children learn patience, exactness of eye (in cutting) hand and eye partnership, and best of all, sympathy and love for others not so strong and well as themselves.

In Mr. Sully's translation from Le Roman d'un Enfant par Pierre Loti, a very charming game for children of three and four is described.

"At first we played at being caterpillars. We dragged ourselves along the ground with difficulty on our chest and knees, hunting for leaves to eat. Then we soon imagined that an irresistible sleep overpowered our senses, and we would go and lie down in some corner under the branches, our heads covered with our white pinafores. We had become cocoons, chrysalides.

This state lasted a more or less long time, and we entered so well into our parts of insects, that an indiscreet ear might have seized phrases of this kind, exchanged in a tone of perfect conviction; 'Do you think you will come out soon?' 'Oh, I feel it will not be long this time, it is already unfolding in my shoulders' ('it' meaning of course the wings). Then we woke up; we stretched ourselves, and all at once began playful flitting. With both hands we held the corners of our baby-pinafores, which we shook all the time in the manner of wings. We ran, and ran, chasing one another, flying from one another in sharp fantastic curves; we went to smell close to all the flowers, imitating the buzzing of moths, making a sound like Hou-ou-ou with the mouth half closed, and the cheeks puffed out with air."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are all preparing to start off to the seaside or to the country, so I will not trouble you this month to do much for me, but will only ask you some wet day to write me a little diary of one day. I don't want you to tell me you played with Johnnie So and So, or Dorothy Smith, and that you had tea and dinner; but what you saw. If you are by the sea, how many boats, starfish, sea urchins, etc., you saw, and what shells and sea-weed you picked up; and if you are in the country what birds, and flowers, and beasties you observed. This will give you something to do and think about, and will give great pleasure to yourselves, and to your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

The compositions all showed that the children fully understood the meaning of the subject Ingratitude, and the prize is divided between Doris Mary Butt, and Margery Dunthorne. Honourable mention, Dorothy Keeling, Irene Robertshaw, Heather Gregg, and Mary Lewis.

The Boys' Prize is divided between Hugh Ward and Clinton Lewis.

A FEW FLOWER-FAVOURITES.

A Paper for Children.

BY VIOLET PICTON-WARLOW.

I AM going to talk to you, children dear, about a few of our favourite wild flowers. Shall we begin with the Foxglove? Foxgloves are so tall, so strong-looking, and so conspicuous; they seem to insist upon being noticed first, so first here let them be. All through June they have been flowering in their purple glory, and perhaps in July you may still find a few lingering blossoms. They came much earlier this year than usual, as did many other flowers. Early in April May-trees were white; by the middle of May from many of them the white petals had all fallen. In May, too, wild roses and honeysuckle, flowers of June, filled the hedges. The beautiful blue weather brought them all out; the days were so warm and bright that they thought they would like to see all that was going on—with summer skies above them and summer air about them, 'twas dull to remain with buds tightly curled. But let us go back to our foxgloves. What do you think the word foxglove means? Most people think it means folks' or fairies' glove, but I know a lady who does not like that meaning at all. A fairy, she says, who could wear as a glove one of those large purple blossoms could not, like Ariel (ask mother, children, to sing you Ariel's song) lie in a cowslip's bell. She is right. So large-handed an elf is not the wee sprite we know of and love so well, the sprite who can fly through key-holes, ride on butterflies, and perform many other equally wonderful feats. Shall I tell you what I think the name means? I think the first part of it 'fox' used to be 'folk's,' that is 'fairies,'' and the second part 'glove' long ago was 'glew,' which means music, so that the two parts put together mean '*fairies'-music.*'* But the spelling of

* Miss Cresswell, "Alexis and his Flowers."

the word has been changed to 'foxglove.' In Munster the people call it Fairy-Bells, and the Norwegian name for it means Folk's-Bells. Fairies'-Music is a much prettier name than Fairies'-Glove, don't you agree with me? That name must have been given to it because it, like the pretty blue hare-bell, is said to ring out, at sunset and at sunrise, faint sweet music from its beautiful purple bells; music so faint, so distant, that only those whose souls and minds are spotlessly pure, and whose hearts are full of love for all the wonderful works of nature, can ever hope to hear it.

Now daisies, children, little common daisies that grow everywhere. How many daisy-chains have you made this year? My fingers have grown too big and clumsy now to make daisy-chains, but I love to see the babies doing so. Welsh people call daisies "Trembling Stars." And a German fairy-tale writer tells us that no daisies grew on the earth until one day some baby-angels playing in the fields of light above threw some of these blossoms over the walls of heaven, and down they fell, down, down to us, and have grown in our fields ever since. So the daisies are heaven's own flowers. Perhaps that is why the children love them so dearly. "Daisy" means "day's eye."

Buttercups next, because buttercups and daisies always go together, and buttercups also are "the little children's dower." Do you know that there are three different flowers which are all called buttercups? I wonder whether you have ever noticed the differences between these three. The one that blossoms earliest—the buttercup of April and May—has furrowed stalks, its calyx is turned back close upon the stalk, and if you pull the plant up out of the ground you will see that the bottom part of the stem which was under the earth is thick and swollen-looking. That is the Bulbous Buttercup. Then there is the Creeping Buttercup, which creeps along the ground and throws out roots as it goes. It also has furrowed stalks, but the calyx spreads out, it does not turn back on to the stalk as does that of the bulbous buttercup. It flowers through June, July, and August. Do you know what the calyx is? When it spreads out, it is like a tiny saucer underneath the cup part of the buttercup. The third kind, the Meadow Buttercup, has smooth round stalks and a spreading calyx. Its root is fibrous: that is, having

little thread-like rootlets growing out like tiny branches in every direction. I like this last one the best. Some people call it the king-cup. If you pick a big bunch of these flowers and put them into a jam-pot or a pudding-basin you can't think how pretty they will look, they seem to light up the room they are in like sunshine. I say "put them into a jam-pot or a pudding-basin" because they don't look half so nice in a grand vase. I don't quite know why this is, but I think they don't like the grand vases, they feel out of place in them and stiff, and when they feel that, they look it. They are like little boys dressed in their best clothes—all awkwardness.

Pansies, dear pansies! I wonder whether there is anyone living who does not love pansies. On the sandhills here by the sea the pansies, yellow and blue, quantities of them, are now all in blossom. They have many names, and one very pretty one, 'Heart's-ease,' but I like 'pansy' best. 'Pansy' means 'thoughts,' you know. Loving thoughts they must be, for such a lovely flower could never mean anything but what is good and sweet. After all, the names Pansy and Heart's-ease are the same, for nothing will ever bring you such perfect heart's-ease, children, as kind and loving thoughts of all around you, and nothing can ever cause you such bitter heart-ache in days to come as the memory of unkind thoughts, followed perhaps by bitter words.

The wild roses in June were exquisite, their pink, yellow, and white blossoms lighting up all the hedges. The first wild roses were those that grew in a thick wall round the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. No doubt as the Prince approached them he thought, "If these fragile little flowers are all that divide me from my Princess, I shall soon be by her side." Then, as he got closer, he saw that the little delicate flowers were protected by multitudes of thorns that were neither little nor delicate, so that the task of getting through was by no means so easy. However, being a brave man, he fought his way onwards, and won his prize. Perhaps the roses were not particularly anxious to keep him out; perhaps they liked him, and sometimes drew their thorny branches out of the way to let him pass, in order that he might not get discouraged, which was very kind of them,—sweet roses!

Honeysuckle! Oh, children dear, honeysuckle! I am writing this at an open window, outside which the honeysuckle grows like a beautiful frame, and the scent of it fills all the air around and about me. Honeysuckle is my chief favourite of all, it is so loving. It flings such a sweet hearty greeting to every passer-by, doing all it can to make everyone as happy as it is now making me. I must stop now; I have no room to say more, and also, I have no more to say, but I hope, dear children, you will all of you always be as happy as I am now, as I sit by this open window and look through the waving scented honeysuckle frame across the sandhills (where, although from here I cannot see them, I know the yellow and blue pansies are making the ground beautiful) to the blue sea that lies beyond them, smiling goodnight to the sinking sunlight.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende Boexkens."

"Clear Round," by E. A. Gordon (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.) Here we have an old friend with a new face. Many readers will like to see the extremely interesting work which came out in the *Parents' Review* published as a handsome presentation volume, with some fascinating pictures, much additional matter, and a valuable index. We have seldom met with a volume in which so many things pleasant to know strike the eye on turning over the leaves. If a child were able to write down his impressions of new places and peoples, we should have the sort of *naive* freshness we find here. Every page is suggestive. "Send the child you love on a journey"—*Japanese proverb.* "'Can do' is the Chinaman's motto." "Human eyes look down from Heaven: do nothing sinful." Such as these are the seeds of thought scattered freely throughout the volume. To say that "Clear Round" is the record of a three months' journey round the world, *via* Canada, Japan, and China, indicates both the strength and the weakness of the work. None are so vivid as first impressions, and the new experiences presented to a cultivated mind, prepared by thought and reading to look below the surface, are apt to be "eye opening" and suggestive. It would be a mistake to look for a profound and intimate acquaintance with the whole of the countries here described, or even for absolute accuracy in minor details. The writer remained nowhere long enough for her first impressions to grow stale, and she has succeeded in producing a delightful, and sympathetic series of vignettes of many lands, which should inspire young people not only with a love of travel, but with a sense of the common brotherhood of all men. "Clear Round," is a capital book for boys and girls up to any age, and we hope our readers will remember it, when they buy their birthday and Christmas presents.

"Some Thoughts on Education," by S. A. Miller, (6*d.*, Steam Press, Lee Road, Lewisham). This is a very suggestive little book; none the less so that it is an application of Mr. Ruskin's theories of education; indeed, half the little book consists of telling extracts from "Fors lavigera." Here we have the always fascinating history of little Agnes and her education, and that is a wise educator who can learn nothing new from this story of the Philosopher and the Child.

"Wisdom for the Young," (6*d.*,) by the same author, is a pamphlet dedicated to Fathers, Mothers and Teachers. Part I. deals with "Foundation Thoughts," and Part II., with the building up of character. We have chapters on Dignity, Purity, Intelligence, Kindliness, and other everyday virtues.

"Moral Lessons for Girls in Elementary Schools," *2d.*, (the same author), is full of wise and kindly advice to girls. "It is good for us all to notice and think for ourselves about these things, turning even accidents to good account by observing how it was that they happened, and remembering to avoid the same mistakes in future."

Let us especially recommend "Four Verbs; a Study for Girls" (1, To do; 2, To be; 3, To know; 4, To have) and "Foundation Thoughts for the Young," simple little treatises, thoughtful and wise, which should bear fruit if put into the hands of young people. They are so freshly written that boys and girls will read them, and young people are keen to have suggestive thoughts on the problems of life put before them. For whether we realize it or not, "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

One other little book by Miss Miller, and we have done. "The Five Great Empires" is meant to help children to lay hold of the main facts of ancient history. It should be useful as an attempt to put the leading facts in some degree of chronological order, in an easy style.

DEAR EDITOR,—Insisting in the *Westminster Gazette* of June 27th on the importance of teaching by the eye and not by the ear, Mr. Grant Allen points out that this is exactly what is *not* done, even in the case of natural science, where this method is essential. In fact it is too much trouble. "Not what is best to learn, but what is least trouble to teach in great squads to boys, forms the staple of our English education. They call it 'education' I observe in the papers, and I suppose we must fall in with that whim of the profession." He considers also that people attach too much importance to a linguistic education, either Latin and Greek ("quaint and grotesque survivals of the dark ages") on the one hand, or modern languages on the other. And yet it is impossible for anyone among us to do otherwise than acquiesce because "the better education, though admittedly more valuable, is now and here the inlet to nothing. Every door is barred with examinations, and opens but to the golden key of the crammer. Not what is of most real use in life, but what 'pays best' in examinations is the test of desirability." Meanwhile girls are beginning to know more of what is really worth knowing than their public-school-bred brothers. He concludes with the exclamation "What a misfortune it is that we should thus be compelled to let our boys' schooling interfere with or prevent their education!" A writer in the *New Review* takes much the same view.

In this month's *Contemporary* the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P. puts in a plea for the teaching of Civic Duty in schools. The habits he would desire to see implanted in them are three: "To strive to know what is best for one's country as a whole; to place one's country's interest, when one knows it, above party feeling, or class feeling, or any other sectional passion or motive; to be willing to take trouble, personal and even tedious trouble, for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole. And the methods of forming these habits are two, methods which of course cannot be distinguished, but must go hand in hand—the giving of knowledge regarding the institutions of the country—knowledge sufficient to enable

the young citizen to comprehend their working—and the inspiring of a love for the nation, an appreciation of all that makes its true greatness, a desire to join in serving it." In the April number of this *Review* you have referred to "Plutarch's Lives" as useful in this connection.

The *Spectator* of July 1st, in reviewing a book on "British Birds' Eggs," says: "Oology is a science, we must confess, with which we have the very smallest sympathy. The killing of adult creatures which are rare, is a barbarism to which the conscience of this country is gradually waking up, and which will probably be stopped a year or two after the extinction of everything charming and curious in the English fauna. But this slaughter of the creature is as child's play to the destruction of the potentialities of life involved in the robbing of nests—a practice which is already recognized, within certain limits, as a crime by the laws of Holland. The collecting of eggs, if carried out with decency, and if only one specimen is taken very quietly from the nest, may do little harm; but we are strongly opposed to the encouragement of children to "collect" objects of this nature. A large school brought up on the latest principles, with the collecting mania well nourished by injudicious semi-scientific tutors, will make a wilderness for ten miles round it in a single term. There is no good element in this reckless and greedy destruction. Little is to be learned from the very slight and unobtrusive differences in the marking of eggs, and what there is may be left to professional men of science." This warning is worthy of attention, and should be applied also to ferns and other wild plants, which are often wastefully torn up by the roots.

PATER JUNIOR.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Some of the readers of the *Parents' Review* may not have seen a little book entitled "Mothers and Sons," by Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, Head Master of Haileybury College. It is full of useful suggestions and is published by Macmillan.

In answer to H. B.'s query in the May number of the *Parents' Review*, I should say that Miss Heerwarts little book "Music for the Kindergarten," published by Boosey, would be very suitable.

I wonder could the Rev. W. Danks who wrote such a practically useful article in the *Parents' Review*, Vol. I on "Religious Instruction," or the Ven-Archdeacon Blunt who wrote in the same Vol., or perhaps Mrs. Hart-Davis, kindly suggest a book which would be a help to Mothers in mapping out the daily short Bible lessons and talks for children under ten. There are so many books of the kind written but they are mostly too rambling, and do not seem to dwell enough on the subjects we wish to impress. Abbot's "Bible Lessons" are not simple enough, and I think take in too many subjects. Is there any *really* good book to be heard of, following the New Testament and dwelling on Christ's life and example, taking a few verses daily, and with suggestions for dwelling on and impressing the specially life-giving thoughts?

I may mention that my boy of six years—a wild lively child, is very fond of asking wistful questions when he comes to me for his prayers at night—The subjects which seem to puzzle him constantly are the Creation and Eternity. I try to show him that the comprehension of these subjects is far beyond our small and finite reason—that it is enough for us to know that God created the world—and that we see the Laws of the Lawgiver in everything, but as he constantly returns to the subject it is difficult to satisfy him.

J. H.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—The following students have obtained the Diploma of the National Health Society. Miss Ethel Rowland Brown, Miss Beatrice Fagan, Miss Flora James, Miss Winnie Kitching, Miss Lois Rouse, Miss Jenny Scale. Six of the seven candidates were successful. This Diploma is exceedingly valuable, qualifying the holder among other things to lecture on Hygiene under the County Council.

The senior students who go out to their engagements leave behind them many friends and well-wishers. We are sorry to lose them, but the eager welcome that awaits them in various homes is very encouraging. We expect a capital set of students, some of them with high qualifications, to take their places. The summer months bring a new interest in the shape of many parents and other friends who come to see the House of Education, the head quarters of the "*Parents' Review* School, etc. It is pleasant thus to come in contact with our friends.

House of Education. Naturalist Club Notes, by M. L. Hodgson.—A few short notes may possibly be of use to you on some of the minute denizens of our ponds. In searching for those I have chosen for you to look for, you will come across others equally well worth your careful examination, but, I have chosen those most often to be found, and easiest to see, not only with a good lens or microscope but with the unaided eye in a good light. All the following creatures *Vorticella*, *Hydra*, *Melicerta*, common *Rotifer*, *Water fleas* and *Cyclops*, will give you much pleasure and amusement, if you will only take a little trouble to search for them, and then to carefully study them. Those of you who possess microscopes need never be at a loss for amusement, if as soon as the long evenings begin you set up a few jars of pond water and duckweed; I do not think you will ever care very much for dead slides afterwards. I have no doubt that many of you possess friends, who would gladly send you a bottle of pond water, alive with interest, by post, but as a rule ponds are common everywhere, (excepting in Ambleside) and I do not think you will find much difficulty in procuring any pond creature you require. If you have, T. E. Bolton, Farley road, Malvern Links, will send you anything you want at a small cost. Carefully observe natural objects for yourselves, and note down all you can about them, then study your text book, and see how far your own observations agree with those of the writer.

The Vorticella or Bell-flower animalcule is exceedingly interesting, and if you take a cluster of them and place them in a saucer, adding a little cochineal, you will see in a few minutes that they will each sweep a little of it into their stomachs, and the vesicles will be clearly outlined. If you look carefully you will see the active cilia fringing the rim of the cup and

sweeping everything towards the mouth, situated near the side of the disk that covers the cup-shaped body. The active jerking movement of the stalk is most fascinating. If you look at the drawing you will see a strong nerve runs up the stalk and enables the creature to expand or contract very rapidly.

Hydras are most beautiful creatures whether red, brown, or green, and may be watched quite well without either microscope or lens, you may easily keep one or two in a small glass bottle, and if carefully looked after they will live for a considerable time, and grow to quite a large size, so that you may easily see the mode of reproduction. For *Melicerta Ringers*, here is a description from the "*Water Babies*."

"There was one wonderful little fellow, too, who peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks. He had two big wheels, and one little one, all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a thrashing-machine; and Tom stood and stared at him to see what he was going to make with his machinery. And what do you think he was doing? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water; all that was nice in it he put into his stomach and ate; and all the mud he put into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth; and there he spun it into a neat hard round brick; and then he took it and stuck it on the top of his house-wall, and set to work to make another. Now was not he a clever little fellow?"

The common *Rotifer* is also a good subject for careful study, it is easy to get, and always a favourite on that account as well as for its wonderful construction.

The *Water-fleas* are very quaint and amusing. The curious beak-like heads, active jerking movements, and clear transparent bodies make them favourite objects for the microscope.

Cyclops are common everywhere in ponds, and the quaint creature with its big egg-sacs is a very odd specimen indeed. There are several kinds, and you will be able to discover them easily for yourselves.

My notes are necessarily very short, but I hope they are enough to give you the inclination to search out some of these things for yourselves. I advise you to get for 2/6, Ponds and Ditches, S.P.C.K., as a text book for this subject.

"*Parents' Review*" *School.*—Will the parents of our School-children take advantage of any hints for the study of Natural History they may find in Aunt Mai's papers, House of Education Natural History Club Notes, and the articles on Natural History in the "*Parents' Review.*"

The new programmes of work for the "Mothers' Education Course," and the "Parents' Review" School, will be sent out by the 1st of September.

Replies to "Queries in Aperceptions" may be sent in as late as December the 30th, to the following address, J. Welton, Esq., 7, Woodsley Terrace, Clarendon Road, Leeds.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Hampstead and St. John's Wood Branch.—On May 28th, the first of the Sermons on the Training of Children, to be preached at the request of this branch, was delivered by the Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., at the St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church. Dr. Gibson, who took for his text Eph. vi. 4, "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," spoke of parental responsibility, the sense of which is apt to be dulled by familiarity. Every one realizes the responsibility of a steamship captain or physician, and sees that those who undertake it must be duly prepared, but who thinks of corresponding precautions in the case of parental responsibility, as great as that of captain or physician, aye, far greater, if eternity be taken into account? Relating the story of the heroism of Joseph Lynch, who entered a burning house and saved a child from the fire at the risk of his own life, he asked: Why were our hearts so stirred? If the loss of some valuable bonds had been at stake, should we have felt the same emotion? What was this feeling but an echo in our hearts of God's own valuation of a little child? It was a reassuring thought however, that in undertaking this responsibility we were not thrown on our own resources. Help might be gained from such a society as the P.N.E.U., from which the request to preach on that occasion had been received. Their work should receive the sympathy and support of all right thinking people, especially as they realized as the fundamental principle of true education that it should be based on religion. But the main part of our training must be gained in the school of Christ. The first thing in the nurture of children was that the marriage should have been entered upon reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God. This feeling of thoughtfulness would lead the parents to qualify themselves. Then there must be no relaxation of diligence and care, only by parental devotion can success be attained. They must remember that a child is susceptible to training from its birth, and here the great talisman is love. From the love of parents the child gains his first impression of the love of God. Parental love needs guidance; it should not be a mere instinct, but wise and farseeing. What some parents consider love, is only another form of selfishness that would yield to all caprices. There is nothing worse or more cruel than this. Parents must think not of the moment but of the whole life, must spare no trouble, must combine firmness with gentleness. In correcting their children, parents must master their own temper and control their voice,

and look so that no irritation of feeling be visible. Passion is not firmness but infirmity. Whom a parent *loveth* he chasteneth. Then again there must be sympathy and patience—we must not expect to find children mere echoes of ourselves—we must make due allowance for variety of nature and capacity in the family, and feel sympathy with each, and with infinite patience we must continue to repeat each admonition, feeling no surprise or vexation that it is so soon forgotten, remembering how often we ourselves repeat our own faults even yet. Another essential is confidence, with its correlative, solicitude. We must have faith in our children, not accuse them hastily, hear what they have to say when accused, listen to their explanation patiently lest we cause in them the sense of intolerable injustice which has embittered the childhood of so many. The very weakness of children should appear to our sense of justice. Some parents on the other hand cannot imagine that *their* children can do anything wrong; *their* children, they think, are too pure minded to suffer from bad companions or doubtful books. Constant solicitude is necessary, careful watching to detect the very first signs of mischief beginning in them. Let parents seek first the kingdom of God for their children as well as for themselves. But this solicitude must be quiet and unobtrusive, there must be no show of anxiety. The most important means of all is earnest private prayer and effort to lead ourselves this life of righteousness. It is by our *life* that we teach, and this must be consistent with our training. Taking the second word "Admonition," Dr. Gibson considered that this suggested the inculcation of principles rather than prohibition. A little girl called Lily, being asked her other name replied, "Mother always calls me Lily Don't." Prohibitions should be as few as possible, but those few should be rigidly enforced. Where possible, the reasons for a command should be given. There must be no tyranny, nothing that gives a sense of absolute power. Absolute reliance is better than absolute obedience. Obedience must be rooted and grounded in faith.

The preacher briefly closed by referring to Parental instruction, quoting Deut. vi. 4, &c., "Hear, O Israel—thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart—and these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."

According to his usual custom, Dr. Gibson addressed a sermon of five minutes duration, specially to the children, in the middle of the service, of which the following are a few notes. Taking the subject—"First fruits"—from the hymn that had just been sung—"Sow in the morn thy seed"—he remarked that when God says "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," it is never for His own sake that the command is given but always for ours.

The three lessons then to be learned were:—

(1). That it is more blessed to give than to receive.
(2). That we should put God first.
(3). That giving the first fruits hallows all the rest.

We should therefore give first fruits of the week by devoting the first day to God. First fruits of each day by giving our earliest thoughts to Him, and to study of His word. First fruits of our talents and money, &c., and first fruits of our lives by giving our hearts to Him from our earliest youth.

Woodford and Wanstead Branch. Natural History Club.—A Series of Prizes are offered for the best collections of Natural History objects made by young people residing in Buckhurst Hill, Woodford, Wanstead, or Leytonstone. An Exhibition and Competition will be held in the autumn in Mrs. Fowler's Iron Room, Glebelands, South Woodford. The competitions are intended to give additional interest to the country and seaside holidays. Prizes will be offered in the following classes:—

Pressed Grasses	Sea-shells
,, Wild Flowers	Butterflies
,, Sea-weeds	Fossils

The Competitors must be under 16 years of age; each collection must be accompanied by a guarantee from Parent or Guardian that it is the work of the exhibitor, that it is made during the present year, and that the age of the collector is not more than 16 on September 25th, by which time all collections should be sent in to Mrs. CURWEN, Hon. Secretary, Bywell, South Woodford, from whom full particulars of the classes may be had.

A Special Prize is also offered for the best collection of Leaves, made by a child under 8 years of age.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

PRIZES IN FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. A. CAUMONT,

Author of "The Hanleys," etc.

"*Non Scholæ sed Vitæ.*"—These four little words, which hint at preparation "not for school, but for life," are legible in gilt capitals above the portal of the Grammar School in a venerable German city. Every official document in connection with the same institution bears this motto. In fêtes and processions, on high days and holidays, it flutters in the breeze from the folds of the great school-banner; and as a proof of the hold it has on the hearts of both parent and pupil, I may mention that we once "assisted" at a farewell supper given by two brothers, top-form scholars, to their masters. It was an unpretentious little banquet, at the lads' own home; and the invitation included only two or three of their favourite classmates, along with the most intimate friends of the family; yet the mother, whose anxious eye had superintended the boys' studies day after day through twelve long years, and whose thoughts and prayers had followed them from class to class, and from desk to playground—the loving, watchful mother, who had conned their tasks with them, who had blamed herself when they

were in disgrace, and had been grateful every time they won approval,—her hands alone had arranged that pretty festive board; and she had not forgotten the centre-piece, the iced cake, bearing in raised characters the Stadt Gymnasium motto—"*Non Scholæ, sed Vitæ!*"

The principal object of every school ought to be a good preparation for life, just as life itself is the school to prepare us for Death; in other words, the greater Life to come!

Several of our best English schools have good old mottoes too, which, like their "birth register" and "baptismal certificate," can be produced at any time; but, alas! how many of our modern patent seminaries of learning are recommended to the public notice, not by any abstract principle, embodied in a sage watchword, or succinct axiom, but advertised unblushingly by the percentages to be won by the pupils, in pounds and guinea prizes!—

The consequence is that the classes are filled with two sorts of scholars; those who are "going in for prizes," and the apathetic, who are not.

A cunning father has been known to calculate how much profit he can realize out of his "prize-takers" at the Boys' and Girls' Intermediate Examinations, just as the gardener looks forward to the awards of his prize-takers among the roses and early potatoes at the next Agricultural Show, and considers whether he has "lost or gained by entering them at all this year."—

The bare idea of money-prizes in connection with schools is revolting to the Continental mind. Parent and pedagogue alike, promptly detect the demoralizing element in such juvenile competitions for filthy lucre. Travelling home from a part of Germany, where no license to beg, sell newspapers, or vend at all in the public streets is accorded to children, nor permission given to children to pursue any kind of commerce, we have been shocked more than once by the manner in which some thoughtless Englishmen will divert themselves along the quays and thoroughfares of our large cities by tossing coins, to be scrambled for by an eager throng of young ragamuffins. And yet it is only the same system as the twenty-guinea prize among so many school companions! The cases are analogous, and offend the educated German, French and Italian taste.

The fact that money-prizes have not already wrought more mischief among our English young-folk, and that the system has not yet exposed all its crude ugliness to the public view, is merely to be attributed to certain traits of character inherent in the youth of our own British Isles. Our boys and girls are not sordid, covetous, vain and deceitful by nature; but with such insidious opportunities before them, they might easily become so. Surely, if anything could crush out that generous magnanimity we love to find spontaneous in the youthful breast, it must be the self-absorption, and the eager calculation necessary for success as a professional prize-taker!

Unfortunately there *are* cases in which the parents cannot afford to keep the boy and girl at school, unless the latter rapidly refund the class-fees in the shape of "exhibitions," ten, twenty and forty pound prizes. These rewards are frequently the donation of some rich and kind-hearted patron of the respective educational establishments, who hope, doubtless, to benefit youthful talent, and encourage learning; but a little mature reflection might inspire a certain and more delicate method of exercising liberality.

In most German schools there are one or two pupils—not necessarily the most talented—whose widowed mother, or invalid father can ill-afford the school-fees, class-books and regulation stationery. Yet all is forthcoming on the appointed day, and "Ludwig" and "Elspeth" sit on the same forms with the children of the "Frau Generalin," and the "Herr Burgomeister," and enjoy the intercourse with their school friends all the better for being completely ignorant of the fact that a childless banker and a kind old maiden lady had each, ere leaving the world, created so-called "*Freistellen*"—stipendiums—for their special benefit. There are numbers of such private endowments in every large town in Germany, scholarships, not to be won by competition.

In the public schools of Prussia no prizes are awarded as a rule: the prevailing opinion being that "virtue is its own reward." In each class a certain high-level standard of proficiency is required, and all are expected and helped to attain to that line; and those who distinguish themselves from the others in any way are only the two or three dunces, or persistently indolent and inattentive, who lag behind, and who

are obliged to go over the identical same ground the following year, with younger children as classmates. The fear of finding one's self in such a discreditable position is a powerful incentive to work.

And yet "the school" in Germany is by no means a dull or prosaic institution. If compulsory, it is at the same time a sweetly-flavoured pill,—a pathway for the young, which has been so planed and smoothed by clever scientists in the art of teaching, so adorned and varied by a hundred entertaining devices, that it may well be styled "the royal road to learning." The scholars love their school: they are unconsciously flattered and proud to belong to *the* government institution which has been crowned with the greatest success. They fully believe in it, they trust in it, and are perfectly satisfied to comply with its minutest rules and regulations, without thinking of prizes.

Yet, from another point of view, it may be regretted that no prizes are given for good conduct and diligence in the shape of books, medals or honour badges. The possession of a well-bound history or biography, or a good edition of standard poetry, becomes in after years a happy link, binding the affections of the middle-aged man or woman to the establishment within whose walls so much of their childhood was spent; reminding them in the midst of their business and domestic worries, of the day when their hearts were fresh and young, and the whole world was before them, and they were encouraged to go on valiantly at other tasks, and to strive bravely at overcoming Life's sterner difficulties.

It is a pleasant and re-assuring sight for the parents when their little lad returns home with his armful of laurels, won on "breaking-up day," and the youngster has gained self-respect, that quality so absolutely necessary for every wayfarer in Life's pilgrimage. Legouvé must have thought so when he described little Joseph's grandmother in his essay entitled *L'Art d'être Grand'mère;* and told how at the last the poor little "collegian" carried his school prize and laid it on her tomb.

There are, moreover, many well-meaning fathers and mothers who underrate their child's abilities and diligence until, thanks to a modest, harmless, premium, the poor little "misunderstood" has regained his legitimate rank in the domestic estimation.

In France, Switzerland and Italy public sentiment, far from discountenancing the custom of giving school premiums, has ever been favourable to this method of conferring well-deserved honour.

The "prize-giving day" is one of the greatest events of the year, in which every loyal burgess takes an interest; and no municipal edifice is considered too dignified for the celebration of so important a ceremony. In Bâle the prizes used even to be distributed in the Cathedral. And in the days when Frankfort-on-Main was a "free city," the distribution of certificates and books to the pupils of *the Gymnasium* was a public act of no small importance. The Hall of the Emperors in the old historical municipal building known as "The Römer" was thrown open for the occasion; and the ceremony itself was known as the "Yearly Procession," from the fact that the pupils, headed by the town military, the Mayor and Corporation, marched in order, and formed and imposing "procession" from the School to the Town Hall.

A tourist, who travelled from Germany to visit the last Paris Exhibition, declared that the sight which had perhaps interested him most was the presentation of the premiums to the pupils of the Lycée Janson, within the walls of the Trocadéro. On that occasion the hall was decorated with flags and evergreens; the band of the regiment supplied the music, speeches were made, and, finally, the rewards of "diligence and good behaviour" were bestowed on those who had won them by their exemplary conduct throughout the year. In what consisted these prizes? Certainly not in hard cash, nor in the banknotes of the Republic: nothing of that sort. The French are an extremely thrifty nation, and quite as practical as ourselves, yet they have their *point d'honneur* very keen on certain subjects; and we venture to assert that more than one Parisian would feel every bit as much affronted at the mere suggestion of money being handed out to his child in the midst of a public assembly—as he could were it an affair of soup or bread tickets for the family. For, to put it very plainly, as soon as cash begins to play a part in the "breaking-up day," the whole assumes an air of traffic. Happily, the prizes in Paris are of a description which the sourest cynic could never stigmatize as bribes; and which satisfy the young aspirant for academic honours, without

tending to corrupt his morals, or render him the object of jealousy to his comrades: books and badges of merit, in addition to the most distinguished; the latter consisting of laurel wreaths, green or gold, of no intrinsic value whatever, yet unspeakably precious to the maternal eyes at home, and mementoes to the happy recipient himself.

One of the most unpedantic of pedagogues who ever breathed in French Switzerland had his own successful methods of maintaining discipline, and meting out justice in the form of rewards and punishments. Amiable by nature, conscientious in principle, gentle and firm in manner, he soon won a reputation in the Canton, which placed him in the category of men like Arnold of Rugby.

The details we find in the family letters of the peaceful *pensionnat*, which flourished at the foot of the Jura through the troublous years of the first Napoleon, are extremely touching, and refreshingly suggestive of sweet security and calm, and "busy-beelike" industry in the midst of warlike times. We learn that the greatest punishment was a fine, which went to swell the modest sum set apart for school-treats and charitable purposes. And we know that the chief reward took the form of a medal, which the recipient was permitted to wear on certain occasions. The latter lies on the table before us as we pen these lines, side by side with the miniature portrait of the *instituteur* himself. Strong and elegant, it is a worthy specimen of the engraver's art, as it flourished in those days in that particular corner of Switzerland. The design is a Maltese cross developed into a star, with the teacher's initials on one side, and the words "*Application et progrès*" on the other. The ornament is still bright and intact as it was seventy years ago, when grasped and fondled by young fingers, which have long since grown wrinkled, withered away, and mouldered in the grave.

Prizes in the Continental schools are awarded with an amount of discrimination that would astonish some of our English boards of Masters. We heard lately an anecdote about a young Austrian, who happened to be the most talented and studious pupil of a well-known Paris Lycée, or public school. According to a quaint tradition, once every year—on the 10th of January, if we mistake not,—on the "fête Charlemagne," the pupils, each of whom has been head

boy during the preceding year in the nine or ten different Lycées respectively throughout Paris, are invited to a public dinner given by the City in the "Lycée Charlemagne." Our friend, the Vienna lad, enjoyed this much sought-for privilege one year; and on the second occasion was duly qualified, as far as his class work and examination papers were concerned. But, when the fête day arrived, and the parents observed to the "*proviseur*" or head-master, "So our Eugène dines with *ces messieurs* at the Saint Charlemagne?" they were rather taken aback by the answer, "Alas, no, and for the simple reason that his behaviour in the playground has been rough and overbearing for the last few months. You see the object of the kind of education we give here is not to fit our lads to be coalheavers and railway-porters. The physical strength necessary for such a calling, your son possesses to an eminent degree, as well as a remarkable amount of information for his age. What he is wanting in, is just that gentleness, absolutely necessary to take part in to-day's banquet along with "those other gentlemen." This was a great disappointment to both Eugène and his parents; but all acknowledged the justice of recompensing "all-round merit," and not merely the cleverest and most pushing.

It is significant of the real pedagogical value of our money rewards in England, that so very little stress is laid on the *heart*-qualities as a necessary condition in the candidates! Who ever heard of a Twenty Pound Prize for good conduct? In our competitions the clever head, the retentive memory, the presence-of-mind, are the important requisites; amiability of temper, self-sacrifice, patience and good-nature are quite at a discount.

And yet the training of the heart is the highest aim of every conscientious teacher!

Can there be a more hideous anomaly in the world than the case of a worthy couple, out of the middle class of society, who have set their hearts on pushing their boy and girl on, so as to ensure their occupying a higher position in life than themselves.

The young people go to the best schools to which their parents can afford to send them, acquire modern languages and the classics with such success that the good folk at home are excessively proud of their progress. The young intellects

are being sharpened and polished, the young heads are being sumptuously furnished; but that is all. Their names figure in the newspapers, heading the list of competitors at the Final Examinations. "They have learned a lot of things, those two," the neighbours say. "They have obtained a huge bulk of information of all sorts, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Astronomy, Logic, and Ethics!"

And yet some very essential items they have not acquired; delicacy of feeling, modesty and filial respect. For when George Henry and Isabella Maria arrive home, the former sneers at his father's notions about "poetic justice," "the religion of Comte," and the "school of the Impressionists;" whilst the latter alarms her mother every second day with her hints about "the new line" she meditates "striking out" for herself ere long.

"They're not much company for us, Martha," murmurs the old gentleman.

"No, dear," sighs forth the good lady. "I'm afraid they've been left too long in the forcing house, like those foreign vegetables of yours, and have all gone *to heads*."

The well-known Italian writer, Edmondo De Amicis, has given us, in his deeply-touching little work, entitled, "*Cuore*" (Heart), some beautiful sketches of the schoolboy's life in Italy. The reader is almost moved to tears with the account of the little fellow—one of those very "misunderstoods" we referred to above—who gained the second medal out of a class of fifty-four pupils for his "kindheartedness!"

From what one can hear and observe of the schools abroad, it would appear that in Italy the teacher aims generally at cultivating the attachment and affections of his pupils towards one another, himself, the parents, and "the Patria." In France, it is not so much the intrinsic value of the prize which stimulates the young "collègien's" ambition as the *honour* of gaining it. The Prussian school system admits only negative rewards: in other words, mild punishments, but no "prizes" or premiums. The tendency in our middle-class schools in Great Britain at the present day is to convert the class-room into a kind of educational race-course. For as the French say, "the English love of the chase asserts itself even in their seminaries."

Now this was not the case formerly when "gentle life" was

gentler than it is to-day. It is really a refreshing novelty now to meet with a boy or girl who are not *going in* for something, and, consequently, not in a hurry. For such there might be a few more schools founded beyond the domain of mere competitive results, as well as out of the reach of the professional coach and crammer. As a certain old lady expressed it: "*Less crammer and more grammar!*"

Let the aim and end of such an educational establishment be not the sordid and short-lived success of the prize-taker of some famous local examination, admirably expressed in such mannish jargon as "a stiff exam" for a "pot o'money;" but, on the contrary, to awaken a genuine, lasting taste for literary and scientific subjects; to encourage a spirit of inquiry; to afford pleasure to others along life's pathway; and, finally, to set in a rich store of various and interesting information, as well as some graceful accomplishments with which to cheer the monotony of advanced middle life and declining old age. We know a fine old lady who lives on the shores of the Baltic, and who to-day, at the age of eighty-three, is as active as many a person twenty years her junior. "I learned early to knit," she said, "in order to have a pleasant pastime for my old age."

So let knowledge itself be associated in the minds of our younger scholars with something worth having—for itself—and not for any "prize" connected with it—something like deep wells of nectar with which to refresh themselves after the heat of the day.

490

SOME THOUGHTS ON FLEMISH PAINTING.

By Honor Brooke.

The history of any art involves the history of the people amongst whom it grew up and flourished, so that in order to have a right comprehension of the works of a nation, we should at least know the leading facts of its history. And not only that, we should also be acquainted with the kind of climate in which the artist dwelt, the kind of scenery familiar to his eye, and the extent of the knowledge of painting which existed at the time he lived. It is curious to hear a person standing before some picture belonging to the early part of the 15th century, complain of its bad perspective, the stiffness of the figures, the rigid fall of the drapery, and a thousand other mistakes, which in their estimation renders the work entirely worthless. The same person will gaze with contentment at one of Frith's pictures, for instance, of some royal pageant, for there the perspective is all right, the dresses fall in the accepted mode of the period, the ladies hold their bouquets, the gentlemen bend their heads in the most graceful manner, and the eye (if not the heart) is satisfied!

It is a curious fact that for every other faculty or function, an education is supposed to be required—but for that of an art critic, none is exacted, or thought necessary. The multitude who throng the rooms of the Royal Academy, go, for the most part, with this formulary on their lips. "I know what I like"—and what they like they will find, although it may be the most worthless of the many worthless pictures that are admitted. Still they are content with their bargain, because it suits their particular mind or temper. From any other work which does not appeal directly to that they learn nothing, they see nothing, they cannot go beyond the boundaries of self and personal experience. The truth

is, that the value of a work of art is not a matter of supposition or personal opinion at all, but a matter of fact to be ascertained from an application of rules and principles, not the less solid and certain because they are hard to express or explain. There is no more doubt as to what is a good painting or a bad one than there is as to whether a piece of glass be dim or transparent. Recognising this fact, how differently one is placed in regard of the interest we take in certain works of art! We learn to separate what we like as an individual from what we know to be good, as an intelligent art critic. If we can sympathise with the subject chosen, and if we know that the working out of it is good, that of course is the perfection of enjoyment; but how often has one to lay aside (it may be a distinct dislike to the subject chosen) in order to do justice to the skill of the artist. For example, we can never know anything of the work of Teniers, if we turn away in disgust from his pictures of the ale-house and its brawls. Nor will we ever know anything of the inspiring beauty that dwelt in the famous Madonna of Cimabue, if we turn away from her because her hands are lean and long and her figure stiff and rigid.

These preliminary remarks are meant as an introduction to the subject of the early Flemish painters, about which I have a few thoughts to offer. One is often repelled at first by a want of beauty in their pictures—a want of that ideal of form and expression, which we see everywhere realised in Italian art. One sees from the first that the Dutch painter had no such ideal, that he was satisfied with the type of countenance which he saw about him; at most he gave to his Madonnas the expression of calm benignity, and beautifully waved the floating hair from off their high pale foreheads; but he could not throw any spiritual meaning into their eyes. The school of Cologne seems, from what relics we possess of it, to have been full of religious sentiment, and a certain ideal appears to have guided its painters. The Flemings, if they had been filled with the same ideas, would have undoubtedly brought their works to greater perfection, and gained the power of touching us with sweeter and more dignified conceptions of human nature. But their tendency to realism, to the exact copy of Nature in its most material forms, blunted their sense of the beautiful; a sense, which

in them, pre-eminently needed to be cherished and cultured, since neither their country nor their national type of countenance supplied them with superior examples. It is interesting to place side by side an early Italian painting of some religious subject, and an early Flemish one of the same subject; both are imperfect in drawing, but the first has a tenderness of feeling, and a delicacy and expression in the lines, of which the other is destitute.

What, then, are the merits of the early Flemish School? I hope you will note that I make use of the word Flemish as distinct from Dutch, for of the numerous Dutch painters of the 17th century I am not going to speak, but will confine myself to those who were born in Flanders, or intimately connected with it. We would best find out the merits of this School by glancing at some of its painters.

In the early part of the 15th century we find them chiefly at Bruges. This city, which was to the Low Countries what Venice and Pisa were to Italy, had reached the climax of its wealth in the 14th century. Merchants from all parts thronged its quays, princes lived in the beautiful palaces which adorned its streets. On fête days no pageants, equalled in splendour those which defiled through their streets. The towering belfry of its town hall, of soaring height and solid masonry, declares at once the strength and vigor of mind and thought which characterised its inhabitants. Here it was that Flemish Art first opened its eyes. It was here that the brothers Herbert and John Van Eyck lived and laboured. So incorporated were they with the city that the younger of them was called John of Bruges. Their paintings are distinguished by two characteristics—brilliancy of colour and perfection of workmanship. If you were to take a magnifying glass you would not discover a fault in the drawing, but rather be astonished at the exquisite finish and minuteness of it. Taking all the parts singly, and as studies from nature, they must be allowed to be as near perfection as the human hand can make them. We may take it as a rule, that unless an early Flemish work be perfect in all its parts it cannot have been painted by John Van Eyck, or by Hubert, his brother. One must attribute this to their extreme conscientiousness, their careful study of things as they are, their wish to do their very best at all times with whatever they had undertaken to do.

But this finish in their work; is it desirable? Ought we to demand it? I should say yes, as long as the finish is for the sake of giving added truth and beauty to the composition. But as soon as we perceive that the finish is for the sake of neatness or additional polish, or to deceive the spectator in mistaking the object in the work for realities in place of being, just very like the realities, the finish and perfectness of it becomes ignoble. Strange to say, one is often more touched by some picture which falls very far short of perfection than by one of superior composition. But to aim at imperfection for the sake of its attractiveness is to lower the true ideal of good art; for the artist only works honourably when he does all that is possible to human energy. Only let him feel that to paint a white satin dress, with shadowy folds in which the light seems half imprisoned, and then contrast the sombre uniform of the Black Brunswicker against it—is not all that we look for in a work of art, that is to speak to mankind throughout the ages.

The other characteristic of the Van Eycks, was their fine colouring. John Van Eyck was the reputed inventor of oil painting. Although this has been disputed, and it has been said that painting in oils was practical before the time of the Van Eycks, still it is certain that John invented a sort of varnish, which was made of some oils, and gave great lustre and gloss to his work. The story runs: That he happened once to expose a painting of his to the sun to dry, but the heat was too strong, and the boards split in sunder. This disgusted him with distemper painting, and made him set about finding out a new method, one that would endure, and the consequence was that he introduced oil painting such as we know it. Certain it is that the brothers, if not exactly inventing oil painting, carried it to a greater degree of perfection than it had before reached, and their works acquired a great reputation over Europe. One, Antonello da Messina, an Italian painter, visited the Netherlands in order to make himself master of the new method, and carried the secret of it to Venice.

The commercial intercourse between the two countries favoured artistic emulation. In the island of Murano there dwelt the family of Vivarini, who had carried on the art of painting from generation to generation, and who had associated

with them some of the early Flemings. When Antonello arrived at Venice from Flanders, he found Carpaccio working at his nine canvasses of the legend of St. Ursula. Antonello gave to the Venetian School the finish and minuteness which he had learned in the Netherlands, influencing the Bellini, whose works shew traces of his coloring, although they far excel him in other qualities.

The greatest work of the Van Eycks and that on which their fame must eternally rest, is an altar-piece, found in the cathedral church of Ghent, and having for subject "The worship of the Mystic Lamb," taken from the imagery in the book of the Revelation.

This wonderful picture was the work of many years. Hubert, the elder of the brothers, died before it was completed, and left the larger portion of it to be finished by his younger brother John; of the two, the former was the better painter, his colouring is more profound, and his knowledge of the human figure more perfect; but if he exceeded his brother, it is only as if one compared two brilliant stars together, and found that one was a little brighter than the other! Few men in Italy in his time, none in the Netherlands, outstripped him in his knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame; and had he lived in Venice, in place of Bruges, he would have founded a school of colour—had his pupils been Italians in place of Flemings, art would not have had so brilliant and short-lived a career there. Strange to say there were certain elements of art, developed in Flanders and concentrated into the works of the Van Eycks, which were only developed in Italy through a slow process of years, and through a long generation of painters. The pupils of the Van Eycks endeavoured to copy the form of their great master, but they were not inspired by his genius. The tendency to realism which characterised his works became exaggerated in those of his followers, who with immense patience and with infinite labour elaborated a minute and painstaking style without genius or power.

The altar-piece at Ghent has been cruelly dismembered; it was divided into compartments according to the manner of the day; at various times these have been taken away, and are now to be met with in the museums of Berlin and Brussels. A copy, however, has been made of them and

added to the original, so that the picture is apparently intact. When the sacristan first opens the doors and the picture is disclosed, the first impression is one of harmonious and brilliant colouring; there is a delight felt in its depth and richness which one is conscious of, even before one cares to find out what the multitude of figures, hermits, martyrs, virgins, saints, are assembled for. At last one perceives that the central object in the picture is the Lamb; and it is noticeable in this, how differently a painter early in the 15th century felt than we feel; that whereas we require extreme appropriateness in the symbol of so sacred a representation as this, Hubert Van Eyck was content when he placed a lamb, standing on a small altar in the centre of a meadow, and felt that insignificant as the symbol might appear,—it was quite enough to set all the angels hymning above, all the martyrs, who fill the background, to wave their palms in the air, the kneeling angels to swing their censers, and from the right hand and left, a multitude innumerable to press eagerly forward. This crowd of all sorts and conditions of men is painted with wonderful vigour and grace and clearness of touch, the varied expressions in the faces and attitudes is marvellous; many of the people being portraits of persons living at that time. Of the three grand figures enthroned in the uppermost compartment of the work, that of the Virgin is most striking. One might find perhaps elsewhere a more beautiful conception of her face, but nowhere one so pensive and calm in thought. She is seated and reading; on her head is a magnificent crown of jewels, her fair and beautiful hair falls on her shoulders, and over a robe of blue bordered with gold; the graceful way she holds the book, and the fine painting of the hands, would at once hush the critic who would talk of the rude art of the 15th century. Not the least charming part of this work is the way the flowers grow amongst the long grass, a perfect wilderness of violets and buttercups growing passionately too, as if they also were quickened into new life. The triumphant martyrs stand also on an undulating ground, all tufted here and there with flowering shrubs in full blossom. I am not attempting to describe this famous picture—beautiful and wonderful as it is, it is not a perfect work of art, it has the faults and ignorances of the day

manifest in it, they are seen at once by the most careless eye; but there is such power and genius in the conception and carrying out of the work that they are easily overlooked. They are not faults of carelessness, nor wilful ignorance, but faults arising from the fact that art was still in its youth, and had much to learn from science. For instance, works of the 15th century are characterised by a cutting hardness of outline, which only gradually gave way beneath a more scientific knowledge of atmospheric effect, and a greater facility in the use of perspective. The figures generally stand out firm and clear against the open sky, which is of a pearly or deep blue—the very clearness of the atmosphere gives to objects a distinctness and sharpness of outline which we seldom see approached under our northern skies. When clouds begin to appear on the canvass they are at first arranged in bands along the sky; later on they are swept into great masses which conceal the mountain tops, or shroud a flight of angels. We might well think that the Flemings knew all about clouds, and storm, and rain, and so would find such familiar objects very easy to paint! But at this early period in the history of art the idea of painting nature in her various moods had not been thought of—it was always nature in subjection to man, or nature introduced to heighten the religious symbolism of the picture; the brilliant flowers which star the grass, and blossom on the leafy sprays of the shrubs in the picture of Van Eycks are introduced to symbolise the joy of nature in the worship paid to the Saviour.

(To be continued.)

EARLY BIBLE-READING.

BY MRS. HART DAVIS.

THE appeal for help in Bible-reading from J. H. is very touching. I hope it may bring us some advice from the first two she mentions, who have helped us so much before.

I can only add a few words from personal experience. I have often longed to encourage some of the religious simple-hearted mothers who think they do not know enough to teach their children, or who wait and wait to find a book to help them, which never comes. To such I would say most earnestly, lose no time in doing what you can, for what you can do no one else—and no book can do for you, and if you do not do it, the time goes quickly by, and you deprive your children of one of the most precious of all their early recollections.

To begin with the very little ones of four and five. If a mother will daily take the largest Bible she has, and place it on her lap, seating herself low down, so as to bring her face on a level with the little ones round her, and then will talk the old stories to them, reading now and then a verse, but using chiefly her own words, she will find that the interest on both sides will grow. In reading the Old Testament she must take, not so much the general facts, with a view of teaching chronology or sequence, she must tie herself with no syllabus—but just take the passages she knows well, and try to picture to the children the lives of the great men of old, representing in strong words the faith in which they lived and died, and the work for the Lord they strove to do. She should tell the children enough to make each great name a living character, and omit all the rest which their young minds cannot retain. The point to aim at is the reverent "picture making" in the little hearts, and this can be done ever so simply, always remembering that later study will correct and remodel the details.

You must give what you possess, and you possess at least this much, and you know not till you try, how much more. Neither do you know till you try how the fertile virgin soil in which you sow will reward you. You may see their eyes a few moments dreamy, and such a reply may come as this, which is a true one of a child of five, learning the history of Jacob when Joseph sent waggons to fetch him to Egypt—"I suppose some of them must have had Benjamin on their laps all the way"—and on the same passage, six months later, going through it again—"I suppose Benjamin would go on his father's camel, or have a little camel by the side." Another instance in the Acts, from another child explains what I mean. When the disciples bade farewell to St. Paul on the shore "the little ones would have to be lifted up to kiss him and say good-bye."

In each of these cases the child had seized on the part which touched him most, and had done a great deal of the work with his own little mind. I remember one more such instance, when the elder ones of the circle wished to help the younger ones to picture the brethren of Joseph sitting—"the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth."—"Don't you see, like beginning with *you*, and then each of us, sitting in ages, right up to mother." If you can get this kind of picturing in the mind, I think you need not fear that the great lessons of faith and righteousness should fail to go in too, though but seldom you "point the moral." They will go in deep enough by their own power, and you will see that too, and know that the little hearts are growing in the knowledge of God. "Was it good" or "was it evil," you will hear them say—not "What is truth"? Their personal needs for the guidance of daily life are very simple indeed.

As you go on, and especially as you try to deal thus with Our Lord's own teaching, you will find how very much there is to be done simply in explaining the meaning of the words. Take almost any passage of the four Gospels, and go carefully through the words, asking a child of nine or ten to put another word for "offences" (stumbling blocks), "halt," or "maimed," "witnesses," "exalted," "tolerable," and you will be surprised to find out how much that from long custom is fairly clear to you, is altogether dark to him, you will see how much patient steady work remains to be done, for the difficult, ambiguous words must all be replaced by clear and easy ones, and the passage

read afresh, before any *picturing* is even begun. By taking sentence after sentence, and turning it very naturally into a question, and in an easy kind of way drawing the children to tell in their own words over again what has been read; by looking out good references, useful parallel passages, gradually you will be able to feel out the dark places, explain the words, and find out how the lesson of the passage has been received and taken in.

But how much in the Gospels is quite foreign to a child's experience, and therefore, difficult to him to apprehend. He lives in a free country, can he easily realise the Roman rule—the taxes—the oppression—or conceive the craving of the Jews for a Saviour to "restore the kingdom to Israel?" He mixes freely with other nations; it will take many and many a repetition before he understands how it came to be a sin to "eat with the Gentiles." The parables are "stories" to him, but they need to be every one told over and over before they are distinguished and loved as they should be. Persons in high place and authority have to be honoured in these days, simply from their position—will it not want some careful distinction of true from false "authority" before the dignity and courage of the "Woe unto you!" and "Oh, ye hypocrites!" is in any sense appreciated?

When you have taught in this way for a time you may get such replies as these which are all true ones, written down at the time.

"Fame."—"How did the *news* of Him spread? Did they see about Him in a newspaper? Wasn't there any newspaper then? Would only people tell people? How long would it take to go all through Galilee?"

"Did they tidy up their nets, or just leave them anyhow on the boat? Oh, but Zebedee could do that."

"They cared more for the preaching than for getting money for fish—How would they live then? Oh, people gave them food. You know the jailor what washed their stripes (Acts xvi.) gave them food."

"Simon's wife's mother—Would she be Granny to his children? Then she would know how to lay the supper (ministered unto them) because she taught them all to do it."

"The palsied man—Did he care more for being forgiven than for being able to *run*?"

"The man in the synagogue, his poor hand was like a flower when it has had no water."

In the storm on the lake—"What was the pillow like, wouldn't it be wet? If He was to die now it would be better for Him to die asleep than awake, but He knew it was not time for Him to die just then, He hadn't done preaching enough."

When the scribes and elders resisted Him—"He came to be King over all men's hearts, and King he must be, their little trying wasn't any power at all against God."

There is nothing in these instances that is specially remarkable, except that they were spoken aloud. All little children, more or less, have this power of imagination while they are young, some far more than others. What is wanted for success, is the getting hold of it early, by encouraging the putting into words of the rambling and meditative little thoughts, sometimes exquisite in their poetry and simplicity. Now a Mother (or a Father) has a better chance of doing this than anyone else. She can get the children round her early in the morning when their thoughts are clearest and brightest. She has them earliest of all, before shyness of their fellows closes their lips, and custom stops their "wonderings." She can, by various little ways, prevent the reading time from being a lesson. No such thing as spelling or stumbling should ever be allowed with the Sacred Words. As to maintaining reverence that is instantly done by look and voice, and the restlessness of little limbs can be calmed by the firm touch of the Mother's unoccupied hands.

As the children grow older they would naturally read aloud, and would sit round a table and use maps, etc., but it is always well to bring the lesson down to the comprehension of the youngest child, even if the elder ones help to suggest the answers, learning thus themselves how to teach, when they come to an age to help in the Sunday School. A more difficult question now and then is easily added, and the same simple moral teaching is good for them all.

One would suppose that the daily reading I have tried to describe is carried on by most parents who look at life at all seriously. Gladly would I hope it is. But how then is it that we hear on all sides from teachers in schools, of the extreme and almost heathenish ignorance of the Bible in which the children come to them, unable scarcely even to pronounce the names and places, utterly unfamiliar with the facts? Either the reading is made a severe lesson from which they escape as soon as they can; or it is irregular, as often neglected as done; once

a week is considered enough, or some other book is read by an unsuitable person as a substitute.

Absolute regularity is of course essential. Where a thing lasts but a quarter of an hour—to make any progress it must be six times a week, all the year round. Neither holidays, nor visitors, nor anything but a very early journey should break the custom ; as soon should the children go without breakfast.

I know that it can be done, and I believe that there are a number of people who only want encouragement to start with a good family custom, and to rely to a great extent on what they already know for suggestions, satisfied at first with great simplicity, and full of faith that the Word will "come with power." As they go on—every book on the Bible they themselves read, every sermon, every good thought almost, will weave itself in with the Morning Reading, and I maintain that the gain on both sides will be great. The effort that parents must make in order to carry out this Christian "rite" must bring to themselves a corresponding reward, more especially with regard to the Gospels. The attempt, however weak, to bring to bear the words of Christ himself to the daily needs of the children, and through them of the family and the nation, is certain to be rich in blessing.

We have always boasted as a Nation since the Reformation that the Bible was bound in with our National life. Shall it not remain so still? And are there not signs that we are awakening to a deeper and fuller interpretation of Christ in Modern Theology? But who is to establish the true place of His words in our children's hearts, the place of precedence over all other words, the interpretation of all bewildering perplexities, the touchstone whereby to judge the "right" and the "wrong," the comfort and solace of all trouble and sorrow, if it be not the Parents to whom the children are given, and on whom the injunction falls, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

INSECT MIMICRY.

By Rev. Alfred Thornley, M.A., F.E.S.

An old proverb says, that "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," but Nature employs this art for a more utilitarian purpose. It has been humourously remarked that, in working out her economy, she uses a vast system of "fraud and hypocrisy," as one of her most approved principles of progress. You see what your ordinary powers of seeing tell you is a twig; behold it rises up and walks: it is a caterpillar! a seed, and lo, it is a beetle! Again, what for all the world looks like a dead and decaying leaf lies on the ground; you touch it, and away it flies. It is a moth or a butterfly. In this singular way Nature preserves the lives of myriads of her creatures. And see what an amount of energy she saves by this device of mimicry! An insect instead of running or flying away, simply remains still,—quite passive, a state which does not imply any particular intelligence on its part, —and the fierce hungry eyes of its devourer pass it by. It is only in danger whilst it is moving. We might call this the "principle of least energy." In some of her processes Nature appears rather as a reckless spendthrift, as when out of fifty seeds, but ten mature; but in the principle of mimicry she appears as a great economist, and warns us that under much, if not all, of her apparent wastefulness, there is really a true economy. Nature is not penny wise and pound foolish. This great principle of mimicry is best studied under some simple heads, and perhaps the following will suffice for this short paper.

Imitation by living creatures of *(a)* dead objects; *(b)* other living creatures. And each of these kinds of mimicry may be helpfully considered again under the heads of resemblance (1) in colour, (2) in form, (3) in attitudes and habits. No doubt a better and more elaborate classification might be suggested, but the above will help to draw out the observing

powers along profitable lines of study. It is needless to say the most perfect form of mimicry is that in which colour, form, and attitudes conduce to perfect the resemblance to some object. This principle of mimicry obtains throughout the whole animal kingdom: the stripes of the tiger and zebra, the white of the ptarmigan, the intricate patterns of many snakes, as well as the colours of insects, all receive some plausible explanation from this principle.

The most casual observer must have met with numerous examples of that kind of mimicry in which a creature imitates a dead object. The present season of the year is not unfavourable to the study of this species of mimicry. Let any one take an old umbrella, and holding it under the boughs of an oak tree or hazel bush, beat or shake the branches gently into it. He is almost sure to obtain some objects for his purpose. He will see what he takes to be small pieces of twig fix themselves at one end and quickly assume a rigid attitude, in which the resemblance to brown and black twigs, or young and tender green ones, is so exact, that even the little snags and lumps, and the tiny lichens covering them are reproduced. In this instance colour, shape, and attitude, all conduce to perfect the resemblance; and it might be incidentally mentioned, that with respect to colour, the investigations of Professor Poulton, F.R.S., and others, have shown that young caterpillars of several species of moths have the power, up to a certain age, of assimilating their colours to the prevailing tint of their environment. A batch of eggs of a very common moth,—the "Brimstone" *(Rumia Crataegata)*,—was divided into two equal portions. The one part hatched and reared under the influence of a dark environment, the other in a light one. It was shortly observed that the two broods of caterpillars differed considerably. In the first, the caterpillars were dark brown with a purplish bloom in patches upon them; in the other, the prevailing tint was a light brown with greenish shades. It might be objected that the artificial conditions under which such experiments are carried out, preclude us from arguing that such effects would take place in nature. But the result of the experiment was simply to prove that caterpillars are sensitive to their surroundings, and that this change of colour can be quite independent of the nature and quality of the

food, and is entirely the result of environment, and this the experiments seem completely to have established.

These interesting experiments give us a great clue to the origin of the colours of caterpillars. We are not surprised to find that the prevailing colour is green—the tint of growing stuff, that is, if the colour has been acquired for the purpose of protection: and it is a remarkable fact that if a caterpillar or an insect be coloured in any way which contrasts violently with its environment, we may be almost certain that it is able to defend itself by some special contrivance. Some kinds of caterpillars are hairy, or covered with numerous spines or bristles, or are able to protrude curious looking instruments, or have strong scent glands. Others, apparently devoid of all these means of defence, and yet decorated with the most gaudy colours, have been found to be, by experiment, most distasteful to birds and other enemies. Anyone can put this to the test who will. There is a well-known caterpillar found in our hedgerows, the larva of a pretty moth, appearing in October and November, the figure-of-eight moth (*Diloba Cæruleocephala*). It is an almost smooth gaudy creature—blotched with yellow and slaty grey and black—but anyhow very conspicuous. If this be given to birds, say fowls, it is astonishing to see how it is rejected. A young chicken might make an attempt once but it would refuse it afterwards. There are many other very beautiful caterpillars, in which the gay coloration acts as a danger signal, and says as plainly as possible "nemo me impune lacessit." It must have been a long process by which their enemies came to know that these colours were of a warning nature, but that it is so, experiment seems abundantly to prove. This distastefulness need not be absolute; it would be sufficient to secure a positive advantage to the species, if others were only preferred before it. But it is a wonderful thought that these creatures do go about in comparative safety, protected as it were by their own beauty, and every increase of that beauty, would only make them more conspicuous, and so safer.

Whilst upon this subject of colour and markings, I might say some very plausable explanations have been offered of some of the characteristic markings of caterpillars. For instance it will be found that most young caterpillars are green, thus being hidden by the foliage of the plant upon

which they feed, but as they increase in size fine longitudinal lines appear, these are particularly plain and beautiful in those species which feed habitually upon grass, or on herbage with long ribbon-like leaves and numerous longitudinal veins. In many species these lines are permanent, but in some they gradually disappear and are replaced by oblique lines and spots. But I think I am right in saying that no species is known with longitudinal and oblique lines at the same time. The oblique lines certainly imitate the veining of leaves, and even when these are delicate shades of pink or red as in some species of Hank moth caterpillars, the resemblance of them to the veining of leaves in faint shadow is easily seen. The change from longitudinal markings to oblique is most interesting, as it usually indicates a change in the habits of feeding of the species or is a survival of a very ancient pattern, when the larva fed upon longitudinally-veined plants. To those who have time and leisure there is here an opportunity for much interesting experiment and observation. Any one with a little care can rear caterpillars, when suitable food is at hand. At first the eggs of some common and easily reared species should be chosen. These should be hatched under such conditions that all that takes place can be easily observed, and at least once a day a careful sketch of the caterpillar, coloured if possible, should be made. Sometimes it would be scarcely necessary to draw the whole of the larva, a single segment with its evolving lines and spots would be sufficient. The point would be to obtain a continuous record of each marking, and the time of appearance of each new character.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of mimicry of the kind we are considering, occurs in the case of an Indian and Malayan species, most appropriately called the leaf butterfly. So wonderful is the mimicry in this case, that I am tempted to copy a few extracts from the very graphic account of it given by Mr. A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., in his interesting work, "The Malay Archipelago":—

"This species is not uncommon in dry woods and thickets, and I often endeavoured to capture it without success, for after flying a short distance it would enter a bush among dry or dead leaves, and however carefully I crept up to the spot, I could never discover it, till it would suddenly start out again,

and then disappear in a similar place. At length I was fortunate enough to see the exact spot where the butterfly settled, and though I lost sight of it for some time, I at length discovered that it was close before my eyes, but that in its position of repose it so closely resembled a dead leaf attached to a twig, as almost certain to deceive the eye, even when gazing full upon it. I captured several specimens on the wing, and was able fully to understand the way in which this wonderful resemblance is produced.

"The ends of the upper wings terminate in a fine point, just as the leaves of many tropical shrubs and trees are pointed, while the lower wings are somewhat more obtuse, and are lengthened out into a short thick tail. Between these two points there runs a dark curved line, exactly representing the mid-rib of a leaf, and from this radiate on each side a few oblique marks, which well imitate the lateral veins. These marks are more clearly seen on the outer portion of the base of the wings, and on the inner side towards the middle and apex, and they are produced by striæ and markings which are very common in allied species, but which are here modified and strengthened so as to imitate more exactly the venation of a leaf. The tint of the under surface varies much, but it is always some brown or ashy colour, which matches with those of dead leaves. The habit of the species is always to rest on a dead twig and among dead or dried leaves, and in this position, with the wings closely pressed together, their outline is exactly that of a moderately-sized leaf, slightly curved or shrivelled. The tail of the hind wings forms a perfect stalk, and touches the stick while the insect is supported by the middle pair of legs, which are not noticed among the twigs and fibres which surround it. The head and antennæ are drawn back between the wings, so as to be quite concealed, and there is a little notch hollowed out at the very base of the wings, which allows the head to be retracted sufficiently."

In an allied Indian species, small patches of black dots occur on the under wings, simulating the appearance of a minute fungus which grows upon old and dead leaves.

We pass on to consider a species of mimicry which consists in the more or less perfect imitation of living objects, the imitated creature being either feared on account of its ample

means of offence or defence, or belonging to a class which, as it were, do not come within the experience of the imitating species' enemies, as for example where a large moth imitates a humming-bird. I think some of my readers must have seen sometime or other the singular caterpillar of the Elephant Hawk moth; and if so I need hardly remind them of its wonderful resemblance to a small snake. Its purplish brown colour, its swollen segments near the head, with their two great eye-like spots, giving it a most evil appearance. I am quite sure a person seeing it for the first time would be afraid to take it up. Nor can there be much reasonable doubt that it is also feared by our small insectivorous birds. Such extraordinary and conspicuous caterpillars as those of the Puss moth and the Lobster moth, no doubt present some repulsive appearance to their enemies, by which they pass their lives in comparative security. As far as I am aware in these three species mentioned, they possess no disagreeable flavour, which would lead to their being rejected by their enemies, so that "ugliness" in their case is security. It will be quite obvious that if we are ever to discover the purpose and meaning of the fantastic shapes of some caterpillars and insects, they must be studied in close contact with their natural environment, and not under artificial conditions. We must know something of the nature of their enemies, and of other insects frequenting the same places. We should have, as it were, a personal acquaintance with them during their whole life history. Nature contains innumerable secrets, and the finding out of these is the great reward of patient and intelligent observation. It is so easy to think that others have already done the work, and there is nothing left for us to do. Yet upon this subject of mimicry, with its associated subject of the meaning and purpose of the forms and markings of insects, there is yet a vast deal to be done, nay, the very alphabet of it remains still to be made out. And I will venture to say more, he who enters upon such studies as these, has entered into a very enchanted palace of beauty; he sees infinite purpose and design everywhere, he realizes what the true poet alone knows—

> This world's no blot for us,
> Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Lastly we approach the consideration of a form of mimicry, which is really more wonderful than any we have hitherto discussed. Not many years ago some entomologists pointed out a remarkable resemblance in colouring, between the butterflies of one species and those of another, generally of a totally different genus. One being the imitated, the others the imitators. For instance a well-known foreign butterfly, *Danäis Chrysippus*, is mimicked by at least six other species, one strangely enough being a moth. Nor yet have we arrived at the full extent of the wonder, for it is frequently, and in the case before us particularly so, that the female alone is the imitator; the males being often exceedingly different in both colouring, and even form, from the females; so that at first the males and females of the same species were taken for different insects and placed in separate genera. Sometimes the females of one species only, out of a whole genus will be mimics: the males preserving the usual pattern and coloration of the genus. It was next discovered that the imitated species was always rendered for some reason or other, distasteful to its usual enemies; so that the purpose of the mimicry, becomes perfectly plain to us, namely that it is of great protective value, the imitating species being passed over by their enemies in mistake for the imitated. It is impossible to realize the perfection of such mimicry as this without seeing the insects together, or some well drawn and coloured plates. If any possess that exceedingly useful series of volumes, "Cassell's Popular Natural History," in Vol. VI are some good figures (uncoloured) of species of butterflies and their mimics. The problem which Nature here presents to us is not so easy to solve, as might seem to be the case from the facts disclosed. But certainly the best contributions towards a solution of it have come from the "Evolutionists." The data in these cases are now well known, and a writer need not hesitate to use the well-worn phraseology of Darwinism. The struggle for existence; the survival of the fittest, the power of indefinite variation conferred on each living thing; these are the elements which go to solve the problem. The outlines of that solution must be something like this: two species, A, the imitated, B, the imitator, were probably at one time more like to each other than the greatest present sexual difference would suggest. Owing to some

constitutional toughness or distastefulness, A possesses a greater immunity from the attacks of enemies than B. But individuals of B which most resembled A would be more likely to be preserved than others which differed more from it, and would tend to impart this likeness to their offspring, so that there would be a gradually accumulating racial likeness to A, and as A itself varied in colour, it would, as it were, draw B along the same lines of variation. This is not difficult to see. But the problem is greatly complicated by the fact that it is, say, only the females of B which imitate A; the males of B being very distinct in pattern and coloration. In this short paper I can only throw out a suggestion, which must be stated broadly, and not in detail. In its simplest form it is the problem why the males of so many living things differ from the females. To answer it properly would be to require an exposition of the bold Darwinian theory of "sexual selection," and it must here be sufficient to say that the males of numerous living creatures have acquired their exclusive sexual characters, whether colours or weapons of offence or defence, most probably through rivalry with one another in their struggle for the female. The conflict then between the principles of sexual selection and mimicry have produced those remarkable phenomena amongst insects which we have been considering. To say much more than this would lead us too far astray into the field of speculative zoology. Many more facts are needed before we can satisfactorily explain some of these wonderful and interesting problems. Facts, which it lies in the power of many to collect, though perhaps few to interpret. Yet there must be facts, that there may be an interpretation, and a truer knowledge of those wonderful laws which are "the expression of the mind of God." With deep insight has Nature been represented as the old, old woman with the young face; always old and always new. There is something soothing and calming in the study of Nature. After the interminable worry and strain of social problems, we seem to stand in the presence of the real, as contrasted with the artificial, the jumble which has arisen out of men's sins and blunders. That the hints thrown out in this paper towards a proper study of Nature may bring a new occupation and a refreshing study to many, is the highest reward that the wrter can hope for.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

By J. S. Mills, M.A.

"Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt,"—

Which, being interpreted, is "The laws neither of gods nor of men forbid a certain amount of work to be done during the holidays." But the question is, what sort of work and how much of it? Is the schoolmaster to insist that a certain amount of moods and genders, and dates and sums is to be cultivated during the long summer vacation, so that his boys may at least maintain the degree of progress reached at the end of term? Or must he recommend some study of a higher and more entertaining kind to be the subject of a purely voluntary examination at the beginning of the autumn term? Or, finally, is he to rely entirely upon the parent for any instruction or discipline during the inter-terminal period? I think we may at once put aside the first of these alternatives. I am distinctly against all compulsory holiday lessons. I can hear, in fancy, a chorus of shrill and enthusiastic "hear, hears" as I write that sentence. But I am not merely bidding for popularity. I have a reason for what I say. An enforced holiday task will always, unless a boy is very amenable to duty and discipline, be postponed to the end of the holidays—postponed, however, not forgotten; the memory of it, and its non-performance always being present as a sort of reproach and a qualification of the pure pleasure of the holiday time. It will be done badly and in a hurry at the eleventh hour, and in such a state will seriously modify the pleasure a boy ought to feel in returning to school, or intensify the horror of returning, if such unfortunately exists. I state these facts as being "in nature." I know a model boy would carefully apportion to each day its appropriate share of the vacation's work, and lo! at the end of the same the task would stand completed. But such a boy I have never yet met, and I am justified in believing he is a type as yet undeveloped. Compulsory holiday tasks, then, drawn from ordinary school studies I hold to be mischievous and useless. I am not at all

afraid of retrogression during the holidays. A boy's mind is so absorbent and impressionable that a holiday of eight weeks is sufficient for him to forget only very superficially the lessons of a term; and I feel sure that, as a rule, if a boy were set at the beginning of a term to repeat the exercise in Latin or French Grammar he had last done, his additional eight weeks' age and experience, and general growth of faculty would enable him to do it at least as well as on the former occasion. It is merely a truism to say that in the course of teaching one reaches rules and difficulties which certain boys at a certain age cannot physically master, and which demand not so much perseverance in teaching as simple lapse of time and general development of faculty. I would therefore, during the longer vacations, free a boy entirely from the mechanical drudgery of rule and fact, and leave him to the development of his senses, his observation and his general experience of life. I shall point out shortly, however, how this development may be guided into a profitable and fruitful direction by the help of sympathetic parents and friends.

With regard to the second alternative of appointing certain books or portions of books as an optional study with a view to a prize on examination early in the autumn term I can see no objection, except that an over-conscientious or over-ambitious boy may be diverted from more genial and therefore for the above holiday purpose more fruitful occupations by a determined "cram" of the set subjects. Such prescribed reading should be a real change from ordinary school work, should be very moderate in quantity, and its quite optional character especially enforced. I hope I shall not be accused of a want of humour for insisting upon the last condition.

My conclusion is, however, that we have and ought to rely chiefly on parents themselves for any education school-boys may receive during vacation. It is a lamentable fact that so many parents are still unwilling or unable to help efficiently in this way. The summer vacation with its country or seaside trip affords admirable opportunities for practical outdoor study of some branch or branches of natural science. The word study is misleading. My experience has never yet produced a boy who would not be as much interested in hunting for fossils in a quarry as in any

occupation you could possibly devise or he possibly choose for himself. We have had a series of natural history excursions at Leamington this term, and I have been surprised at the unwearied and almost passionate interest of the boys in specimen hunting of any sort. How desirable it is then that parents should themselves be sufficiently interested and instructed in the sights and sounds of nature to awaken and foster in the hearts of their children this resourceful and delightful interest. Not a rounded pebble on the beach, not a grain of sand but may be used as an evidence or illustration of a whole geological age.

And yet how many grown-up people there still are indifferent and deaf to such "sermons in stones." It is lamentable to think how few are still able to explain such obvious phenomena as the ebb and flow of tides, to name and describe some remarkable rock, or will take the trouble to read such a book as Prof. Huxley's Physiography, for information on the most ordinary and daily occurrences. I am delighted to hear that the Parents' Educational Union is endeavouring to provide parents with opportunities of self-culture in these respects, and that many are feeling the advantage of them. Thousands of English boys and girls flock to the coast of Wales in summer time. I wonder how many include in their amusements a visit to the raised beaches of Moel Tryfaen, and understand what they tell us of the geological history of our island.

I have been interested during my visits to Wales in the excellently organised system of evangelical services for children, conducted by University men at the several watering-places along the shore. I confess I am somewhat out of sympathy with much that I have noticed in the manner of presenting religious truths to children on these occasions. But it has struck me that something of the same organization in providing scientific field-classes and picnics for children staying in those interesting districts, might be very successful and profitable. I need hardly say how important it is to cultivate in early years some strong objective interest, to be an unfailing source of amusement and profit. We often hear of holidays doing little good, or producing a reaction almost as painful as the preceding weakness and depression :

In culpa est animus qui se non effugit unquam.

Some absorbing interest which shall keep our minds and senses healthily occupied and lead us to evergrowing knowledge of God's universe, will add to the healthfulness of a holiday, for the simple reason that we shall have less leisure to brood over its effects upon our little private distresses and ailments. It is of first-rate importance, then, to teach children as soon as possible to use their eyes, and to acquire some hobby which shall lead them to the country and sea-shore, and keep them interested there in the innocent pursuit of knowledge and truth.

For all this we have to rely chiefly upon the parent. All we ask is simply that a geological map and hammer, or even a microscope, should more often find its place in the equipment considered necessary for a summer's holiday.

The vacation indeed being quite free from the fetters of convention and examinations might be productive of better work in the way of pure education than term-time itself. Nobody is more aware than the liberal-minded schoolmaster that a very large—perhaps the greater part of his teaching is scarcely educative at all, but represents simply a sacrifice to convention and tradition often very foolish and unjustifiable. Only the other day I heard of a lady complaining that necessity compelled her to send her children to school, "It interfered so"—to use her own caustic expression—"it interfered so with their education." In spite of the criticisms implied in such a remark, I wish there were many more parents conscious in the same way of the defects of our school-system, and of their own precious opportunities for supplementing that system during the weeks of the summer and winter vacation. And I am sure where school instruction, and especially that of the unfortunate boys who are still the victims of the old classical side, needs to be supplemented is just in this matter of scientific interest and information. Our school curriculum, even that of the modern side, is still far too literary. The particular educational value of the knowledge that in French a bridge is masculine and a river feminine, or that in Latin *quamvis* has a predilection for the subjunctive, and *quamquam* for the indicative, is hard to determine. It is true no single fact in life or nature is quite uninteresting and wholly divorced from relativity to some universal truth or law. Nevertheless, it is possible to choose

and to distinguish. Compare for instance the ordinary facts of grammatical gender or syntax with some such fact of common observation as the grooves and scratchings on a granite boulder, so momentous in their evidence of an entire glacial age, and in their contribution to a subject of no less importance than the history of the universe. The educational effect of observing and understanding such facts as these is immediate and direct; whereas for the fruition of grammatical facts the scholar has to wait for what he generally never reaches, that is the point at which he can appreciate and enjoy the literature of the languages to which his genders and tenses belong. It is the perception of this difference that afflicts a language-master with ever-recurring suspicions of the barrenness of much of his work; while the science-master is perpetually cheered by the consciousness that the "travail of his soul" bears immediate fruit in the development of his boys' powers of intelligent observation, and even of the higher faculty of scientific induction, and not only acquaints them to some extent with the present position of human knowledge and opinion, but, what is better, may produce in them a sobering sense of the problems that beset human thought, and of the "iron laws" which in every department of life demand instant and implicit obedience. To an educational reformer it is obvious that our school-curriculum is still too literary. Reform, however, in this direction is out of the question so long as public examinations demand a smattering of so many languages. Latin, French, and German have still to be retained out of all proportion to other subjects proper to a "modern education," so long as these languages are employed to straiten the gate into the learned professions. Much of the teaching in our schools, though immediately necessary, must still needs be ultimately unproductive; many subjects of first-rate importance, such for example as Physiography, have still to receive only niggard time and attention, or be entirely excluded from the curriculum. The pressure of the several branches of natural science can, however, not long be resisted; and I am pleased to hear that a new school of a large endowment has just constructed its modern-side curriculum without Latin—a very bold and interesting experiment.

It is an unfortunate fact, then, that the schoolmaster is

unable to adopt in practice that scientific and rational arrangement of studies which he theoretically approves. A parent must remember that if he finds his boy deficient in information on common and important matters, the fault is not entirely the schoolmaster's, but rather that of the conditions in which he is compelled to work. A wide scope is left for the parent to supplement a boy's school instruction, and it is the purpose of this paper to insist upon the parent's duty to prepare himself for this educational function, and to perform it honestly and efficiently.

A few words are necessary on the choice of subjects prescribed by a school for optional study during vacation. It should aim generally at an entire change from ordinary school-subjects. Chemistry and physics, with their mathematical adjuncts, may be entirely dispensed with; the languages of France, Germany, Greece and Rome need not so much as be alluded to, at any rate for boys still in the grammatical stage. Many other subjects remain which the school curriculum is obliged to disregard. Geology, one of the most entertaining and least mathematical branches of science, is well adapted for holiday study. Geikie's little Primer for younger boys, and his smaller text book for older ones, are admirable introductory books for this purpose. Tides, currents, winds, clouds, which are presented so especially to our observation during a seaside holiday, will be found simply but scientifically explained in Prof. Huxley's Physiography, another book well adapted for a vacation task. In English a boy may generally be left to forage for himself. The stirring tales of Stevenson, Doyle, Kipling need no recommendation. If, however, it is thought desirable to introduce some slight sentiment of duty into a boy's English reading, there can be no objection to prescribing a few plays of Shakespeare and a few novels of Scott; for I am afraid nowadays perhaps both these names lie just outside the literary frontiers, within which a boy is spontaneously and impulsively happy. It is, of course, desirable that a schoolboy should have access to as wide a choice of healthful literature as possible, and he may generally be trusted to choose for himself. But there is no doubt that a great amount of harm is done, and much educational work of the best kind neutralized by the cheap and worthless periodical literature, which has attained such

enormous circulation. I do not refer simply to fiction of a vulgarly sensational sort, but to papers which consist almost entirely of short excerpts, serious or comic, each of which is calculated to produce an agreeable titillation for the morbid itch of our sensational and jaded taste. I can imagine nothing more directly adapted to destroy any love of continuous reading, any patience and sympathy with the natural gradations of mood and interest in a consistent work of literary art, than the long strings of abrupt and disconnected paragraphs, of which these papers consist. The news-sheets of our railway-stations, the nature of the subjects held out as a bait for loose coppers and vacant minds, are sufficient indication of the class of literature to which I refer. It is true that an insurance-policy accompanies several such papers, but I am not certain that a man is justified in providing for the distant possibility of physical damage, at the cost of an immediate certainty of some intellectual harm. Here, I think, a guardian may reasonably exercise a little supervision and control. Reading, like many other gifts, may be harmful in exact proportion to its possible benefit. I have no objection to some amount of light and entertaining reading: but I am convinced that much of our periodical literature is so apt to produce in our minds a habit of reading as a mere assistance and alleviation to moments of indolence and vacancy, that the sinews of our minds are relaxed and our palates spoilt for the pure bread of an inspired literature. "*Die auszurottende Journalistik*" is not an entirely unreasonable cry.

In conclusion, then, while freedom and spontaneous enjoyment should still be distinctive of our holiday-season, there are ways in which, without any sacrifice of the spirit of either, a parent or tutor may give a direction to a boy's impulses which shall lead him to unfailing sources of delight and improvement. There are many subjects which demand no especial faculty, and which minds of the most divergent complexion may study with almost equal profit and success. And need I say that the earlier such interests are acquired, the more permanent and unfailing will be their refreshment in later years?

SOME DEFECTS OF VOICE AND SPEECH IN CHILDREN.

By Mrs. Emil Behnke.

Teacher of Voice Culture to Singers, Speakers and Stammerers.

Voice, which is the organ of our thoughts, is one of the most wonderful and beautiful of the gifts of nature to mankind, and its possession places us immeasurably above the rest of animate and inanimate creation. The vocal sounds emitted by animals are devoid of music; and although the notes of the song-birds are charming, they do not compare in beauty with the cultivated human voice, with its power of giving expression to every passion and emotion which the human heart is capable of feeling.

This peculiar quality appears to be inherent in the human race: even the infant is able intuitively to express its desires by the tones of its voice. Pain, pleasure, hunger, temper, which comprise the whole world of its emotional capacities for the time being, can be recognised in its cries long before it has learnt by imitation to express itself in words.

Amongst English-speaking people the voice is often used in a very faulty manner, and much of this may be traced to the want of refined and educated supervision in the nursery, where sufficient care is not exercised to counteract the bad vocal and speech habits into which children fall. These are particularly disagreeable to the cultivated ear, and are often only overcome with difficulty in adult life, the voices of many persons being always tinged with the objectionable tone-colour acquired in childhood. It is as necessary for children to chatter at play as it is for them to incessantly move their limbs by running and jumping and skipping about, the growing muscles need the exercise; but coarse shouting and harsh tones should not be permitted, and it is easy to train

the little ones to recognise and avoid them. There is nothing which young people imitate more instinctively and unconsciously than tones, inflections, modulations and pronunciations. As our children's nurses, governesses, friends and associates speak, so do our children. This faculty of imitation which we retain in adult life to a greater or lesser degree, may be turned to good account by taking heed that the vocal sounds heard by our little mimics are all pure and true, and that pronunciation is clear, distinct, accurate, and refined. It is a singular fact that defects of voice and speech are far more readily adopted by children than correct methods. The grasseyéd *r* and the throatal or guttural *r* of some foreign nurses and governesses; every form of provincialism or cockneyism, a lisp, a nasal twang, a stammer, are frequently reproduced by the little ones with painful accuracy, and their eradication gives much trouble in after life. One case of inability to trill the *r* prevented a clever woman from obtaining a good engagement on the stage. She was, however, determined to conquer her faulty pronunciation which had been acquired by imitating a foreign nurse, and after three or four months' lessons and constant practice, she surmounted the difficulty and became a very successful actress with clear and good enunciation.

Lisping and the mispronunciation of *th* are sometimes occasioned by mere indolence, but more frequently by too large a tongue, by a defective formation of the hard palate, or by the shape and position of the teeth. When these faults arise from carelessness or inertness they may easily be corrected by judicious training. There is no difficulty in demonstrating the position of the tongue for pronouncing these letters correctly, and with ordinary care and determination it is soon accomplished.

A young barrister caused a roar of laughter in court by saying "Zentlemen of the Zury, the prithoner at the bar thandth accuthed of a motht heinouth crime," etc.! His friends being accustomed to his lisp, did not notice it, and he was considerably disconcerted to find the ludicrous effect his speech defect produced. About a dozen lessons put him in possession of the right pronunciation of our frequently recurring sibilant, and he no longer causes a smile by saying "Yeth, my lud."

A very curious mispronunciation of *s* is caused by a tight closure of the tongue against the palate, and the forcible expulsion of the air along the side teeth, between them and the cheeks. An unpleasant bubbling sound is thereby caused. This defective pronunciation is particularly difficult to cure, whether in children or adults, and it should be checked as soon as the habit is observed.

Where lisping is caused by defective formation of the palate, or by the position of the teeth a good specialist, and afterwards a dentist may be consulted. If it owes its origin to the tongue being too large for the mouth, exercises can be used devised by the late Emil Behnke, which will give command over its movements in a way quite astonishing to those who have never studied how to obtain voluntary control over supposed automatic muscular action.

The substitution of *f* for *v*, *b* for *p*, and vice-versa, is very common amongst children. The method of correction is so obvious that it would be waste of time to dilate upon it.

Quite as common, but more difficult of removal, are the vulgar habits of dropping the final *g*, or replacing it by *k*. The words in which these offences are most frequently perpetrated are something, nothing, and everything, which are as often pronounced without the final *g* (somethin', nothin'), as they are called somethink, nothink, everythink. As bad a fault is substituting the hard *g* used at commencement of syllables for the soft *g* which follows *n* at the end of words *ringing*, *singing*. (The incorrect sound given to these *g*'s is that of *g* in gun). In a certain Midland town a part song was being taught to a class of ladies and gentlemen. The words *ringing* and *singing* occurred repeatedly in the refrain, and the singers pronounced the *g*'s hard, the effect being most comical. After trying in vain for some time to get the correct pronunciation of the words, the teacher had to abandon the song for another in which there was no opportunity for the display of this marked provincialism.

Perhaps of all the consonants the letter *r* receives the worst treatment. Like the letter *h* it suffers from sins of omission and of commission, and it is also shockingly maltreated in its pronunciation, not only by children but by adults. It is left out at the end of words where it should be trilled on to the next vowel; it is even suppressed in the

middle of words. How often one hears "mod'n" for "modern," "tav'n" for "tavern," "east'n" for "eastern!" At the end of words *ah* frequently takes the place of *r*, and *w* does duty for it at the beginning of many others. It is put where it has no business to be, between words ending and commencing with vowels, as "I saw-*r*-a man," "Victoria-*r*-our Queen." Many adults prefix *r* with *w*, saying *w*ran, *w*rush, and the habit of using *w* instead of *r* after *p* and *b* is often continued in adult life. In Scotland and in the north of England only one pronunciation of *r* is used by the majority of the people, namely, the rolled or trilled *r*. It is the custom to laugh at Southerners for not trilling the letter in every word, but the Northerners are at fault in their pronunciation of it. They seem to be unaware that there are three well-defined ways of sounding *r* according to its position with regard to other consonants or vowels, the consonantal *r*, the vowel or liquid *r*, and the throatal *r*. To ignore the two latter and to use only the consonantal or trilled *r* is as great an error as the habit of putting *r* between two words, the one ending the other commencing with a vowel: as "the idea-*r*-of it."

L is occasionally substituted for *r* with droll results. Said a boy to a visitor, "I've had such a lot of lice, I'm so uncomfortable!" His horrified listener, who had involuntarily drawn away from the boy, was glad of the explanation that the child always pronounced *r* like *l*, and that he meant to say he had eaten too much rice for dinner! The abuse of the letter *h* is far less common than it was twenty years ago, but it is still omitted or misplaced by some persons. We have heard of the wealthy parvenu who, displeased that his fish was not sent hot to table, told his footman to ask the cook to 'eat the fish and bring it up again when it was a little 'otter!

Mispronunciation of vowels is a very common fault, and it is surprising to note how many inaccurate shades of sound may be given to them. It is, however, difficult to represent them on paper. *A*, *o* and *i* suffer the most; indeed if greater care be not exercised to ensure correctness of sound in these letters, their true pronunciation will be lost.

The foregoing are a few of the most general faults of pronunciation which can all be traced to the imitation by

children of bad models, and they can easily be corrected by the exercise of patient patterning. The innumerable errors of local dialects and provincialisms are obviously out of the scope of this article.

A frequent cause of after trouble to the little ones is the absurd habit indulged in by parents and nurses of talking "baby language" to them. Why must the poor little ones first learn to call a horse "gee-gee"; their own feet "tootsie-wootsies," and so on. These idiotic expressions must subsequently be dropped and correct appellations be learnt. Instead of repeating infantile babble, and the childish attempts at talking, it would be more sensible if parents and nurses exercised the greatest care always to speak clearly and correctly to their little ones. Unfortunately the English people are sadly at fault in their manner of speaking their grand and noble language. Not only are words badly articulated and enunciated, but actual mispronunciations and bad grammar are allowed to pass, even by those who may claim to be educated persons. All beauty and sonority of tone are eliminated from our language, and it is charged with being hard, rough, and unvocal; whereas if properly spoken, it is second only to the Italian.

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAYS.

By Mrs. H. Perrin.

Nothing can be prettier than to see a family of girls and boys turned loose in the country for a summer holiday, with a sympathetic mother all anxious to answer their many questionings, and encourage that thirst for research and investigation so prominent in healthily brought up children.

We will imagine for our convenience a family where each child has a separate taste or hobby, in order that we may touch on a variety of different employments.

The eldest son (age 14) is anxious to make a collection of fossils, having lately paid a visit to the Natural History Museum. The eldest girl (age 12) can paint fairly well, and wants to sketch all the flowers she can find, in "brush-work;" and also to collect mosses, having been fired by a friend's collection. The second son (age 10) has decided to make a collection of butterflies and moths. The second daughter (age 8) and her little brother (age 5) are particularly fond of "beasties," and have made up their minds to start a salt and fresh water aquarium.

The place chosen for the holiday is a quiet farm near Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight, where the children are surrounded with nature in its unadulterated form.

I do not like a crowded sea-side resort, with nothing but bare scenery and a scorching cliffless coast. My heart sinks within me when I see the nurses all working and talking in groups, the mothers often engrossed in a novel, and the children, nicely disposed of, paddling under a blazing sun with hot heads and cold feet for hours together.

To return to our family. After an early breakfast, all go out into the garden to see the vegetables gathered and prepared for cooking. Charlie takes possession of the fork that he may see for himself how deep the potatoes grow below the surface. All hands are eager to help, even the baby can pick and shell the peas. The female blossoms of the vegetable

marrows and cucumbers are watched with interest until ready for consumption. And the pear tree, which has been grafted three times, and therefore bears three different kinds of pears is a great curiosity to these town-bred children. They very soon are familiar with all the various vegetables, and anxious to try a few in their own London gardens.

The moods and habits of all the animals in the farm are duly observed and made note of.

These nature lessons over, our little friends would on some days make a general rush for the shore, each with his satchel or box to hold his finds—Charlie, the geologist with his hammer and wedge, Elsie, the moss and flower collector with her tin and knife, Johnnie with his butterfly net and collecting box, and Rosie and little Robin with a bottle (large pickle jar) and a magnifying glass.

A happier little crew of excited explorers could not be found than tripped out of Colwell farm one sunny morning in August.

The road to the beach lay through one or two damp shady lanes, where Elsie was able to grub up half-a-dozen varieties of moss, and a few natural skeleton leaves hidden away snugly in some dark damp hole.

Then the party emerged through a break in the hedge and clambered over the heathery down, when Charlie was the first to shout with delight at finding a nightjar's egg just lying on the plain earth left by the curious bird as it flew up at Charlie's approach. Several spiders' nests and ant hills were noticed, and one or two of the silvery little cocoons of the six-spot burnet were taken home for closer inspection. Flowers and butterflies were also collected but with due discretion and moderation, and every specimen was carefully preserved for the evening's arrangement.

The shore reached, all anxiously listened whilst their mother pointed out that some strata in the cliffs had been left by the sea and others were river formations as shown by the fossils. Collections were made from the oyster bed, and from the Freshwater Limestone, many specimens from the latter the children recognised as similar to the modern river shells. Further on they came to a little bed of blue sandy clay from which they carefully extracted some good specimens of the beautiful bivalve-cytherea.

Eleven o'clock came round, and in another minute all were diving into the sea for a swim, Charlie having mastered, under his father's tuition, all the different strokes did his best to teach the younger ones, who proved very good pupils. After a quick rub and dance along the shore, a favourite amusement besides castle building was to make miniature models of continents, the damp sand being raised to a level plateau the shape of the country with the water forming the ocean round, or partly round it. As many mountain ranges and rivers were put in as could be remembered and the chief towns marked with tiny white pebbles. More geography was learnt in this way than in many a school-room lesson. When these models were finished they would often compare and correct them from the atlas. Even the baby in a very short time was familiar with the look of an island, peninsular, strait, isthmus, and so forth.

Several "beasties" would be taken home in the bottle, their habits watched, and their portraits taken in "brush-work" the first wet day.

Another time, after a stormy night, search would be made among the seaweeds for some of the miniature animal forests—*Sertularia* or sea-oak coralline being very common. Miss Arabella Buckley in her delightful book, "Life and her Children," which should be almost known by heart by either the mother or children, or both, tells us in simple language all about this miniature world, and how so many of the forms can be easily kept in a sea-water aquarium and all their life history studied even without the help of a magnifying glass.

It is unnecessary here to go into details or to enumerate all the forms of life which may be observed by children, as reference can so easily be made to books, some of which I mention at the end of this article; but my great wish is to try to impress the need of a mother's or governess's co-operation in the children's holiday time, when the grand opportunity occurs of being able to open up some of God's wonders which are spread in plenty before them, awaiting intelligent observation and interpretation.

On some days our happy family would choose to ramble over hill and dale and fish for fresh-water "beasties" in some pond or stream by the way. In case some of our little

readers may wish to do the same a few hints on a fresh-water aquarium may not be out of place.

Into a bell glass, covered with perforated zinc, put a little sand and gravel—(sand should never be put into a sea-water aquarium), a few water-weeds to give out oxygen, such as duck-weed, water-crowfoot, American water-weed and water-lily. The balance between animal and vegetable life should be maintained in order that the water be kept pure. If air bubbles are seen to cover the plants, it will prove there is sufficient quantity of plant life. One or two mussels and water-snails are good as scavengers. The water then will not want changing unless it smells badly.

The following "beasties" will live peacefully together:—

Newts, frogs in the tadpole stage, sticklebacks, caddis worms, water scorpions, whirligig beetles, and if one can be found, a water spider with its diving bell is an interesting addition.

The dragon fly larvæ, minnows, and leeches are voracious "beasties," and should not be admitted.

Gnats, grubs, and a few ants' eggs may be given as food once or twice a week for those creatures who are not content with water plants.

In the holiday evenings our little friends bring out their daily finds, and hear more of what their mother has to tell them about each.

Charlie labels his fossils. Johnnie set his butterflies on the fixing boards before they get too stiff, and Elsie lays her mosses separately on visiting cards, sewing them on with neat stitches instead of using gum, having heard that the former way best preserves the colour. They may be slightly damp, but not enough to warp the cards. Pressure should be used immediately they are fixed.

In one corner of the room are placed on a tray several wide mouthed bottles filled to the brim with water, and pieces of flannel are stretched across the tops. Upon one is sprinkled some mustard-seed, on another linseed, on another wheat, and so on, and the children watch the whole process of germination.

Little Robin is intent, when the autumn comes, upon growing a little oak tree, when he will proceed to hang an acorn by a piece of cotton into a bottle partly filled with water, so

that the acorn has its lower half submerged. His mother tells him that soon little roots will develop downwards into the water, and that a stem and rudiments of leaves will grow upwards, and that in several weeks he may expect to see a baby tree.

Classification and scientific details can be added later in life, the first thing to be done is to train a child to observe a plant or animal as a whole, the perfection and use of its parts, its general form and beauty of outline and colour, and above all its fitness for the work it has to do.

"How many of us must plead guilty to 'having eyes and seeing not'; for an inexorable law of science is the degeneration of unused faculty. Let us reverently recognise our responsibility in becoming parents or teachers of little children, and gladly take upon ourselves the duty of keeping their innocent eyes open that they may 'read the manuscripts of God.' Children instinctively love natural history. The living, moving world appeals to them from infancy, and arouses interest before the inanimate. Yet, ignoring this, we keep our children for the greater part of their school life dealing with dead and inanimate matter; with words and books instead of with things and experiences. Then we wonder why the majority of them afterwards show so little intelligent interest in the world around them, and why the spare time of many of them is so often filled up in an aimless and perhaps even harmful manner."

Books recommended for reference: Arabella Buckley's "The Fairy Land of Science"; "Life and her Children." George Henslow's "Botany for Children." Gray's "How Plants Grow." Ruskin's "Proserpine." Miss Wright's "Nature Readers," 1/3; published by the Educational Supply Association, is charmingly written. Also "Leaves and Flowers," by Mary A. Spear, 1/3, published by Isbister & Co. "Child Life Almanack," 1/-. "Nature and her Servants," S.P.C.K., is a very useful and comprehensive work. "British Butterflies," by Sonnenschein, 1/-; also his "Hand-book of Mosses." "Manual of Geology," by Jukes, 1/6; and Geikie's "Primer on Geology."

Many other books might be added, but these are a few with which to start a nursery or school-room library.

SIGNS.

II.

By Mrs. Colles.

In attempting to reduce the thoughts expressed in the foregoing little paper on the subject of "Signs" to practical suggestions as to its bearing on the education of children, I am met by considerable difficulty, not because they have never yet been educated on the principle laid down in that paper, namely, that "All that meets the bodily sense I deem symbolical"—indeed we never could have taught them any spiritual truth without applying that principle. The "seen" had to be treated as a sign and symbol of the "unseen" if we were ever to make the latter a reality to them. Every little child has received its first impression of the Heavenly Father through its knowledge of the earthly one. Its notion of the Divine Family—the Church with the Elder Brother at its head—just so far as it is a realised idea, rests on the child's familiarity with its own home circle of brothers and sisters and the kind "big brother" who comes home from school or college to slave gladly for the "little ones"—to carry them on his back and spend his time in amusing them.

And Keble's well-known hymn beginning "There is a book who runs may read" but expresses the general teaching which Christian parents and teachers from time to time give their children as to the relation of the physical universe to the spiritual one.

But something more habitual and continuous with daily life would seem to be required, if we would prepare them for just that battle with materialism which appears to be the special struggle of this age, and would instil into their inmost hearts the deep-seated conviction that the *seen* is the appointed means of leading them to seek for that which lies behind it, that it is intended to stimulate their desire to

discover that of which it witnesses, and must therefore lose its meaning when regarded as an end in itself.

And first it seems to me that if we are to bring this home to them we must have made it our own habitual and familiar thought. Unless they see that we believe it at least as really as we do the desirability of possessing those things, which contribute to our material comfort and prosperity, no amount of set teaching on the subject in church, at school, or at the Sunday bible-lesson will do anything very effectual in making them believe it. My own conviction is that these things have a distinct tendency to produce antagonism and scepticism, when coupled with such a contradiction as the example set by us, when we *talk* of the value of the unseen, while steering our course by that alone which is seen. And how many times during the day does this temptation meet us!

The old illustration of the mother who was like a sign-post turned in the wrong direction so as to mislead the traveller is a good one to keep constantly before our minds. The sign-post directing to Heaven while turned in the opposite quarter.

But though to *believe* realisingly and practically in the spiritual realities ourselves must be the surest way of witnessing for them to our children, and therefore should necessarily be our first aim, we do require to find special methods of drawing their thoughts into this channel by our conversation, and surely the parabolic teaching adopted by our Lord affords us the plainest indication of how this may be done. He used the common things with which they were most familiar as well as the beauties of nature, to awaken the minds of His hearers to the underlying spirit-realities of which those objects were so many symbols. A candle, a bushel, a woman sweeping her house, a shepherd, or a merchantman, as well as the wind, the flowers, the birds of the air—everything in creation as He regarded it was a "sign," and pointed to the real which lay behind it. And just in proportion as our own minds are habitually placed at the same point of view as His with regard to the physical universe, shall we be able to draw our children's thoughts to "that true world within the world we see." We shall not weary them by forced and far-fetched "sermons," of which the texts are their everyday life of play and lessons, but

rather gild that everyday life with the brightness of a new meaning.

What child is there whose imagination has not been checked and stunted, that does not naturally delight in the kind of talk which suggests an ideal fairy world behind the actual one of which its senses are cognisant? And is it not possible to adopt in our intercourse with our children the same natural and spontaneous tone, albeit more earnest and reverent, when alluding to the spiritual and unseen realities? Personally I have found it easy to do this when the habit was begun early in the child's life, but we still suffer from the old idea of reverence, which, coupled with so much that is most precious in the legacy of their thought, dashed the teaching of a past age, and mars, as it seems to me, the religious sense of our own; I mean that habit of regarding life as a sort of check-board, in which the religious portions are to be definitely squared off from those which are secular, with the result that the child's mind is but too often led to regard the former as represented by the black squares. What has been well termed "nature's flowing ways," have simply been violated by such a method of treating any part of life. If religion, by which I mean the growing apprehension of a living God, be worthy of its name, it must be essential life, and should penetrate every part of our human experience as the blood does a healthy body. We need not drag it into our daily thoughts and words: it should *be there*, and surely if this be true, and all things are to us associated with a growing sense of the Eternal, it must and will find its way out in our talk with our children of the things of daily life.

No doubt the shell of reserve—a shell which has its special use and value in preserving from too rough a contact with the world the (as yet) but slowly forming spiritual consciousness within our souls—must often prevent our conversation from fully bearing this character in ordinary society—or even among intimates. Few things have done more harm than forced unreserve on religious topics, and the noblest and most innately reverent natures have felt this most instinctively and deeply, but with our little ones it is happier and better to be as simple and unreserved as possible just because our tone in this matter is as yet the forming

nourishment of their spiritual sense. They are learning to see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and are catching the accent of our voices as we direct them to the great open secret of God's temple with its signs and symbols of His presence.

The relation between the mother's mind and that of her young children is analogous to that which exists between her body and that of the unweaned babe. In both cases the child depends for its nourishment and support directly and immediately on its mother.

By what I have said I am by no means intimating that parents should question or pry into their children's hearts—a practice which I believe to have led to many evils—untruth being one of the chief. No, it is in *imparting* religious truth that I would urge the sort of natural unreserve which can be wisely cultivated if we set it before us as an aim.

Of course there is another special method of bringing into activity our children's sense of the symbolism of the universe. Poetry which acts so powerfully in this direction on the adult mind, does so even more on that of the young. Wordsworth, first studied by the parent, will be found most helpful in parts. Those passages in his writings which strongly bring before us his own grasp of the underlying spiritual, may be beyond a child's comprehension, but if imbibed by the mother they can be by her transmuted into food for the little one's mind. Even Dante, with his eagle soarings, can be brought down in this way to the level of its thought. I found recently that my youngest child caught at once, and with delight, at the vision of the heavenly rose with its petals of white-robed saints, and bee-flights of golden-winged angels mounting upwards in adoration and again descending on ministries of love. She recurred to the image with evident pleasure when she next saw a garden-rose, and it evidently kindled a fresh appetite within her for the beauty of goodness. Surely, just what our highest poetry is intended to do.

I think it will not be difficult to apply the principle of the symbolism of life and of the universe in teaching our children, if its truth be first vividly realised by parents themselves, and I hope I may not have appeared vague and visionary in the statement of my own idea of how that principle should be applied.

"SAINT GEORGE OF MERRIE ENGLONE."

I.

It was the time when the Queen of Fairies kept her annual feast for twelve days. On the first day in the beginning of the feast, a tall clownish young man presented himself, who, falling before the Queen, desired a boon, as the custom then was; and during that feast she might not refuse to grant any favour that should be asked of her. The boon was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure which should befal during the feast: that being granted, he rested himself on the floor, unfit, because he was a country fellow, for a better place.

Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her, leading a warlike steed that bore the arms of a knight, the spear being carried in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen of Fairies, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by a huge dragon for many years shut up in a brazen castle; and therefore she besought the Fairy Queen to assign her some one of her knights who should go to deliver them.

Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen much wondering, and the lady much gainsaying, he the more earnestly entreated their permission to go. In the end the lady told him that unless the armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul) he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, he seemed the goodliest man of all that company, and was well liked of the lady. And soon, taking on him knighthood and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth

with her on that adventure. Now behold them riding forth together:—

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in knightly arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living, ever him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all, a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow.
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she led.

"So pure and innocent as that same lamb.
She was in life and every virtuous love,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expel'd.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compel'd."

Together the pair rode on in pleasing talk, followed by the lady's dwarf, who carried her bag. But presently a storm of rain came on, and they must needs look round for shelter. Not far away they spied a wood whose thick branches shut out the daylight, and underneath the green shade were broad paths worn with footsteps and leading far in. So they entered in and rode through path after path, joying to hear

the birds, and noting the height and beauty of the trees; until at last, the storm being over, they wished to return to the highway. And now they wandered about hither and thither, trying first this path and then that, but all the paths were alike, and they could find no way out of the wood. So they tried the most beaten road, and at length it brought them to a hollow cave amid the thickest woods.

Here the bold champion dismounted, handing his spear to the dwarf, and in spite of the gentle warning of the lady, he went to the dark hole and looked in. This was no other than Error's den, and there he saw by the glittering of his own armour the ugly monster plain, half like a serpent, half like a woman, most loathsome and foul. She started up, hurling her horrid tail about her head, and looked about, and seeing one in shining armour, would have turned again, for she hated light. But the valiant knight leapt upon her with his blade, and kept her from turning back. Enraged, she began to bray most horribly, and turning fierce, advanced threatning her angry sting; but he lifted his mighty hand and heaved a blow that stunned her for an instant. Then, all at once, she raised her body high above the ground, and leapt upon his shield, and wound her huge train all suddenly about his body,

> "That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain;
> God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train."

His lady, sad to see his case, cried out to cheer him, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye be; have faith as well as courage; strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee." So he got one hand free and caught her throat with such a grip, that she was compelled to loose her hold of him.

And then the monster out of her filthy maw poured forth a flood of poison, horrible and black, full of books and papers, of loathsome frogs and toads without eyes, and other vile matters, and so horrible was the smell that the knight grew faint and sick; but he plucked up heart once more, and, with one great stroke, he parted her hateful head from her body, full of filthy sin.

His lady, who had watched the combat from afar, came joyously to greet his victory, and said, "Fair knight, you have worn that armour worthily, and have won great glory

this day over a mighty enemy. May many more adventures end as well as this, your first."

II.

Then the knight mounted his steed again, and he and the lady followed the plainest path, which at last led them out of the wood: forward he went in search of new adventures, but had travelled far before he heard of any.

At length they chanced to meet upon the way an aged man, with gray beard, bare feet, and clothed in a long black gown, praying with downcast eyes as he walked. Saluting him with reverence, the knight asked if he knew of any strange adventures to be had in that neighbourhood, whereto he replied that a silly old man who spent his days in saying his prayers did not meddle with such matters, but that he had heard of a strange man who wasted all the country far and near, and who lived a long way off in a wasteful wilderness. Then said the lady to her knight that he must be worn out with the battle he had just fought, and had better rest for the night to gather strength for fresh adventures. Whereupon the old man bade them welcome to his lowly hermitage.

The evening passed quickly, for the old man had store of pleasing words, and knew how to file his tongue as smooth as glass. With nightfall the knight and his lady grew sleepy, and their host led them to their closets. But no sooner were his guests fast asleep, than the old man sought amongst his magic books for charms to trouble sleepy minds. Then, out of the deep darkness he called forth legions of spirits, which came fluttering round his wicked head. One of these he sent to Morpheus, the heavy god of sleep, to beg of him an evil dream wherewith to trouble the knight. Of the other spirit he made a lady, so like the yet sleeping Una, that this ancient wizard himself could hardly have told the one from the other.

Now, when the morning was come the weary lady woke and went out of her bower to look for her knight and her dwarf, but, alas, they had both ridden forth long since, persuaded by the false spirit, who seemed to be Una, and were now far on their way. Sorely the poor lady wept to find herself deserted, and then she mounted her ass and rode off, quick as her slow beast would carry her, over hill and

dale, through wood and brake, ever in search of her faithless knight. The knight, meanwhile, rode fast on his fiery steed, with Will for his guide, caring not whither he went nor what happened to him. At last he chanced to meet upon the way an infidel Saracen, large of limb and strong of joint, who cared not for God nor man, and who bore his name, *Sans Foy*, writ upon his shield in gay letters. With him was a beauteous lady, decked with many jewels and wearing a scarlet robe embroidered in pearls and gold.

And now the Redcross Knight and Sans Foy meet in conflict; fiery sparks fly from their swift-crossing swords, and the green field is dyed with streams of purple blood. "Curse on that cross," cried the Saracen, "thou wouldst have been long since dead had not that charm preserved thee,' and then, with desperate stroke, he smote his adversary's crest; but he at that same moment aimed so fierce a blow at the Saracen that his helmet was shivered, and the blow cleft his head. So fell Sans Foy before this faithful knight.

Then the lady who was with the bold Saracen, turned to the Red Cross Knight, and in soft accents besought him to take pity on her unprotected state. He listens to her tale, the while gazing upon her beauty, and assures her she need have no fear; from henceforth he would be her friend, and they should journey on together. So Saint George goes forth with the fair and false Fidessa, gay and content as when Una journey'd by his side.

III.

Meantime, the gentle Una followed as she could her faithless Knight; she searched hither and thither, weeping as she went through wood and waste, and at last, worn out with long labour, lay down to rest in a shady glade. And as she lay it chanced that a ramping lion rushed suddenly out of the thickest wood, and ran at her with gaping mouth, eager to devour. But instead, when he had looked on her, he kissed her weary feet, and licked her lily hands with fawning tongue, so had her truth and beauty calmed his rage: which, when she saw, she wept the more to think that the lion, lord of all the beasts, should be tender to her weakness while her own dear lord did hate her and forsake her.

As she wept, the kingly beast stood gazing on her, and when again she mounted her white ass and took up once more her weary search, the lion would not leave her desolate, but went along with her as a strong guard of her chaste person, and a faithful mate in her sad troubles. When she slept he kept watch, and when she waked he followed her bidding, led by the gentle look of her fair eyes. Thus attended, through deserts wide she wandered, and met no living soul; and once, following the track of footsteps, she was lead into a cave where she took shelter for the night, not knowing it was a robbers' den; and in the night, her faithful guardian fell upon and slew the robbers who would have taken her life. Other perils did they meet, and the faithful beast was wounded in sad Una's service; but he limped painfully after his mistress, as she wearily followed her wandering lord.

(To be continued.)

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

By Mrs. F. Steinthal.

My Dear Children,—Thank you all for your letters, which I only wish I could answer individually; but as over fifty came last week you will all agree, that unless I were a fairy aunt and had six right hands, I should find it difficult to do so. You will, probably, most of you be at the seaside or in the country still, so I am not going to trouble you to answer my letter this month; but will give you a holiday. I want to tell you, however, of a very ingenious contrivance I have seen to help children to learn the families of flowers.

A clever lady enamelled a long umbrella box, and made one row of little holes, $\frac{3}{4}$-inch across, in the lid. In each hole stands a little homœpathic medicine bottle, and before each bottle is gummed a label, with the name of a family written on each. When the children come home with the flowers they have gathered, they place one of each kind in its own place, and so learn the families with very little trouble. The girls might paint the box (which must be shallow to let the necks of the bottles stand out) after the boys have made the round holes, and both might write the labels, and if you get it ready in the wet days in the holidays you will have a great surprise for your governesses when they return to you.

Wishing you all very happy holidays,

Your loving

Auntie Mai.

Competition.

The lists of flowers sent in show great patience and knowledge on the part of the children. Lists were sent from France, Norway and Switzerland, and it was most interesting to compare the flora of the different countries, seen on the same day. May Dowding heads the list with 110 flowers, and she has also done the best painting, so she gets "Tales

from Spenser." Margery Dunthorne runs May very closely, having named 106 flowers. Hilda Spafford deserves special mention for artistic sketches of four flowers. The number before the names of the collection indicates the number of flowers gathered by each; the numbers after, the age; and P. (paintings) will show who have sent sketches in.

110, May Dowding, 10, P.; 106, Margery Dunthorne, 10, P.; 86, J. M. Starkey, 15, P.; 67, John Knight Bruce, 7, P.; 66, Ethel Knight Bruce, 6; 52, Howard Grubb, 12; 47, Edward Ricketts; 46, James Dixon, 7, P.; 44, Claud Chavasse, 8; 40, Colin Enriquez, 8; 40, Dora Wallis, 10, P.; 36, Hilda Mary Spafford, 9, P.; 33, Eline Kitching, 9; 31, Arthur Wallis, 11; 30, Nancy Sayard, 6, P.; 29, Harold Rowntree, 7; 28, Andrew Starey, 9; 19, Sidney Franklin, 6; 15, Ethel Gabain, 10; 16, Dorothy Gabain, 8; 14, John Kitching, 7; 12, Joan Ponsonby, 6; 12, Eileen Ponsonby, 12; Mabel Ponsonby, 10; 11, May Warren Vernon, 8; 11, Billy Kitching, 5.

Solution of Natural History Riddles.—Percy Godding 9; George Penny, 7; Beata Wilson, 10; Queenie Wilson, 9; Edith Grubb, 15; Connie Brightwen, 12; May Warren Vernon, 8; Arnold Warren Vernon, 5.

The Boys' Prize.—Cut-out paper horse. 1st, Hugh Ward (aged seven); 2nd, Lewis Clinton; 3rd, Percy Godding (aged nine) and Cecil Upcher.

The Girls' Prize.—The prize is taken by May Warren Vernon, Monen, Mandal, Norway, aged eight years, for a sailor dress very perfectly cut out and sewed. The second is worked by Evelyn Dykes. Excellent: Peggy Denton, Hilda Spafford, Gwladys M. A. W. Powell, Dorothy Ward, Cecily Hilda Green, Ethel Gabain, Dorothy Gabain, Mabel Ponsonby, Eileen Ponsonby, Dorothy Bruce Murrey, Rhoda W. Goddard and Mary Dowding.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES.

[For notice of prize look in the July number.]

As white as milk but not milk,
As green as grass but not grass,
As red as blood but not blood,
As black as soot but not soot.

As I went over London Bridge,
I met Mr. Rusticap,
Pins and needles in his back,
Going to Thoring fair.

Two books are offered to girls under 12, and the same to boys under 12, for the best design of a frame for a proverb. The curves given by Mrs. Perrin in the July number can only be used, and the outside measurement must not exceed 6½in. by 8in. Work must be sent before the 30th September to Auntie Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

Our Little Cooks.

Dolly's Cheese Cakes. 1 oz. cooked potatoes; ¼ oz. butter; 1 oz. sugar; ½ oz. currants; a little egg; ¼ of a lemon. Put the potatoes into a basin and beat them well with a fork, then add the butter melted, currants (which must be washed first), salt and a small piece of beaten egg. When this is well mixed, add four drops of lemon juice. Line little tart tins with some pastry, put a little of the mixture into each and bake quickly. N.B.—Be very careful to clean the currants well, to get all the stalks and grit from them.

Arthur's Pastry. 2 oz. flour; 1 oz. lard; a very little baking powder; a very little salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together, rub in the lard with the tips of your fingers. Mix it to a stiff paste with cold water. Roll it out twice on a floured board, and the paste is ready to put in the tins.

When baking pastry little cooks must remember three things. 1st, To keep it as cool as possible; have the water quite cold, and rub the lard in with the tips of your fingers, not the palms of your hands, as they are much hotter than your fingers. 2nd, Not to touch it more than you can help, but make it up quickly. 3rd, Bake it in a quick oven.

EDITH OLLIFF,
Lecturer on Cooking to the County Council.

Children's Gardens.

September is the real harvest month. Any seed pods that are ripe, gather and spread out to dry thoroughly.

After a few days when you find the seed vessels dry and easily opened shake out the seeds, of course every kind of seed by itself. Small pill boxes or bon-bon boxes are most useful for keeping the store of seeds till Spring comes round again. Keep your seeds in a cool dry place. Make cuttings or slips of geraniums, calceolarias, fuschias, etc., by cutting off the shoots just above the second joint, choose good strong shoots, not soft and sappy, fill a 5-inch flower pot with good soil well mixed with silver sand, make a small hole close to the side of the pot, slip in your cutting, press the soil closely down, and so on till you have seven or eight. Shallow wooden boxes answer the purpose quite as well, and are more convenient to pack in a green house. Give the cuttings very little water as they are apt to turn mouldy. Still continue weeding and keeping the garden tidy, cut off withered leaves and shoots, tie up roses, dahlias, hollyhocks, etc.

Look well to the seeds sown last month, and if well up prick them out where you wish them to bloom, this applies to primroses, auriculas, forgetmenots, wallflowers, snapdragons, etc., for spring and summer flowering. Chrysanthemums should be potted in good soil and well watered, so as to ensure early blooming in-doors. Unless you wish to save seed cut down the stalks as soon as the bloom is over, and in any case one or two stems are sufficient, and then always save what bore the finest flowers. More give the plant an untidy look and weaken the growth. If this month proves wet it will be favourable for transplanting shrubs, as they will have time to settle and root before the winter frosts set in.

M. HOGSTED.

CHAIR CANING.

Chair caning is a pleasant occupation for children from five years of age. Newmann of Newmann Street, London, has just printed diagrams and instructions which I have prepared, which will enable any mother or governess to teach it in the nursery with success. As diagrams cannot be printed in the *Parents' Review*, I must ask parents to kindly send to Newmann for them. The diagrams, one frame and cane will cost

The frames, 2d. each, are six inches across, and have holes bored in them one inch apart, so that little fingers may more easily manage the plaiting, and when they understand the way each cane goes in and out, they can then work smaller designs. After working two cardboard frames, I would suggest that each child canes the seat of a doll's chair. These are also made by Newmann. After doing this, when the next chair in the nursery requires a new seat, let the children join at making a new one, and they will prove themselves reliable and trustworthy workpeople. It is so good for boys to be trained to be useful in the house, to be able to mend and repair, and chair caning is one of the useful crafts that may stand them in good stead in the future.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

Dr. Louis Robinson in "Mud-pies and Philosophy" has solved a difficulty in children's education as follows:

My wife found, some time ago, that "in spite of all temptations (from toys of) other nations" our sons were passionately attached to their native soil. They wallowed in it. Protests from nurse and laundress were alike unavailing. It became evident to me that we were face to face with one of those primal instincts, which can no more be stopped than a mountain torrent. I consulted with friends, and finally had a cart-load of clean sand shot down in the garden and surrounded by a barrier of boards, a foot high. Wooden spades and pails were provided, and our two elder sons were turned into the pen to follow their own devices. The effect was marvellous. Peace fell upon the household. Dressed in brown holland overalls, the boys dug, and burrowed, and made "puddins," and conducted funerals for several hours a day, all through last summer. Their health and morals were alike benefitted. They got tired *in* the sand; but not *of* it. Their nurse, instead of perpetually hunting them from one garden bed to another, could sit at needlework and look on. In cold weather a small quantity of plastic Doulton clay has proved an equally happy resource.

THE FOX AND THE HOLE.

This is a very old game, and was played by little boys and girls 1800 years ago. They called it a very long name "Askoliasmiss;" because one player had to hop on one leg all the time. In Flanders it was called "Hunke-pinken" and in Germany "Fox don't bite."

The fox must have a hole or den made for himself, and the other players must not be more than 10 or 12 feet away from it when the game begins. Each child must have a handkerchief with one knot on it in the right hand. The fox goes into his den, and one child advances towards it and says: "We're walking near the fox's house, but fox is quiet as a mouse," whereupon the fox springs out; but is only allowed to hop on one leg. He hops after the children and if he succeeds in touching one with the end of his handkerchief all the others rush forward, and help to carry him to the fox's den, when he becomes a fox in his turn. If the fox once goes on two legs, the others can run after him with their handkerchiefs, and carry him back to the cave. If an idle fox will not come out, the others call out "Fox come out of the den! One, two, three," and if he does not instantly begin to hop he is driven out.

JACK AND THE DWARFS. BY BESSIE GREEN.

JACK lived with his father and mother in a little cottage in a wood. They were all very happy, though they did not often see anyone except Master Timothy, a servant of old Sir Lockup, who came every month for the rent of their cottage. In the morning Jack and his father went away, axe on shoulder, and worked all day, cutting down trees and making bundles of sticks to be sold in the town; and when they came home they found supper ready, and the dear mother who had been very busy all day, waiting for them with a bright smile and loving words of welcome. In the long winter evenings they sat round the fire—the mother would spin busily, while the father told wonderful tales of the fairies that lived in the forest, and Jack carved pretty things out of the hard pine-

wood and listened to his father's stories. They lived for many years very happily in this way, till one winter, when the ground was covered with snow and all the streams were frozen, the woodcutter slipped as he was carrying a heavy bundle of wood, and hurt himself, so that he was obliged to stay by the fire instead of going out to work as usual. Jack and his mother were very sorry about this of course, and as the days went on and the woodcutter did not get better, they became very anxious. It was drawing near the time when Master Timothy came for the month's money, and they knew quite well that if they were not able to pay their rent at once, Sir Lockup, who was an unkind old man, would turn them out of their house and not care at all what became of them. As the woodcutter had not worked for many days, and Jack, who was only a little boy, could not do his father's work and his own as well, they had not nearly enough money, so they were all three very unhappy.

One afternoon Jack went out to gather some sticks for the fire. He wandered along without looking where he was going, and at last feeling very miserable and tired he sat down under a tree and began to cry. But it was too cold to sit still long, and presently he remembered that it was getting late and he had not yet found any sticks. He began to search among the trees, and found to his great surprise a heap of sticks lying close by him, all ready cut and neatly arranged. He wondered very much how they had got there, and thought at first someone must have left them and would come back for them; then he remembered that no one lived in that part of the wood. Why should he not take them home after all?

It was certainly very curious to find them so neatly cut and arranged, and they were very heavy indeed, much heavier than ordinary sticks. Jack had not gone far before he heard someone say in a very faint weak voice:

"Please put me down."

Jack thought he must have fancied this, as he was quite alone and sticks could not talk, but he had not gone much further before a sharp prick in his finger, and a severe pinch on his arm, made him drop his bundle, and look down to see if he had carried off anything in the middle of it.

Then he saw to his great surprise that on each bough was

sitting a tiny man, about three inches high, clad in brown just the colour of the wood, and with a little hat covered with grey lichen like that which clung to the pine branches. Jack was too surprised at first to do anything but stare, and one of the tiny men said:

"Do not take these sticks home, little boy. You will be very unkind if you do."

"Why shall I be unkind?" asked Jack, "I have found the sticks. They belong to me."

"They belong to us," answered all the little men together, and the one who had spoken first said:

"We are the servants of the King of the Dwarfs, who lives in the mountain on the other side of the forest. We had come out to gather wood, and hoped to meet nobody, for if anyone takes the sticks we gather, we are obliged to serve that person for seven years, and till that time is over we cannot go back to our dear home in the mountain or see our dear people. Oh! little boy, you will not be so unkind as to force us to be your servants and leave all we love for seven years."

Poor Jack had been thinking how nice it would be to have so many servants, who would perhaps help them to earn some money to pay the rent. The dwarf looked up at him with piteous eyes, and he remembered how his father used to say:

"Never do evil that good may come." It would certainly be doing evil to force the poor little dwarfs to be his servants, but he did so want their help. At last he said:

"I won't take the sticks."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," called out the little men, and the one who had spoken first said: "You must not think because we are so small we are not grateful. You have done something for us, cannot we do something for you?"

"I don't know," said Jack, "but we are in great trouble."

"Tell us about it, and we will help you," cried all the little men. So Jack told his sad story. When he had finished one of the dwarfs said—

"Here is something that will help you," and he took off his cap and put it into Jack's hand. Jack wondered what good the grey cap could possibly be, but the little man said: "If you are in any difficulty, if Master Timothy takes you

up to the great house and Sir Lockup says you must go to prison, throw the cap straight into his face, and say—

> 'Come and help me, come this way,
> Master of the cap—obey,
> Come and help without delay.'

then you will see what will happen."

The little men shouldered their sticks, and trotted down the path so fast that Jack hadn't even the time to say, "Thank you."

He was very much astonished, but not so much as some little boys would have been, who had never heard the wonderful fairy tales the woodcutter told in the long winter evenings. He put the little cap in his pocket, and set about collecting some more sticks, eager to tell his mother about the strange friends he had made in the wood.

When he entered the kitchen his mother was crying, his father looked angry, and Master Timothy stood in the middle of the room, talking very loud and fast, with his ugly face redder than usual. Two men stood behind him, and seemed to be waiting for his orders. Jack ran up to his mother—

"Oh! mother, what is the matter?" he asked.

"We can't pay the rent, dear," she replied, "and Master Timothy will not wait a day. He says he will take us all up to the great house, and that Sir Lockup will put us in prison," and the poor woman cried again.

"Yes, I've said it, and I mean to do it," called out Master Timothy in his harsh voice. "Come along, you good-for-nothing fellow, you," and he dragged the woodcutter to the door. Nothing could be done, the woodcutter's foot still hurt him so much that he found it very hard to walk, but he was pushed and pulled along by Master Timothy and the other men, and the poor mother followed with Jack, crying bitterly. So after a long time they came to the great house, and were brought into the room where Sir Lockup had just finished his breakfast.

Sir Lockup was a very ugly old man in a yellow dressing-gown. He had ever so much money hidden away in chests and boxes, but he spent scarcely anything and lived mostly on mouldy crusts and potato peelings. He had a large black cat, so thin that you could see its bones sticking up under-

neath its skin, but to whom he gave every day some of his potato peelings, a thing which he never did for anyone else. The cat was sitting on the table when the woodcutter was pushed into the room, and it stared at Jack with its big green eyes.

"Now then," snarled Sir Lockup, "what do you want here?"

"He can't pay his rent," growled Master Timothy, "so I've turned him out."

"Miaou," squalled the cat.

"Oh! sir, if you only knew," cried the poor mother, "it is because ——"

"Be quiet," said the old man; "you must go to prison, all three. Those who can't pay their rent go to prison, I make it a rule."

"But if you let me explain, sir, how it was," began the woodcutter.

"Be quiet," said Sir Lockup. "Here, Timothy, is the key of the big dungeon. The sooner they are in prison the better."

Jack had been listening all this time very hard, and when Sir Lockup had finished, he ran up to him, threw the cap in his face, and called out—

"Come and help me, come this way,
Master of the cap—obey.
Come and help without delay."

Sir Lockup started up in a great rage, and ran towards Jack, who got behind a big chair. Instead of following him, the old man ran straight to the door. He looked so funny that Jack could not help laughing, for all the time he was trying his hardest to get back to his arm chair. "Timothy," he panted, "lock the door, don't let me get through."

Timothy ran towards the door, but instead of locking it, opened it wide and he ran through, trying all the time to stop, and calling out, "Stop me, somebody, stop me quick." Jack and his mother and father felt themselves gently pushed by invisible hands, and they followed out of the house into the wood. On the way Jack told his parents all about his meeting with the dwarfs, and though they were very much surprised they were not afraid, for, said the woodcutter, "my grand-

father had dealings with the dwarfs, and they were always kind and honest."

They went on till they reached an open place in the wood, where a great many broken pine boughs were lying on the ground.

Then they all stopped, and suddenly from among the sticks jumped out hosts of little brown men, who danced round Sir Lockup and Master Timothy, crying, "Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha."

One of them came up to the woodcutter and said: "Don't be afraid. You must come with us now, but no harm will happen to you." Then very quickly they made a sort of sledge of pine branches, and told the woodcutter and his wife and little boy to get into it. They tied ropes to old Sir Lockup and Master Timothy, in spite of their struggles and cries, and made them drag the sledge along the rough snowy paths of the wood, seating themselves upon the branches, and laughing and clapping their hands as the sledge went swiftly along, in spite of the anger of the two unwilling horses. After a long time they reached the mountain and entered a dark narrow passage, leading down and down, deep into the earth. The walls of the passage shone and sparkled dimly in the darkness, as if there were rubies and emeralds upon them, and at every corner queer grinning faces peeped out, little men hooked themselves on to the sledge, poked Master Timothy, or slyly pulled the flying tails of Sir Lockup's yellow dressing gown. Sometimes they passed a hollow place, light and warm, where they heard the sound of hammers and rude songs as the little men worked busily, making gold and silver collars and bracelets, and all manner of wonderful things more fine and delicate than any made by human workmen.

At last the travellers reached a great hall, dimly lighted by the glimmer of the diamonds and emeralds in the walls, and with a throne all of gold on a raised platform at one end.

On the throne sat a little brown dwarf, whose coat and shoes sparkled with jewels and who wore on his head a splendid shining crown. He was the King of the Dwarfs. The woodcutter and Jack made their best bow, and the mother curtsied, as she had been taught at the village school. Sir Lockup and Timothy stood near, very angry but powerless to move. The king looked hard at the two old men.

"I have heard of the evil doings of these mortals," said he; "do you bring them here for me to judge them?"

"We do, oh king," replied a dwarf. "If your Majesty will graciously listen to the tale of this good woodcutter, your Majesty will judge it well that we brought them."

The woodcutter stepped forward and told his story quite simply. When he had finished, the king, pointing to Master Timothy, said—

"Has this man ever done any good to anyone?"

Nobody answered.

"Take him away to the mines," said the king; and after Master Timothy had been led away down a dark passage, the king said:

"Has this man ever done any good to anyone?" and he pointed to Sir Lockup.

"Yes, your Majesty," called out a cracked voice from the other end of the hall, and the big black cat, thinner than ever, and with eyes shining like live coals, came leaping to her master's side.

"What has he done for you?" asked the king.

"He gave me some of his own potatoe peelings every morning," replied the cat.

"He did not give you very many," said the king, looking at the poor lean cat, "but it is well. You will remember this act of kindness," he went on, turning to the dwarf who stood near, "when you give him his work."

"Yes, your majesty," replied the dwarf, as he led Sir Lockup away.

"What are they going to do with them?" whispered Jack in a frightened voice to his mother.

The king overheard him, and answered:

"They have been very unkind on earth, so now they will have to work hard for us down here."

"Will they ever be allowed to come back again?"

"That depends on how they do their work. But in any case Sir Lockup will be allowed to go first, because he was kind to his cat, and Master Timothy has been kind to no one."

"And now," said the king, "would you rather go back to your cottage in the wood, or would you like to go into another country on the other side of the mountain, where all the people are good, and where you could easily find work. Even

though Sir Lockup has gone away, it is not certain that you will find a good man for your master, and in this other country everyone is kind."

The woodcutter talked a little while to his wife and Jack, and then said:

"Oh! king, we thank you all very much for your kindness and help, and we would go into this new country if you will show us the way."

"We always repay kindness with kindness," said the king. "It was your little boy who was first kind to us. Farewell, and all prosperity in the new country."

They were then led away by the dwarfs, and went on for many hours in the pine wood sledge. Jack fell asleep against his mother's shoulders, and woke just as they came out of the mountain into the new country. What a lovely sight met their eyes! Here it was spring. All the fields were green with the young fresh grass, and the fruit trees hung down their branches heavy with white blossoms. Little children wandered in the meadows, gathering great bunches of daisies, cowslips, and buttercups. The sleek brown cows lifted up their heads from among the flowers, and moved away slowly, tinkling their bells, as the children passed. A blackbird sang on the hawthorn hedge, and his wife on her nest looked out at the travellers with friendly black eyes. A pretty stream ran down the middle of the valley, and on the banks clustered many cottages, with thatched roofs and bright little gardens in front.

An old white-headed man came slowly along the path, and held out his hand to the travellers, saying;

"Welcome!"

The dwarfs sprang into their sledge. "Good-bye! good luck!" they shouted, waving their lichen caps, and then they disappeared in the dark mountain, and Jack and his father and mother turned to begin their life in the beautiful new country.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende Boexkens."

"*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*," 2 vols. 10*d*. each (Percival and Co.) Edited by R. P. Horsley. Mr. Glazebrook is doing capital service both for schools and families, in this series of Classics for Schools. Handy volumes, clear type, short chapters, short paragraphs, and really useful notes, bring this most interesting of our historical classics within easy reach of an intelligent boy or girl of from thirteen to fifteen. It is as *literature* that the editor desires this series to be taken up. History, geography, philology, ethnology may be treated by the way; but the main thing is to give the young reader a sense of the charm of style. "Perhaps" says the editor "the great charm in Prescott's style, is that the reader finds himself under a sort of delusion that the writer himself took a personal part in the struggles, marches, and triumphs of Cortes' army." Many of us can say with Mr. Glazebrook, "I can still remember the enthusiastic delight with which I first read it as a boy of thirteen."

"*How to Tell the Parts of Speech*." Dr. Abbott, 2*s*. (Seeley and Co.) Do all our readers know Dr. Abbott's most admirable little book? It is hardly possible to use it without giving the child student absolutely clear notions as to the functions of each of those tiresome and often misleading entities yclept parts of speech. "The fundamental principle of English Grammar may be stated with little exaggeration as being this, *that any word may be used as any part of speech*." A principle which causes dire confusion in a child's mind, and leads to the conviction that any word in any connection may be any part of speech, and you hit the right one only by a lucky shot. But the child who has studied this little book knows what he is about, he does not consider the word by itself, but sees what use it is put to, and at once has it in its proper place. A little pupil trained according to this system once answered the question, "How are you getting on with your grammar?" by saying he was not learning grammar, but he could tell an adverb from a conjunction. It is the author's hope that many children may in the same way, be taught by this little book to tell an adverb from a conjunction, even though they may be ignorant that they are learning grammar.

Part I. of Prof. Miall's "*Object Lessons from Nature*," (Cassell and Co.) has already been noticed in the *Parents' Review*. Part II. contains more difficult lessons from nature, and is well suited to boys and girls from twelve to any age. Part II. contains eighteen lessons on as many subjects, with good experiments and illustrations. The lesson on the river is capital and well repays careful study. After describing the mouth, we are taken up the whole length of a North country river. Its tributaries, weirs, hills, valley, shingle, bends, waterfalls, are all brought before us, in a paragraph of most careful scientific teaching, that no one could read without learning some fresh fact, put before one in a happy and attractive fashion. The experiments are very simple and so delightful, that it is very tempting to try them. The one on the expansion of solids is capital, so are those on

the "skin of water." Each lesson affords splendid scope for drawing out the thinking powers of children, and leading them to ponder on the strange and wonderful powers of the familiar objects they see around them.

DEAR EDITOR,—I should like to call the attention of your readers to a capital little Natural History book, "*Workers without Wage*," E. Carrington, (Griffith and Farran, 3*s*. 6*d*.) It is arranged in a series of lessons, with questions at the end of each, they are most interesting and well worth reading. Children are very fond of asking their friends to tell them in what way insects etc., are of use. In "Workers without Wage," Miss Carrington shows how nature employs her servants to preserve the balance of power between animal and vegetable life, *e.g.* "The office of the wireworm, the cockchafer, grub, and others of the same kind, is to do root-pruning—The cockchafer is also a pruner of trees, especially of the oak, which sprouts out with renewed vigour after he has paid it a visit, and with that grave policeman in plain clothes, Mr. Rook, to keep him in check, there is little fear of his doing any serious harm." In the chapter on the snail, we are told that "In the great garden of the world, a whole band of creatures are always busy at work of this kind, and very little thanks they get for their labour. Among this class of workmen snails and slugs are some of the most active. Out in the fields and woods they keep the trees and the hedgerow plants in order, and all the while that they are checking the overgrowth of herbage, they are steadily preparing their own bodies as food for other creatures, so that they do a double service." The whole book is full of valuable information, on the habits and uses of the birds, beasts and fishes, by which we are surrounded, and should prove a very useful text-book to any who really care for, and wish to study the works of nature.

Another book I should like to call attention to, is "*The Beauties of Nature*," Lubbock, (Macmillan, 6*s*.) It contains chapters on natural scenery, animals, vegetables and minerals. There is much curious and valuable information on a multitude of subjects, any one of which, if followed up by careful study of other works on the subject, would open up a field of surprising interest and pleasure. It is impossible to read any part of the book without feeling the charm that pervades all Lubbock's work, making it a delightful feast of good things, even to the person whose interest in nature is uncultivated or perhaps even non-existent. When reading his description of the Downs, one seems to feel the fresh breeze blowing over the rounded summits laden with scent of the wild thyme, or to hear in fancy the metallic sound of the innumerable sheep-bells, the whistle of the low flying plover or the gay songs of the larks. In the chapters on water, one's mind is carried over the pleasant fields of fancy, to the rivers, lakes, or broads of our summer outings, the sound of the oars, the rustle of the reeds, the song of the warbler, sunsets one has seen from the sea-level of the Suffolk marshes, mountains glowing in the rosy light seen from Windermere or Rydal, each is brought so vividly before one, that the charm of reading the pleasing flow of Lubbock's English, is greatly enhanced by the delightful way in which one's mind is carried over ground teeming with pleasant memories of happy holiday times.

L.M.H.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the *Nineteenth Century* Prof. Mahaffy replies to the critics of his article on the "Future of Education," which appeared some months ago in the same review, and suggests improvements that seem to him to be feasible in primary, technical, and grammar schools, and in the Universities. With regard to the higher grades he points out the mischievous fallacy that underlies most of our mistakes, when intelligent men can say, "Is it not disgraceful that a young man should leave a place of liberal education without knowing how a locomotive works, or without being able to read a French or German book, or without understanding the composition of the rocks, or knowing the origin of his native literature, or what not?" "Each of these questions," he says, "suggests an affirmative answer, and makes the vulgar public wonder how the benighted mediævalism of the schools has been tolerated. But when they all come together, even an ordinary fool can see . . . . that like the child who tries to secure more than the hands will hold, we are likely to drop the best things and earn not wealth but dissatisfaction . . . . The old doctrine that *all that we can teach the young out of the infinity of what can be known, is how to know one or two things, so that while the knowing of other things may be made easier, the knowing of other things inaccurately may be despised*—this doctrine seems almost driven out of the world."

In *Macmillan*, Frederick Adye discourses pleasantly on "Old-Fashioned Children," certain old friends of his and ours in fiction, and ends up his moralizing by saying, "Few parents, perhaps, have any sufficient sense of their moral and social obligations, or realise that their offspring are of greater importance than themselves. Yet such must be the case, since the character which remains to be formed is obviously of greater import and significance to society than that which for good or ill is already developed. Each generation should be in fact an advance upon the preceding one; and such parents as can leave children to succeed them, who shall be morally, mentally, and physically superior to themselves, have proved themselves benefactors to society, and may depart when their time comes in the comfortable assurance that they have not lived in vain"

Of special interest and value to parents are the reminiscences of her childhood, which Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett gives in *Scribner* for January and succeeding months, under the title, "The one I knew the best of all." She relates her earliest recollections, and traces step by step the influences and feelings which seem to her to have made her character what it is.

I noted also the following articles: "Evening Continuation Schools," by Lord Battersea, in the *New Review*; "A Boston Schoolgirl in 1771" *(Atlantic Monthly)*; "Public Playgrounds for Children," by Lord Meath *(Nineteenth Century)*.

I have received the first number of "The Children's League of Pity Paper," destined to interest children in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If this league is conducted on the lines indicated in the opening number of their periodical it cannot fail to benefit this most noble and (alas!) necessary work, and, perhaps, no less those little ones who are thus enlisted in its service.

I would wish to refer to one other matter which lies outside my province, but for the sake of the warning you will possibly allow me to mention it. Speaking to a doctor the other day whose little girl had been for the last month laid up with typhoid fever, I asked him how he considered she had caught it. He said that they could only put it down to tadpole-hunting in —— Ponds, which ponds, by the way, have by no means a bad reputation.

August 12th, 1893. PATER JUNIOR.

"The great Mogul Emperor, Akbar, considered a painter had peculiar opportunities of appreciating God's perfections, for in sketching from life he must awaken to the fact that he was incapable of creation, and so his mind would be turned to God the Giver of life, and the knowledge of his heart be enlarged.

"On one of the palaces the emperor inscribed the touching words: 'The world is a bridge—pass over it, but build no house there; he who hopeth for an hour may hope for an eternity; the world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is unseen.' Compare with this the words of the Scotch Puritan, Rutherford: 'Build your nest on no tree here, for God hath appointed the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up and build upon the Rock.'

"This great-souled Akbar composed and read out the following lines to his court on some state occasion :—

'The Lord to me the Kingdom gave,
He made me good and wise and brave,
He guided me in faith and truth,
He filled my heart with right and ruth;
No wit of man can sum His state,
Allah! Akbar—God is great.'

"A quaint legend is told concerning a fakir's tomb, wherein was discovered a child's body, who was doubtless the real prince. The victorious Akbar halted at the foot of a rock, where dwelt a hermit; he was very sad, having just lost twin sons. The fakir's own baby, aged six months, seeing his father buried in thought after the emperor's visit, asked why he had sent the conqueror of the world away in despair. The fakir replied, 'All the royal children are doomed to die, unless someone gives his own child instead.' 'By your permission,' said the precocious infant, 'I will die, that his majesty may no longer want an heir,'—and forthwith *died!* Soon after a prince was born, who, though called 'Faquir Sulim,' was most probably a changeling."

From *Clear Round* (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.), by E. A. Gordon.

[We had not space in our notice of *Clear Round* (August number) to give any quotations, but it is impossible by an excerpt here and there to give any idea of a work so teeming with interest and so full of tender human sympathy. No home book-shelves should be without it.]

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—The following extracts may be worth bringing before your readers.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less, of those connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The Player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that His play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that He never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shews delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers on the other side."—*From "Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews," by Thos. Edwd. Huxley.*

To the Editor of the "Parents' Review."

MADAM,—May I put in a plea for the caddis worm? In the current number of your admirable and interesting magazine I see a prettily written little letter about the keeping of these creatures, signed Hilda Mary Spafford. Now it is quite plain that your young contributor loves and cares for her captives, but that their habits are totally unknown to her; she is in reality, though with the best intentions, preparing slow starvation for them. The caddis worm is an exceedingly voracious being, preying upon other living things which it seizes and devours. Its office—for it has its use in the water world—is to help in clearing it of a host of smaller tribes which would be harmful if they over-increased. It is one of a vast band of scavengers, whose work is appointed by God for the good of the universe, and in the performance of which tasks it is a pity to disturb them; they can but perish slowly when withdrawn from the sphere of their labours, where alone they can find the food suitable for them. The lettuce and water-weed offered to the poor caddises in question was a meal quite as uneatable as the sealing wax and beads. When caddis worms nibble weed, as they often do, it is for the purpose of patching their wonderful houses, not of swallowing it.

Your well-meaning young friend will, I am sure, feel a pang of regret at finding her favourites dead from want and fatigue; the slippery surface of a saucer would not afford a restful foothold. I strongly advise her to put them back into their native home, and to content herself with watching the habits of such insects and animals as may be observed in their own native haunts. Depend upon it that we obtain knowledge at too heavy a cost, if it is purchased by "sorrow to the meanest thing that feels." All life is sacred, as being the gift of the Heavenly Father. "His tender mercies are over all his works," the tiny, as well as the magnificent.

I am, dear Madam, yours truly,

EDITH CARRINGTON.

MORE SCRAPS FROM A MOTHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

Due attention has always been given to pointing out the duties which children owe to parents. It is equally necessary to emphasize those which parents owe to their children. We frequently hear people, especially women, bewailing the lack of appreciation, interest, and sympathy manifested in home life, but these same women oftentimes do not realize that they too are guilty of the same neglect. Many a child who is really fondly loved is unaware of it, for expressions and repression have darkened more lives than we can count—whilst bodily comforts and physical requirements are carefully considered, kind words and pleasant compliments are left unspoken, *and the motives of our children's acts are either totally disregarded or unappreciated.* It must be a differently constituted child from any we have found, if it cannot be taught when only a toddler the beauty of unselfishness and generosity, by a persistent and oft repeated appreciation of its manifestations in the spirit.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and enquire "Why was it not otherwise ordained?"

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay:
Look not thro' the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

SCRAPS FROM ANOTHER MOTHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

As we meet and touch each day,
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful ministry;
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each, as well as blest.

The successful people in this world are commonly those who make the most of their opportunities. In every battle of life there are pivot occasions on which the greatest interests are depending. The loss of these never can be retrieved. The dilatory are always just a little way behind the point where all the successes are won. Ten minutes of sharp striking when the iron is hot are worth days of tiresome hammering when it has grown cold. Here is a timely hint for those who want to make this a good working time in their churches,—"As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men." In his letter to the Ephesians, Paul exhorts them to "redeem the time." A literal rendering would be, "buying the opportunity." The word "time" is vague and indefinite, the word "opportunity" signifies the very nick of time, the golden moment. The great busy apostle practised what he preached. He did not allow one of his chances to slip. All the most successful soul-winners have been those who improved the nick of time. I have known several teachers who had the sweet satisfaction of seeing all their class converted, but they were wise in co-operating with the Holy Spirit, and believed in seizing opportunities. How many a godly mother has watched for the best moments; the peculiar emergencies, when she could mould the plastic heart of her child, and stamp thereon an influence for all eternity.—*From the Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

COMMITTEE OF ENQUIRY ON THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION OF CHILDREN.

DEAR EDITOR,—At the present time when so many Societies of all kinds exist for the suppression of evil in grown up people, it is refreshing to know that a certain Committee has been appointed to enquire into the "Causes" in young children, which bring about such disastrous "Effects" (if allowed to go on unchecked) as the child grows up to manhood.

When the subject of "Childhood and School-life" came before the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography during its session last August, it was found that a very large class of children existed who were neither blind, deaf, nor imbecile, but who were defective in nervous or mental capacity. The Congress therefore appointed a Committee to carry on further investigations with a view to the study of (1) "the modes of training and care required for certain groups of children, especially those physically weak and mentally feeble; and (2) the *Causation* of defective conditions." Some of the results of these investigations Dr. Francis Warner has lately laid before meetings held at Kensington and Belsize Park and they are full of very startling facts. Some 50,000 children drawn from Board, Industrial and Poor Law Schools have been inspected, with the result that one in every six was found defective in mental, physical, or nerve power. Speaking in broad terms, the girls in average Day Schools are better made and have superior nerve conditions than the boys. For instance in 20 Day Schools of Upper Social Class inspected, the per centage of boys with defective nerve power was $12\frac{1}{2}$, of girls, $10\frac{1}{2}$; in Poor Law Schools the per centage was 15 for boys, $9\frac{3}{4}$ for girls. On the side of Nationality however much has to be investigated; as an instance, Jewish boys are brighter and better developed than girls, and 7% better than English boys, whilst Irish lads rank lowest in development.

Space does not admit of further statistics, these will follow shortly in the form of pamphlets, &c., issued by the Committee, but enough has been said to show how necessary it is that funds should be given to support and carry on this important work of investigation, in order that plain and practical results may ensue and lead to—either the avoidance of original causes, or proper treatment by Parents and Teachers when they do arise, to check the abnormal increase of defective brain power with its certain result of a tendency to evil in one form or another.

It is desired by the Committee to extend their enquiry among 100,000 children and the professional and working expenses are estimated at £2000. When the benefit to future generations is considered this amount is small indeed. All information may be obtained from the

Hon. Sec., 5, Prince of Wales' Terrace,

Kensington Palace, W. E. B.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—We have received our Class List.—*First Class*: B. E. Fagan, J. D. Scale, M. W. Kitching, J. M. Baird. *Second Class*: L. M. Rouse, M. James, E. Brown. *Third Class*: E. O'Brien. *Report*: "The papers were throughout very intelligently answered. Miss Fagan's papers were excellent, both in style and substance, and the Misses Scale, Kitching and Baird deserve special mention."

(Signed) H. C. BEECHING, M.A.

The results of the examination in education are very cheering. In December last four students were presented; of these one passed in the first, one in the second, and two in the third class. Now, out of eight students, we have four first class and only one third class certificate, a marked advance. The certificates are given both upon results of written work, and also on the report of one of H.M.'s Inspectors of Schools upon each student who has given a lesson before him. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Marvin were good enough to take part in the summer inspection of the House of Education, and to hear the students teach.

House of Education Natural History Club.—Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—It is very important that you should all of you take the greatest care to work up for yourselves in Natural History the subject you find appeals most to you. To some, flowers come quite easily and naturally: you learn their names, where they grow and their habits, without much thought on your own part. Others feel a greater interest in stones. Some like birds, others insects; either of these offers a field of vast interest to the observer, who will for herself carefully note down each thing she finds out about the plant, stone or bird that comes before her. To see for oneself, and then to look at one's text-book, is the very best way of learning the life-story each thing has to tell. In this way science may be helped, mind and body improved, and much pleasure enjoyed quite quietly and naturally by all of you. In this way, too, your notes in your books will be of interest to many, as containing "eye-witness" to the facts noted down. The date of first finding a flower, or the last time you noticed a swallow, may seem very trivial to outsiders, but at least it cultivates observation and "seeing." Make a list of flowers to-day and compare it with your April list. What will it tell you? Try it and see. You will find that it will make you reflect on the flowers you have noticed day after day since then: you will insensibly find yourself recalling flower after flower over and gone. You will think of the field where you got the great burnet, the hedges where the adox grew, the hill-side with the field of daisies, the river with its borders of rue and globe flowers,—bright sunny hours and pleasant companionship. All this and more your note-books will bring before you at any time you choose.

Note-books should contain careful daily or weekly diaries of plants, birds, or insects observed during the day or week, and systematic notes of any natural object you have had time or opportunity to examine. A careful drawing should accompany each entry in your book that gives an account of any particular object you may have been examining. When learning the Natural Orders of plants, a good sketch of a characteristic plant in each Order is of great assistance in learning the features of the plants, and impresses them upon the mind quicker than anything I know.

It is a good plan also to make notes of interesting facts relating to animal and vegetable life that you come across in your general reading. Also to note down the old rhymes and sayings one so constantly hears from old country people, or reads in stray articles in magazines, &c. In this way you may collect a great number of interesting and valuable facts and traditions, not to be found out in any other way. They are things one hears and then forgets, but which, if collected together in your books, may often throw light on many things otherwise difficult to understand.

Fésole Club, September.—The subject for this month will be COWS. Drawings to be sent by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, R.S.O., Lancashire.

Mothers' Education Course.—Will those members of the Course who have not sent in their examination papers do so at once, or at any rate say why they are unable to do the examination? The results cannot be made known until we have heard from all the members of the M.E.C.

Parents' Review School.—The programmes for the autumn term were sent out by the end of July, because some mothers wished to have them early, that they might study the work and have the books ready by Sept. 1st, when the Term's work begins.

Parents' Review.—We are glad to learn from one friend and another that steady efforts are being made to increase the circulation of the Magazine. Will any readers who have spare copies of March and May, 1890, and January, 1893, send them to H. Perrin, Esq., 8, Carlton Hill, N.W., who will be glad to purchase them.

House of Education.—The Autumn Term begins on September 30th, with a good number of, in many cases, highly qualified students. We hope shortly to be better able to meet the demand for governesses.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

HAMPSTEAD BRANCH.—Miss Playne, so long the valued secretary of this Branch, has been compelled to give up the work, to the great regret of the members, who presented her with a silver inkstand in token of their esteem. Mrs. Braidwood kindly undertook the post, but feared that she too must resign, on account of an unexpected change of residence. She has, however, consented to continue for the present. (2, Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.)

THE SUSSEX BRANCH OF THE JUNIOR ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(In connection with the P.N.E.U.)—*Council of Reference:* Lady Ashburnham, Francis Barchard, Esq., Miss Birkett, Miss Butler, The Hon. Mrs. Campion, Mrs. Currie, The Lady Mary Egerton, Mrs. Frewer, Miss Hall, Mrs. Hollist, Mrs. Heywood Johnstone, Mrs. Lane (Bexhill), The Lady Louise Loder, Lady Loder, Mrs. Margesson, Mrs. Otter, The Rev. W. R. Stephens, The Ven. Archdeacon Sutton. *Treasurer:* Mrs. Francis Sclater, Westmeston Rectory. *Secretary:* Mrs. William Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint.

RULES.

I. That the Council shall decide the Rules and admit the Members.

II. That the Members shall be over eight and under eighteen years of age.

III. That there shall be two meetings annually—in June and in August. (The attendance of members is optional.)

IV. That the arrangements for each meeting shall be undertaken by one or two members of the Council, living nearest to the place it is proposed to visit; a Manager, appointed on each occasion, who will arrange for the conveyance of the party; and the Secretary.

V. That a Lecturer be chosen for each meeting.

VI. That two Prizes be offered—a Senior and a Junior, for the best answers to a list of questions, supplied three days after each meeting by the Lecturer. Each competitor shall undertake to answer the questions unaided and from memory. *(This Examination is optional.)*

VII. That the names of members wishing to attend any meeting of which notice has been given, shall be sent in to the Secretary not later than fifteen days before the day appointed for it to take place. This is to facilitate arrangements depending upon numbers.

VIII. That each member shall bring his own lunch. Tea will be provided by the Manager at a small cost.

IX. That each member shall have the privilege of bringing two friends, senior to the age of membership. *(It is desirable that children shall not be unaccompanied.)*

X. That the terms of Membership shall *not exceed* 2/6 a year.

[We wish we could have a Junior Archæological Society connected with the P.N.E.U. in every county in England. We have long thought, and said that to know a single English county as it should be known, is a liberal education in itself. Will any of our readers who see their way to following Mrs. Borrer's lead in establishing a Branch, be good enough to write to us?—ED.]

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

*ON ONE ASPECT OF NURSERY HYGIENE.

BY MISS HELEN WEBB, M.B.

MY title has in all probability suggested to those present a discourse on fresh air, clothes, food, in fact all that pertains to acknowledged physical hygiene. Such matters cannot be too highly valued, nor in their proper place too closely attended to; but in these latter days they have been much ventilated, and many excellent text-books are at the disposal of all who wish to add to their knowledge or to clear up uncertain questions. It seemed to me that it would be more useful for us on this occasion, to apply some of the principles common to both physical and mental conditions to the latter, and set ourselves to consider one or two of the many problems connected therewith. The mismanagement of mental conditions, especially in certain temperaments, is even more injurious to body and mind, than unhealthy physical surroundings, while knowledge of the subject is less formulated, and information not so accessible to the general public.

*A paper read before the Streatham and Hampstead Branches of the P.N.E.U.

Every day it is more realised by the medical profession that wrong mental hygiene in youth, lays the seeds of some of the most intractable diseases of later life. I refer chiefly though not solely, to what are known as functional nervous disorders, and to that temperament which is now-a-days called "neurotic" or "nervous," the temperament in which brain and nerve preponderate over the more animal side of the creature, and in which all kinds of physical symptoms are often but the expression of mental ill-health, explosions of wrongly managed nervous energy.

I have little doubt that at this point some of my audience are feeling that this is a subject of real interest to them, while others are saying to themselves, "This does not concern me, for my children are not neurotic, thank God." To these latter I say, do not be too certain that your children are not so; and if you find that they are, do not allow the discovery to sadden you. All culture tends towards such a development. If what you mean is, that no neurotic *aberration* has as yet shown itself in your children, be thankful for that; and set yourselves heartily to learn how, in the future, to avoid being the cause of anything of the kind.

We have said that the neurotic temperament is that in which brain and nerve preponderate; in other words, the temperament in which the most sensitive and highly evolved parts of the organism present the fullest development. People of this type, if well balanced and harmoniously developed, are the very salt of the earth. Let them on the other hand become degraded and warped by a wrong attitude in those about them, and by adverse circumstances generally, they become some of the most unsatisfactory, not to say injurious of human beings. Perhaps it is because only the latter, drifting into the hands of the doctor, are labelled "neurotics" that the world has such a horror of the name. The chances are that when you meet the intensely sympathetic, pure and noble man, cultivated and refined, whose atmosphere brings with it elevation and peace, and at once relegates minor matters to their proper place, you are in the company of a neurotic. The prophets of old were neurotics, and to my mind the highest example of this type was the physical form in which Christ dwelt on earth.

Here let me remind you that three kinds of equilibrium or

balance are recognised in mechanics; first there is the ordinary stable equilibrium of a chair or table, which if disturbed (provided the disturbance has not gone very far), tends to fall back into its original position. This is a good satisfactory equilibrium—very useful in common life, but which cannot adapt itself to the unusual. Is it not a type of the healthy non-neurotic temperament? Then there is unstable equilibrium—the equilibrium of the poker balanced upon one's finger, always tending to fall in one direction or another. Do we see here a type of the inadequately balanced neurotic temperament? Lastly, there is mobile-stable equilibrium such as we see in various toys, so weighted and balanced that, lay them how you will, they tend after a few oscillations to return to the vertical position. This to my mind typifies an ideal equilibrium of character only to be found in individuals of the well poised neurotic temperament. God grant that none of us, who may be intrusted with the care of a nervous child through the course of its development, may do any rash or ignorant thing, which would interfere with the placing of its moral centre of gravity in the one spot which will for that individual insure such a balance.

Teachers naturally concentrating their attention chiefly on the well-being of the average fairly animal child, have devised excellent plans for giving him mechanical stability, plans we may compare to those devised by the joiner to keep the table steadily upon its feet. This is an object highly praiseworthy in the carpenter, and which would be quite satisfactory in the teacher, were Nature not every day throwing upon our hands a large and rapidly increasing proportion of neurotic children. What must be kept in mind about such is, that all devices for giving them that stolid equilibrium will fail; and we might as well therefore concentrate our attention on producing the kind of balance which alone is possible to them, namely the mobile-stable.

To the majority of us the great temptation is to be over meddlesome. Though the educator may have before his mind pre-conceived ideas of what is best for such and such a child under given circumstances, he will do the more good and the less harm in proportion as he holds such ideas loosely, and is ready to modify them as occasion arises. In medicine we not infrequently make use of what is called

"expectant treatment." By this is meant that having placed the patient under the best and most suitable hygienic conditions, we watch the natural course of the disease, and only step in with drugs or surgical interference when we see that some avoidable danger threatens. This method is more and more resorted to in the treatment of the eruptive fevers, and some other acute illnesses which run a definite course, and in the main tend to recovery. I need not say that under this reverent handling, Nature more often triumphs than in the days when, proceeding on some unproved theory, the doctor plied such patients with innumerable drugs, and submitted them to bleedings which often introduced elements of danger, and complications of the disease, before non-existant.

Now it seems to me that some parents and educators of to-day have not got beyond those physicians of old, and that more of the expectant element introduced into treatment of the mind, would do not a little to lessen the percentage of failures of true development.

Not long ago I heard a man of influence in the educational world say "Now is your time when your children are young. You can make of them what you will. They are in your hands like the hypnotised in the hands of the hypnotiser." Better not educate at all, say I, than educate from such a point of view as this.

Much has still to be learned by everyone, both professional and lay, as to the best methods of education; and what I would now specially urge upon you is that true and helpful knowledge, such as alone can make action bear upon the vital points of the question, can only be gained by those who, with really open and unprejudiced mind, exercise a reverent observation of facts as they are.

"It seems to me," says a wise writer, "that the first question to be considered by anyone who wants to solve the problem of healthy education is: What are we and our children tending towards? Some people think over their plans for their children in this wise: What would I like this child to become?" They assume that (within very wide limits) they can make of their children what they please; or that if they fail to do so, it is for want of finding out the right means of obtaining their object." They seem to fancy they

have a right to have plans, and that because a thing has been found good and agreeable to themselves, it must of necessity be the same for their children. Everything is made subservient in the child's education to the parent's hobby. And if the child grows up, quite the opposite of what is intended, and sickly, and quarrelsome and wicked into the bargain, they think they have a right to be surprised and disappointed. No, we have no right to be surprised at our ill-success, for our first question ought not to have been What plan will I make for my child? but What plan has already been made for it?

Let us not consider ourselves the owners of the children, but the servants of someone, who being their owner, has the direction of their circumstances more absolutely and continuously than we ourselves. We shall then grow to understand that the best we can do is to study His ways, that we may learn at least not to hinder them, and that the worst we can do for our children is to make any plans of our own at all, with respect to creatures over whom our power is so imperfect and so short lived.

We shall then learn to feel that as an under gardener, hired for a season should ask himself, not What would I like to make of this tree? but, What was my master's intention in propagating this variety? So our first question must be, What is this child's character tending towards? and what place in the great series of development is it intended to fill? In short, what can I do, or leave undone in order that my child may become as nearly as possible a perfectly developed human being? Desirable as is this point of view in all cases, most urgently is it called for in those to whom is intrusted the care of the sensitive and neurotic child.

Many methods in vogue would do fairly well if we had only to deal with the more stolid type of child, and could set the neurotics aside as exceptions for special treatment like deaf mutes or cripples. But as I have said before, this type is on the increase, and is in itself a power, not a misfortune or a manifestation of disease. It will force itself upon our notice whether we will or not, and it lies with us to encourage normal or abnormal development in its ranks. It is surely a mistake to suppose that in making provision for these, we should be sacrificing the good of the majority to that of the

exception. I believe on the contrary, that the nursery, or school so managed as to give the best possible chance to the most highly strung child in it, will also be best on the whole for the others. We may therefore regard such children as a test of general methods.

Now a few special words about the neurotic child! Many are sensitive in a high degree, often painfully so, and seem to experience both pain and pleasure with more readiness than other children. They may show a greater moral sensitiveness to moral influences. A look will be understood where another child would require a word; a word convey more pain or happiness than a definite punishment or reward to a phlegmatic child. This state of things where it exists is readily seen and acknowledged by everyone; but I would also warn you, that such children are apt to be physically sensitive to mental influences, and to give manifestations in the form of physical illness, of nerve storms going on within them. We must not be too ready to suppose in every case when a child is ill or feverish, that it is because it has caught cold or eaten something indigestible. Many neurotic children are subject to such little illnesses recurring not infrequently. They are feverish and sick, and very often for a day or two show all signs of an attack of some acute disorder, which may even be alarmingly severe. You may be pretty sure that if a child has such a habit, there is something going wrong in a very sensitive nervous system, and that in all probability the cause is to be found in some wrong point in its mental or moral environment. Do not dose each attack as a disease in itself. Learn to keep your child quiet, and not fuss over it; and carefully set yourself to find out what is wrong in the tenor of its life. This is no sign that the child wants coddling. Find the conditions that suit it, and then let it live freely in them. Don't stiffen it up with tonics to make it able temporarily to endure what is really unsuitable for it. Perhaps the very schooling that you think it a pity the child should miss these few days while it is in bed, may have something to do with the mischief. Or some nurse whom you have no reason to mistrust may be an unconscious exciting cause. The very machinery of competition, which used to be supposed necessary to egg on the average child to do his work, may be a powerful enough stimulous to determine nerve explosions,

and consequent exhaustion in more sensitive little people. In any case, beyond the exciting cause, the predisposing one lies deeply in the child's constitution, and the difficulty must be faced as a whole. What we have to aim at, is not the patching up of each little illness as it occurs, but such a steadying of the child's nervous system, that it may outgrow the tendency to these explosions. We must break the habit, which, if left alone, will continue through life in other forms of functional if not organic nervous disease.

Of the many more complex and less obvious forms of moral sensitiveness to be encountered in different children of neurotic temperament, I shall only briefly discuss two. One of these is eminently safe, the other exceedingly dangerous, and the former may perhaps point us to a path of safety in some other puzzling cases. Extreme sensitiveness to the principles underlying facts, giving the power of intuition of truth, has been the birthright of some of the best balanced neurotics. All that such children require is space to grow, and that those about them should be reverent and reticent. The child sees through conventions to principles, and if facts are supplied in moderate quantity, he will educate himself. This type is not uncommon among our great artists, writers, and scientific men. And in the best developed specimens the history has generally been a childhood fairly sheltered, opportunities for quiet commune with nature, and access to good books and wise counsel, when the need for either is felt. Some day the child becomes aware of his growing wings, and it is fortunate for him and the world, if his surroundings allow him to shape his life without reference to sordid or worldly motives. In the childhood of such a one, any attempt to force him to accept some other version of things than what he sees, is a danger to health and sanity. And many a real seer is more or less mutilated for life, by the plans and formulæ of those who have the ordering of his education and early days.

Perhaps the most dangerous kind of sensitiveness is that which is open, not like the last to principles and truths, but to the mental and moral influences of the people around. We hear a great deal now-a-days about thought reading. It is played with on all sides ; signs and wonders are exhibited in public, and in some circles unwholesome drawing-room manifestations are quite a fashion. Can anyone doubt that

quietly, day after day, we are all in our measure thought reading those around us, and that in not a few markedly neurotic people, the faculty is capable of almost indefinite development. The wholesome and legitimate work of such individuals is to be interpreters between original intellects and the world. The mill of conventional education succeeds in making them fantastic and hysterical, if it does not even endanger sanity. It is a common misfortune for this form of temperament, to have its reflected manifestations of genius or wisdom mistaken for the proceeds of its own brain; and I can imagine no more delicate problem before a parent or teacher, than that of discovering whether a sensitive precocious child is using its own brain, or reflecting the thought processes of others. Intuition has many ways of mirroring the intellectual acts of another person. Some children can translate almost any sentence just while the teacher has his attention concentrated on the words, and therefore seem clever at languages. Sometimes a child has spasmodic fits of original creative power in some art, each fit being distinctly traceable to contact with an original artist. Many of these children begin thinking on waking in the morning, about something, which persons with whom they are *en rapport*, talked after the children were asleep the night before, and no doubt many of the little beings whose precocious sayings and early deaths are recorded, have been thought absorbers, saturated with one's special line of feeling, taken from the one-sided tension of the enthusiasts under whose influence they came.

If the intellectual absorber always mirrored the exact results of intellectual action, thought readers would be more easily detected as such. But the reflection often differs from the original in ways which deceive superficial observers. The intuitional reflection is apt to take a more picturesque and concrete form than the original. To give one instance which has come to my knowledge. A philosopher thought out an abstract problem over night. One of these children of sensitive intuition was asleep in another room of the same house. Next morning she awoke after a restless night, prompted to write a weird and fanciful allegory, illustrative of the principle which had occupied the thoughts of the philosopher. It is a mistake to attribute these productions to the genius or

inspiration of the juvenile writer, efforts to be praised or noticed. By the wise parent they are recognised as danger signals, indications that the child is in too close contact with some thinker, one probably whose own brain is dangerously active,—who is shedding his force unduly, and so influencing intuitionists who are *en rapport* with him. The influence will probably be all the more marked if the thinker's brain is going through any crisis of change, notably that change which we call death.

Such cases as I have instanced may seem extreme, but the same thing in a less marked degree is very far from uncommon. What a temptation to the parent or teacher of such a child to inspire it with his or her own personality, and spur it on to work beyond its real powers; and how extremely dangerous to health, sanity, and true development is such a course. We cannot hinder children of this kind from being influenced by those around them, but we can see that the strain and pressure is not all in one direction, and that the exciting influence of the too intellectual to which the child most readily lends itself is counterbalanced by that of duller and more apathetic people. One can provide the very little ones with sensible commonplace nurses—essentially of the chair and table type—who, while they will see after the children's bodily wants, will be certain not to provide excitement in the nursery. As the child grows older, and begins to have lessons, the work provided for it ought to be easier than it can readily accomplish. Perfect thoroughness must be insisted on, and much may be gained a little later by making it responsible for the work of younger or stupider children, and for making them understand what they learn. The object of this last is obvious, as anything a child can explain again and teach may be supposed to have become a part of its real knowledge, and not to be a reflection of the thought processes of others. Of knowledge acquired by intuition alone, the owner is not likely to be able to give clearly the steps and explanations.

Above all, let nothing tempt you to cherish ambitions for such children,—nor to leave them much with any teacher who is ambitious for them, or believes them to be clever. Neither let a clinging fondness make you keep them too entirely under your own influence, or that of anyone to whom they

become markedly attached. It is not necessary altogether to deprive them of the pleasure which such company gives them, but see that there are other influences at work. In short, do not let all the stress draw in one direction. Do something to keep the child back. The non-responsible people around it will always be trying to bring it forward. The use of school to children of this class is not that they learn, but that they may not become absorbed in one person, and have their emotions over cultivated. Only by well balanced oscillations between opposites will these interpreters, open to all influences, reach what is their only safety, the position of mobile stable equilibrium. A most sensitive and well balanced intuitionist of this type has said, "Our much talked of superiority to mere intellect is very like that of the wren in the old song, which was made King of the Birds. Because of its very lightness, the eagle easily carried it in his feathers as high as he could go, and then a few flaps of its own little wings took it just a little bit higher, and the wren may therefore catch sooner than the eagle a glimpse of the unrisen sun."

I cannot conclude better than by another quotation from the same thought absorber. Speaking of another like herself, she says, "I know that I may say in her name as much as in my own, that we who have received in any marked degree the power of absorbing thought by magnetic contact with thinkers, cannot safely either indulge any earthly ambition of our own, or allow ourselves to become the tools of any one order of human intellect. Our function is to be servants of that unseen Truth whose vesture of many coloured truths, the intellects of the earth rend between them; and humble prophets of that Eternal Unity, fidelity to whom is for us health, life and light." Truly the parents of anyone with such a mission before him, may count themselves blessed.

THE LAST COMMANDMENT.

By Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A.

(Mrs. C. Ashley Carus-Wilson).

Author of "Clews to Holy Writ."

"Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In accordance with this apostolic injunction, it is the aim of the Christian parent and teacher, so to mould the plastic mind and heart of the child, that the law of Christ shall in after life become, no mere matter of discussion or even admiration, but the unquestioned and unquestionable rule of conduct, until habit rather than argument sets aside at once what is contrary to it.

We know well those two laws of love to God and our neighbour which Christ enunciated as the Great Commandment of His kingdom. (Matt. xxii. 37-9.) We know well that expansion of it, the law of love one to another, which He gave as His New Commandment. (John xiii. 34.) There is another law less often emphasised by us but specially emphasised by our Master, which has the peculiar sacredness of being His Last Commandment. Ten of the many occasions on which He manifested Himself after His resurrection are recorded for our instruction. Three of these manifestations were to individuals, viz., to Mary Magdalene, Cephas, and James. (Mark xvi. 9, 1 Cor. xv. 5, 7.) Four were to small groups of His followers, viz., to the women on Easter morning, to Cleopas and his friend, to the Eleven a week later, and to the Seven on the Lake of Galilee. (Matt. xxviii. 9, Luke xxiv., John xx. 26, xxi.) About these seven appearances of the Risen Lord there is something of a private and informal character, but the circumstances and purpose of the three other manifestations show that they are the most important and significant of all. And on each of the three the Last Commandment was given. On Easter evening He said to the Apostles met in solemn conclave, "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you," and told them that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all the nations. (John xx. 21.,

Luke xxiv. 47.) On the same day He appointed the great gathering in Galilee (Matt. xxviii. 7.) of more than 500 brethren, that is doubtless of the whole Church of Christ then existing (1 Cor. xv. 6), and to them He said, "Go ye and make disciples of all the nations." (Matt. xxvii. 19.) Lastly, "when they were come together," an expression which may include many besides the Twelve, He said, and they were the last words He uttered on earth, "Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa and Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth." (Acts i. 8.)

This reiterated command remains at least as binding upon the whole Christian community as any of the prohibitions of the Decalogue; and whatever excuse for evading it might have been found in earlier times in the inaccessibility of the heathen world, no such excuse is possible now, when political changes and commercial development have brought men of British race into direct contact with non-Christians of every nation in every corner of the world. Some would excuse their indifference to the matter by sweeping statements to the effect that modern missionary effort is not a success. By saying this, they simply proclaim their ignorance of a matter concerning which, ignorance is a disgrace to any Christian. For in every place where the effort has been faithfully made, there has been set upon the work the seal of a success, which would have been beyond all hope and all expectation were it not undertaken for Him and with Him, to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth. But our obligation to aid this work does not rest upon its success, actual or probable, it rests simply upon a plain Divine command. Probabilities were all against the first preachers of Christ's gospel, but they bravely obeyed their "marching orders," and we have entered into the results of their unquestioning obedience.

How shall we rise to our own duty in the matter?

It is a notable fact that the hearts of not a few who have done great things for this great cause have been won to it in early childhood. We all know the story of the Eton boy listening entranced in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to Bishop Selwyn's appeal for the islands of the sea, and responding to the appeal by living to become the martyr Bishop of Melanesia, John Coleridge Patteson. And many

not as a rule conversant with "missionary" literature, have lately felt the fascination in the autobiography of another pioneer in the same region, John Gibson Paton. His story likewise begins with the deep impression made upon his heart in early childhood by his father's petitions for the heathen at family worship. In both cases parents ungrudgingly gave a loved child to the work, and were happy in having such a costly gift to give to such a cause. Nor is effort to rouse missionary enthusiasm wasted in the case of those who do not live to become preachers of the gospel abroad. We are told that one who has perhaps done more home work for foreign missions than anyone living, was first won to them by a children's sermon preached by the Rev. James Vaughan, of Brighton, in days when he was one of only two or three clergymen, who dreamed of using the pulpit to provide milk for babes as well as meat for adults.

And apart from the direct results of helpfulness to the missionary cause in after life, there are many indirect benefits in kindling a child's interest in it. Some assert that children are naturally selfish and greedy. Some deny this, pointing to the impulse to divide possessions with others even in the nursery. Formation of character in this matter probably begins far sooner than we commonly suppose. The men and women whose selfishness makes other lives wretched to-day, were once toddlings whose elders laughed at their childish exactions, saying "They will outgrow all this," but taking no pains that they should do so, and it is not difficult to call out in hearts not yet hardened by contact with the world, a quick sympathy with others. Strive to make the range of that sympathy as wide as possible, even at the risk of diminishing some of that sense of unquestioning superiority, that makes the young Briton sweep up all foreigners as inferior creatures. The white children will assuredly be gainers and not losers by effort and even self-denial, in order to brighten the lives of the black and brown and yellow children, who have to them become fellow-creatures, and not mere cyphers in a lesson book.

Which leads us from the moral to the intellectual gain of missionary training for our children. "We are going to the house which has the globe in it," was the delighted exclamation of some Sunday School laddies from a poor

district, who had for the second time received from their teacher an invitation to spend an evening, enlivened by pictures and music and curiosities. They had never forgotten the fascination of discovering through that globe the vastness of our world, and the practical results in labour and giving of their interest in foreign missions, put some more favoured children to shame. There is no subject that can be rendered more attractive to the young than geography by a teacher gifted with sympathy and common sense, and no subject that can be more simply connected with our theme. One of the prettiest children's books that has lately appeared is Miss Gollock's "Light on our Lessons" (Church Missionary Society, 1s. 6d.) which connects all done in the schoolroom with the mission field, in a way that cannot but save both subjects from seeming "dull and dry" even to the average child. We have happily got beyond the old fashioned idea, that half the useful discipline of "lessons" is lost if they are made attractive instead of repulsive; we are also getting beyond the notion that missionary literature must be a dreary penance for the dreariest day in the week. I know no more practical solution to the problem pressing upon the conscientious parent, of how to make Sunday both a holy and a happy day for those, who cannot sit still for hours or give an adult's sustained attention to any subject, than this of making it especially a missionary day. Don't thrust missionary books into their hands that are feeble and trite, and quite beyond their comprehension. Read up some definite chapter of the subject yourself, and then spread out maps and pictures, and tell them in your own language of the church at Mengo overflowing with its morning congregation, in a land where Christ's name had never been uttered 30 years ago; of the mighty warrior Sheuksh in the frozen plains of Kitlan on the North Pacific, assembling his retainers to confess himself a Christian, and to ask their prayers on his behalf. Then let them work out the questions and prize competitions in the "Children's World" (Church Missionary Society ½d. monthly) a magazine of which I have heard complaint made by young people that it ought to be twice as large, it is so interesting. Such biographies as those of Livingstone, Allen Gardiner, and James Gilmour of Mongolia, or the illustrated lives of missionaries (Patteson,

Crowther, Morrison, &c., &c.) published at 1s. 6d. by Partridge, or The Story of Mackay of Uganda told for Boys. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), and "John G. Paton for Boys" are volumes at least as interesting, and far more profitable than the ordinary adventurous fiction that feeds the imagination of the British boy.

All this will raise the whole matter to a higher level than the mere asking for pennies to put into the missionary box, which too often constitutes the sum total of childish effort for the heathen. Desire to give will arise spontaneously when the reason for giving is understood, and the child will from the first perceive, that the giving of self in personal service is a greater thing than the giving of means. A lecturer for the Bible Society was once telling a drawing-room full of boys and girls, how an accomplished parrot once collected a large sum by saying to every one who came into the room, "Don't forget the Bible box." Half way through the story he paused and asked, "How do you think Poll helped?" One of the audience promptly called out, "Saved his seed," an apt illustration of the good old fashioned ideas on the subject. I call them *good*, for they only need expanding, not superseding. The child who forgoes idle self-indulgence for others, will not be father to the man whose selfish extravagance asserts his unchristian right to live unto himself only. Social friction and bitterness is caused not by the existence of rich people, but by the existence of rich people who use their riches for nothing but their personal enjoyment.

So we may make our children better citizens of our own state as well as better citizens of the world, by bringing home to them the spiritual as well as the temporal needs of their fellows, and engaging them in the ministry of prayer and labour for all whom God loved and Christ redeemed. It is the greatest work in the world, and yet none are too small to have some share in it, and to do something towards rolling away the reproach of indifference from Christendom.

Could we find a more powerful missionary appeal than the words lately uttered by an aged Hindu to Mr. Ball of Calcutta, from whom he had just heard the story of the gospel for the first time. With a look on his face never to be forgotten he ejaculated, "Did God really love me like that?" and added, "But no one ever told me before."

SOME THOUGHTS ON FLEMISH PAINTING.

By Honor Brooke.

Part II.

In the National gallery at London there is a picture of a newly married pair, painted when John Van Eyck was at the height of his greatness.* It bears his initials, and is supposed by some to be a portrait of himself and his wife. At first sight one is struck by the exceeding plainness of the faces, especially that of the woman; for she is florid, as any Fleming could well be, with small eyes, and light hair well brushed off her forehead, and concealed beneath a tight-fitting cap. The husband wears a broad beaver hat, overshadowing a countenance equally placid and expressionless, and they hold each other's hands in a very stiff and formal way. But who is to expect that every portrait is to be beautiful? That would be an absurdity; but one *does* expect a good artist to paint beautifully; and here this expectation is entirely fulfilled. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and truth in every part of the work, and the depth and richness of its lines. The figures are stiff, but the painting is wonderful, it shines like a gem, and looks in as perfect preservation as the day it came from Van Eyck's hands. It is worthy of careful study, even although, look as long as you like, you will never grow to *like* the faces. But in looking at a portrait, the notion of whether one likes the face or not is of very little consequence, and ought to be put aside until one has thought of other things; such as whether the portrait looks as if it really resembled the person it is intended for; whether it is truthful, faithful, and fine in execution; so worked out that the character of the person appears, by the artist having dwelt on such points as were most salient. Looked at in this way we find, at length, that we are interested in other things besides deciding if the face, expression, &c., is to our taste or not. Strange as it may seem, all great artists did not care for beauty in their models. Look at the etchings of Rembrandt,

* 1432 or 1434.

he rather liked ugly people, and yet he was a great artist. He etched his own portrait about thirty times over; he had a picturesque face, and as such he thought it as good a subject as he was likely to find, and his egotism was purely artistic; but what interested him more than beauty was the thoughtful faces of mature and intelligent men.

Another Fleming of rare merit is Hans Memling, his name is associated with the Van Eycks, as an artist of the same school. His master-pieces are found at Bruges in the Hospital of St. John, and in the Academy. Little is known about this painter; there is a pretty story related of him, but unfortunately not credited now. It is that he served under the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, and that sick and exhausted by wounds received in the battles of Granson and Nancy, he came to Bruges, and begged admittance into the Hospital of St. John. He was taken in, tended, and nursed there, and in grateful acknowledgment of so much goodness, he painted the story of St. Ursula on the reliquary there, which was said to contain one of her arms. However legendary this story may appear, it is certain that the shrine is still kept in the same hospital; the nuns still nurse the sick, the door is still open to the suffering, and the whole place has that quiet tranquil look, which might well attract a wearied man to its gates.

This shrine, in shape like the nave of a gothic church, has three compartments on either side, in each of which a scene from the life of St. Ursula is painted. Memling is here more tender in color than Van Eyck, and the space being smaller to work in, his figures are more graceful and exquisite; indeed nothing could be more beautiful than the finish and charming design of this work. The scene of the boat landing at Cologne in the beginning of the journey, and the virgins disembarking, is full of charm; Ursula, clothed in princely purple, her hair braided with pearls, steps on shore, whilst a virgin at her side carries a casket of jewels. In the distance stands the cathedral, uncompleted, as it used to be a few years ago. The return from Rome, and the landing at the same place, only to meet their martyrdom at the hands of the Huns, is the subject of another compartment; for just as the sailors push the boats from the shore, and before all are on board, the heathen archers let fly their arrows amongst the

maidens, some of whom cower behind the rigging, or cover their faces with their hands, unable to look at the murder of their companions—all in various attitudes of terror and resignation. St. Ursula is alone unmoved, her figure is touching, through its quaint grace, one hand is put out as if unconsciously to ward off the arrow, while the archer, who is very close by, is using unnecessary energy to let fly from his bow.

In the same hospital is his "Marriage of St. Catherine," * which I must mention, for as regards subject and arrangement it is a very typical picture of these early painters. A famous work, very poetical and most impressive in character, and full of sumptuous and delicate lines. The Virgin is placed in the centre, and two angels hold a crown with much grace over her head; beside her kneels St. Catherine, on whose finger the beautiful Child places a ring of betrothal; the saint is arrayed as a princess, in a splendid robe of a deep shadowy green colour, which falls round her in rich folds, a light veil falls from her forehead, and over her long auburn hair, and jewels sparkle on her person. Many of my readers will be able to conjure up some of the various different conceptions they may have seen of her in Art, all more or less ethereal and beautiful. But here we have nothing specially saintly or devout, the expression is that of one who is wholly taken up in a matter-of-fact way, with what is going on, without any kind of rapture whatever; divest her of her rich robe, her veil, and her jewels, and she would be nothing but an ordinary Fleming, very excellent but not interesting. But I must make one exception, there is a certain nobility in the forehead and upper part of the head which redeems it from the common-place. It is this want of devotional expression which strikes one so much in these early Flemish works, and which separates them from their Italian contemporaries. But we must remember that these artists who attained to so much excellence had none of the classic works of antiquity to guide them, and no great masters to imitate; the path they struck out was wholly original, and was one of intense honesty and fearless industry, without much sentiment or delight in the ideal.

* Probably painted in 1486.

However, standing behind the Virgin is a charming angel, who holds the key-board of an organ in one hand, and seems to be playing divinely with the other. St. Barbara is here represented as quite a literary character, I have seldom seen a face so absorbed in reading, whilst an angel in a flowing green robe holds her book open before her. I wonder why the Flemish painters so often place books in the hands of their female saints, I remember no instance of it in early Italian art, if a book is there at all it is in the hands of the Evangelists or the doctors of the Church. I am inclined to think that it quite belongs to northern art.

Another famous artist of the 15th century was Roger van der Weyden. He was the pupil of Van Eyck, and he it was who formed the elegant and graceful style of Memling. He was born in Tournai, early in the 15th century. In 1432 we find him settled in Brussels, with the title of "town painter," but his influence spread into every part of the Netherlands, and far away to the eastward in the various provinces of Southern Germany. He is the first Flemish painter on record who went to Italy, and returned, unaltered, after seeing the masterpieces in Tuscany. We may presume that the old Fleming wandered into the churches at Florence, adorned by Giotto, and Orcagna, and Angelico, but there is no trace of the influence of a grander and sweeter style in any of his paintings. These are characterised by an extreme earnestness of feeling, which we cannot help being touched by, the subjects chosen are those which awaken sentiments of grief and pity, but an excessive realism pervades his work, and whilst we are charmed with the atmosphere which pervades the landscapes in the masterpieces of the Van Eycks, we are struck (in those by Van der Weyden) by the absence of shadow, and the distance being finished with the same extreme care as objects in the foreground. Germany is indebted to him in the person of Albert Durer, for he fashioned his style on that of Martin Schön, a pupil of Van der Weyden. It was through the influence of this master that the realistic tendency of the Van Eycks spread throughout Germany, and schools were set up in Ghent and Brussels. I have mentioned the ancient school of Cologne, and its being characterised by religious sentiment. This school was soon supplanted by the Flemish, which changed its character

of religious aspiration into one of greater materialism. At Louvain, one Dietrick Stuerbout became the earliest distinguished historical painter of Holland, and was a notable disciple of Van der Weyden. There are a crowd of other painters, who preserved the nationality of Flemish painting, but it slowly faded into a pale artistic light, until the time of Rubens, of whom I say nothing, as he, with his great pupil Van Dyck, belong to the second period of Flemish art.

Art was well protected in Flanders, particularly after the accession of the House of France to the throne of Burgundy. There were guilds, comprising all those who could handle the brush; and painters were considered the most respectable of all the members of trades. A rivalry existed between the cities as to their works of art, and a strong spirit of sturdy emulation kept it healthily alive; one might wonder, such being the case, why we find so little trace of art in the Netherlands; but one only has to remember the foreign despotism to which the country was subjected, the fury of its religious wars, and the havoc of the iconoclasts, to account for it. So that art in Belgium is now chiefly represented by churches and town halls.

I think we shall find a reason for the decline of Flemish painting when it had reached its greatest pinnacle of greatness in Italy—if we consider the tendencies of the two countries.—The Flemings followed the tendency to naturalism and the reproducing of the real, and gradually became simple imitators, making their art servile portraiture; whilst on the other hand they perfected the process of coloring to such a degree, that they helped to found the Venetian School. The great Masters of Tuscany and Umbria founded their art on the perfection of form, in seeing the ideal in nature, in instinctively seizing on the fittest thing to paint, and allowing their imagination to shape it. They turned towards the beautiful as naturally as a flower turns to the sun. If this was not the case with the early Flemish painters, it rose from the material conditions the artist had around him not being beautiful, or from some inherent want in his nature. But in spite of all the progress that Art made (subsequent to the time I have been treating of), we shall not find again anything to rival the purity of color, the clear edge, and serene precision of the touch of the brothers Van Eyck.

SOME DEFECTS OF VOICE AND SPEECH IN CHILDREN.

By Mrs. Emil Behnke.

Teacher of Voice Culture to Singers, Speakers and Stammerers.

Part II.

We must now consider some voice and speech defects which are neither so simple nor so easily removed as the foregoing.

The voices of some children sound as though they were suffering from perpetual cold in the head. There is a peculiar muffled tone, and a difficulty in pronouncing *m*, *n*, *b*, and *p*. If no other symptom of a cold be present, and if the condition continue, skilled advice should be sought, as very much subsequent trouble may thereby be avoided.

Nasal tone, *i.e.*, sending the tone through the nose instead of through the mouth, is another bad vocal habit, in regard to which we must remember that although it is occasionally the result of imitation, it is far more frequently caused by weakness and relaxation of the soft palate and uvula, and by enlarged tonsils. It is also sometimes accompanied by growths in the post-nasal passages, which greatly interfere with freedom in breathing. These conditions require medical aid. If a child habitually has the mouth open by day and by night, and if constant reminder does not enable him to overcome the habit, we may form the conclusion that he is unable to obtain a sufficient supply of air through the proper respiratory passage—*the nose*—and unconsciously resorts to the pernicious habit of mouth-breathing. A good specialist should at once be consulted, and the impending growths reduced or removed.

Cleft palate, and other congenital malformations of the organs of speech are somewhat frequently met with; and it was formerly considered impossible to effect permanent improvement in such cases. But the great advance which has been made of late years in the manufacture of surgical appliances, and the high degree of skill to which mechanical dentistry has reached, have enabled many a patient to enunciate with a fair amount of distinctness, who had before been practically speechless. There is, however, as a rule,

much which the voice-trainer has to do before perfect speech is obtained by the person afflicted with malformation of any part of the vocal and speech apparatus, after the surgeon and the dentist have completed their part of the work, especially in the removal of the unpleasant and strongly marked nasal quality of tone, and the mispronunciation of the majority of the consonants.

Mouth breathing, which is productive of serious throat affections, is a far more common fault than may at first be supposed. The mouth was never made for inhaling the air; that is the office of the nose, which is a natural respirator, being lined with tiny little cilia, which are incessantly moving to and fro, arresting and sifting from the air the dust and dirt and all foreign matter contained in it, thus filtering it and making it pure before it goes into the lungs. These particles are again thrown out of the nostrils, either by the outward passage of the breath or by blowing the nose. Another good office which is performed by the nose is temperating and moistening the air in its way through the long, narrow, winding passages; so that on arriving at the vocal apparatus the air has become sufficiently warmed not to chill the delicate surfaces. Now, nowhere in the mouth, throat, or windpipe is there any provision made for thus cleansing the air of its many impurities, or for warming it; therefore breath taken through the mouth finds its way into the lungs laden with the dirt, poisonous exhalations and other matter, which would be sifted out of it in its passage through the nasal channels. It would be easy to fill many pages on the dangers of mouth breathing, but all that space will allow is an emphatic and earnest injunction to mothers to encourage the habit of nose breathing in their children.

By no means an uncommon trouble is the distressing complaint, stammering or stuttering. There is a difference between the two forms of defect,* but it is not so great as is often supposed, and for practical purposes the terms may be considered as almost interchangeable. The causes of this sad ailment are numerous. It would be difficult to find anything short of disease which exercises so serious and injurious an influence on the lives and characters of those so afflicted.

* See Stammering: Its Nature and Treatment, by Emil Behnke, 1s., of Mrs. Emil Behnke.

Every occupation, except manual labour, and all the professions are closed to the poor stammerer. The army and navy, the bar, the church, the stage, teaching: in short, any vocation where speech is required is impossible to him. He too often becomes from early childhood the butt for teasing, ridicule, and sarcasm. Self-consciousness and nervousness increase, until morbid shyness and the dread of making himself a laughing-stock or an object of pity cause him to remain silent when he might join in conversation, and he shrinks more and more from his fellows, until he eventually becomes a misanthrope, and his whole life is embittered.

As a rule, stammering commences in early childhood, and it may be that judicious training on a physiological basis would check the evil at its commencement. Unfortunately the majority of parents, and even of medical men, pay little attention to the trouble from the mistaken notion that the child will "grow out" of stammering. In some few instances, as self control increases, the speech defect diminishes; but this only comes at mature age when the best part of a man's life has been passed. In the vast majority of cases the child will no more grow out of stammering than he will grow out of physical deformity.

The exciting causes of this speech trouble are numerous, and many of them must be dealt with by medical treatment before the actual stammering can be removed. But medical and surgical treatment alone cannot break through old habits of speech and create new ones; this must be carefully and patiently accomplished by the skilled teacher.

Is stammering curable? is a question often asked of the writer. From long and varied experience in every form of this distressing malady in sufferers of all ages, from nine years old up to sixty, I can unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. If all exciting causes are first removed, and sufficient time and determination given to carrying out the method of cure, all stammering, with the one exception of that which proceeds from the brain, accompanied by idiocy or lunacy, can be successfully treated. Even in stammering of the latter type, cures of the speech trouble have been effected, and the brain power developed to an extraordinary extent. These are always very difficult, but very interesting cases; the pleasure of giving not only freedom of speech,

but of lifting a fellow creature from the dark night of clouded intellect is very great.

One serious drawback to complete success of cure is the almost universal unwillingness to devote sufficient time to the work. Three months is the *minimum* of time for even slight cases, while many severe forms of stammering require from six to twelve months of constant and careful treatment. When we consider that old speech habits have to be unlearnt and entirely new ones formed; that regular and rhythmic action of the muscles concerned in the formation of voice and speech must be acquired, in place of the jerky and spasmodic movements of the stammerer, and that all this has to be made second nature to him, one wonders that it is possible to produce good and lasting results even in a year, although as a fact but very few cases require more than half that time, and some much less. A remarkable case at present under my care is that of a lady thirty years of age, who had always been a very bad stammerer, and who had previously been treated by a gentleman during many weeks, with the result that the trouble became worse instead of better. After three days' lessons with me she ceased to stammer, and has never had the slightest relapse during her three months' residence in my house. Her relatives and friends, some of them medical practitioners, are naturally astonished and delighted.

The question is frequently asked: how young can children be taken in hand for cure of speech trouble. As a rule the speediest results are obtained between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. Quite young children, having little or no self control, forget almost as soon as they are taught. If they could remain a year or more under treatment they would certainly be perfectly cured; and when we remember how sadly a child is hindered in education and in mental development by a speech defect, we must admit that no sacrifice can be too great to remove that defect.

It is impossible to write rules for the cure of stammering. No two persons stammer alike, therefore each case must be dealt with according to its peculiar idiosyncrasies, and the treatment modified or changed to meet the various phases of the trouble. But let no speech-sufferer despair; patience and perseverance in the right method of cure will ultimately give unfettered speech.

ON ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

With regard to the historical encouragement of art I shall assume without argument that we are all broadly agreed that in the great communes of the middle ages, which present so many political and industrial analogies to our own times, the public encouragement of art was organic, *i.e.* was the public expression of the individual and guild activities and interests and sympathies; that the municipal encouragement of art was effected by people who had a considerable amount of art in their domestic lives, out of which the unparalleled splendour of their public life, both temporal and spiritual, naturally arose. The craftsmen of Ghent building their guild-houses, and then the collective guilds the Hotel de Ville—that I take as an actual typical and normal state of things, and the ideal one as well. The criticisms of South Kensington, which we hear on all sides, are evidences that the opposite method cannot satisfy us; in Britain, at least, no such central bureaucracy can answer its purpose.

The advocates of national and municipal encouragement of art, particularly among artists, very often speak as if all that were needed were the voting of abundant subsidies from the central and local governments for art teaching, or for the employment of artists; that is to say, they are in this matter at least—although of course frequently like M. Jourdain without knowing it—State Socialists of the most distinct sort. Nothing, for instance, seems to them more obvious than that the State or municipality should protect us from ugly buildings. But, since the State, like any other purchaser, must know what it is paying for, State support logically and inevitably carries with it State control. A detailed historical inquiry into the various results of public encouragement in France would here be needed, and while on the one side the well-known policy of Colbert and his successors might be shown to have had beneficial results, at least as much would also be urged on the opposite side, and this on artistic

grounds above and beyond those of the excessive costliness so notorious of State industries in general.

Consider for a moment what is by far the most vast and costly example of national and municipal organisation of art in modern times, that of the reconstruction of Paris under the second Empire. A certain impressiveness of result is of course undeniable, and the wide imitation of this procedure among the cities of the world has therefore been natural enough. Yet it is probable that there is no longer any person reasonably acquainted with either the artistic or the economic merits of the case who shares this popular optimism. Here one begins to weary of the blank and dreary architectural monotony of interminable boulevards; another to mourn the exchange of the old varied colour for mere whiteness, of light and shadow for mere polished flatness, of quaint irregularity for mechanical finish of ornament and moulding. Another comes to realise the crime of the deliberate and purposeful destruction of well-nigh every house most memorable throughout the historic city. The artist too will understand better the dangers of the national and municipal encouragement of art, for which he is apt too uncritically to clamour, when he considers what it really means to the practice of architecture in France—this continuance not only of the architectural policy, but even the architectural formality of the Empire twenty years after its fall. Here is a community which, albeit in painting and in sculpture the centre of the most splendid activity, of the most abounding originality and skill, remains for practical purposes absolutely fixed in architecture, and this at a level far below that of recent architecture in any of our more important British cities, London, Manchester, or even Glasgow. That ideas and men are not wanting, the stately façades and domes, the polychromatic splendours of the Exposition abundantly show. Why, then, this architectural monotony, which even in its vastest public efforts, as in the École de Médecine, or the Palais de Justice, has constructed only a vast sarcophagus of thought? The answer is inevitable. The Paris architect is in no respect a free agent: he is in the iron grip of omnipotent officialism; he cannot do anything really new or good; he must religiously stick to forms outworn, because forsooth of the very carefulness and completeness of

the national and municipal 'encouragement' of his art. In the same way, too, the economist knows of the crushing financial pressure of taxation upon a debt which centuries will hardly pay, and the physician and hygienist have long proclaimed the constant depression of the working population —that is, of course, of the majority of the citizens—through this city 'improvement' falsely so called—false too in every respect. Their house accommodation, diminished and more remote from work, is also now far costlier: high taxation has rendered food relatively scarce and dear, while the transformations of all the old quarters, and the enormous speculation associated with these, have increased the irregularity of employment. Even the very broadness of the streets has been purchased at the expense of the depressed health of the rising generation, since the open boulevards have been so largely made by the sacrifice of the internal gardens for which old Paris was so noteworthy; these being too often now represented only by a narrow court, or rather well, of fetid stagnant air. These thirty years, however, all men in authority, from the municipal councillors of old Brussels or old Rouen to the Khedive and the Shah, have been going to Paris in rapt delight, and returning to imitate the same smashing policy of would-be civic improvement, but really of civic ruin. From Rouen to Vienna, from Cairo to Algiers, the past generation of sweeping 'improvement' has wrought a more wasteful and wanton destruction of all that future generations would most have valued, than had all their confused past, their centuries of mingled neglect and war.

Take again the case of colleges and schools; that wildest of all the hallucinations which have been current during the past generation—that artistic or other attainment is a function of examinations passed, instead of impressions taken in—is still partially current even in France. The attitude of the art-student too is not only as far as possible carefully kept intellectual where it should be primarily sensuous, but is also analytic where it should be synthetic, the spelling, parsing, and analysis repeated in two or three different languages which has done duty with most people for an education, being simply carried in principle into art without more ado. In a technical school at present, for instance, we can probably all realize the reasoned absurdity of analysing the operations

of the art of carpentry into sawing, planing, dovetailing, and the like, and, similarly, that of metal-work into filing, chiselling, and what not, and then keeping the pupils for a month at each of these until they leave the school, having made nothing whatsoever save good wood and metal into shavings and filings, and acquired a disgust for handiwork for evermore. This actual instance of applied parsing in the destructive analysis of a handicraft is simply the conventional method of art teaching.

Associated with this too we have a similar mischief wrought by the of course equally unconscious exaggeration of the principle of division of labour. Hence in a day-school, technical school or college alike we have the school of art as completely isolated from the other departments as the chemical laboratory. The conception of the art school as the centre from which the whole school might be beautified is as yet nowhere recognised: the art teacher is not even allowed to 'meddle' (it would be called) with the general internal colouring of the building; yet he and his students are not only expected to discriminate good colour when they see it, but to acquire, without practice in real work of any kind, the power of laying it on. So they wade through long corridors of dirty colour to their, at best, colourless class-room, there to commence those highly intellectual labours which are alone recognised as counting towards the acquisition of the ultimate amulet or certificate. Yet so great is the vitality of youth, one here and there survives his education, and after a period of convalescence may be able to begin afresh in Paris, or even by himself. Such persons are then proudly described by the school as its successes, and the system is thus protected on all sides from sacrilegious change.

Here, however, is again one of our strategic possibilities of leavening towards the national and municipal encouragement of art—through the schools. Even the Universities are not necessarily hopeless—the new Sorbonne is this year being frescoed by the greatest masters; while more magnificent still, the Paris Municipal Council proposes to begin the thorough mural decoration of the Paris schools. The vast issues of this, educational and artistic, would each need a separate paper for their exposition and development; but assuming the practical expediency of following this example, how is it to be done

with us? Easily, I maintain. Every year, as Secretary of the local efforts at public decoration, I meet members of some school board who are half disposed to risk the revolutionising of their dreary whitewashed jail in which lessons are still essentially learned parrot-wise by ear, into a paradise of childhood in which the noblest lessons would be blazoned in gold and colour upon the memory through life. Our way, then, of private initiative instead of governmental compulsion is simple enough. A good start once made there is little fear but that the example will spread. How the younger artists would thus be developed and fitted for greater (if indeed there be greater) tasks; how the central art school would rise to the occasion; how the pupils of the art classes of the school itself would be stirred for life by the actual sight of something at last which was not a wearisome colourless outline or shadow upon paper, and going up to South Kensington, but a colourful reality to which even South Kensington would have in time penitentially to come down—these are only examples of the consequences.

It is indeed only to the children who have yet to grow up in these conditions that our section can fully address itself; it is for them with their active and constructive discipline instead of the present merely critical and analytic instruction that it must mainly wait. We are as yet only making preparations; here peeling rods, or there spreading leaven.

While the decoration of colleges and schools is thus certainly one of the most important and expedient of all beginnings, it need not by any means be the only one. There are opportunities for mural decorations everywhere; but nowhere more so than in Edinburgh. We need a scale of public decorative work, from the simplest copying and enlargement of good examples in monochrome to the execution of monumental designs in colour; and from brightening of the humblest sick-room up to the permanent historic adornment of the greatest public buildings.

[The above fragment of a paper will give our readers an idea—though a very imperfect one—of Prof. Geddes's inspiring teaching on "Contemporary Social Evolution" given in the course of twenty Lectures at the "Edinburgh Summer Meeting."]

HOME TRAINING IN RELATION TO THE DAY SCHOOL.

In these days when the education of girls is carried on partly at home and partly at the High School, it is absolutely essential that teachers and parents should keep the same end steadily in view. There are many advantages gained by the special training, now happily, considered necessary for teachers, but it would be still more satisfactory, if all others who venture to undertake the grave responsibility of training children, would first prepare themselves definitely for so important a work. In a school managed by trained and skilful teachers there is comparatively little friction, punishment being reduced to a minimum, because all the details of school-work are methodically arranged, and all rules are made with some definite object and for the good of the children. If however, careful preparation, even *years* of training and study, forethought, patience and forbearance, are so needful on the part of the teacher, how much more so on the part of the mother, who has the children under her care, certainly for eighteen hours out of twenty-four for five days of the week, to say nothing of the whole of Saturday and Sunday.

No experienced teacher can fail to come to the sad conclusion that in many cases there is a sad lack of firmness and of discipline at home. Many mothers, either from thoughtlessness or ignorance, or because they lack all sense of their responsibility in the matter, seem unable to realize the tremendous and lasting issues involved in the training or *non*-training of their children. People are only too ready to blame the school or the teacher, if the child does not in all respects fulfil their expectations. By all means let the teacher be answerable for her own shortcomings and failures, for this is only just, but at the same time let us remember that much rests with the parents; and mothers should endeavour in the sphere of home life to support and help

the work of the School. There are many ways in which a mother may do this, and again I would insist on the fact that the aim both of mother and of teacher should be one and the same—the true education of the child. This being granted it follows that many of the principles that form the basis of school government are equally applicable at home.

All those in charge of children expect, or hope for, *obedience* from those under their care—it is well known however that the nature of the obedience is largely determined by the mode of government, and it is impossible to ignore a fact of every-day occurrence, that, too often, *children rule their parents*, and this too, from a very early age. How then can such a lamentable and unnatural state of things be prevented? How can a mother best promote the present comfort and happiness of her children, while at the same time preparing the way for school life?—In order to answer these questions several points must be considered — Some may be surprised to hear that children prefer a firm rule, but none the less is it true—indeed they are much happier in a well-disciplined home or school. An order when given should be obeyed at once, and not repeated; if this rule were carefully adhered to from the first, rash and impossible orders would soon cease, for parents and teachers would reflect carefully before giving an order. If it is urged that in some cases, it is impossible to gain a ready and cheerful obedience, I would answer that this is because obedience has not been insisted on from an early age.

It is most cruel kindness to allow a child to have its own way on every possible occasion. We sometimes hear mothers say "it is so hard to have to tell them *not* to do this or that," this is only another form of cowardice and selfishness. Not only must we see that our orders are obeyed, but we must also keep all promises made to children, and this of course implies that foolish promises must be carefully avoided. When once a child has grasped the fact that its mother can easily be influenced either by continued persistence, by coaxing or even by tears, there will be a constant struggle on the child's part to gain the upper hand. It is not uncommon to see a mother and child having a downright argument—the child on receiving a simple order, says— "Mother, *need* I do it"? "*Why* must

I do it"? and so on, the poor mother in desperation at last yields with a bad grace, making some trivial *condition* as a sort of compromise, or possibly as a fancied means of keeping up her own dignity; the child easily able to see through such concessions, knows perfectly well that it has triumphed.

We must surely then, whether as teachers or parents, carry out the first principles of good government in the home and school, and these may be stated in few words—all prohibitions should be well-considered, all orders consistently carried out, and all promises to children faithfully kept, always remembering that promises must be sparingly made. This is a more difficult standard than would seem at first sight, and one that can only be reached by considerable self-control and self-denial on the part of mothers and teachers.

The best way of reaching this standard is to make the laws of the home and school as few and as simple as possible, to obey and respect those laws ourselves, and above all, not to get into a habit of worrying about trifles.

The usual and natural result of disobedience is punishment. It is truly pitiable to see a child punished and made miserable, when perhaps by a little care and forethought on the mother's part, the so-called offence would never have been committed. We must bear in mind too that there is a great danger of error in our very definition and conception of what is, or is not, a fault; children are often punished severely for what has been done in mere thoughtlessness or ignorance, and cannot therefore be justly called disobedience—I have even seen a child punished for *falling down* and naturally soiling its coat! More often than not children are punished because some one feels irritable, and because the best outlet for such irritation is found in the person of the unoffending child—it is a significant fact too, that what is punished as a fault one day, is in many cases, allowed to pass without rebuke on another—a plain proof that sometimes the mood of the parent or teacher, plays no unimportant part in determining the magnitude of a fault; this should teach us that punishment ought never to be determined or administered without due thought and consideration, and that if on our part, there is any *personal* feeling in the

matter, we must on no account even decide on the punishment until we are in a fit mood to weigh the merits of the case. Any person who punishes a child in an angry moment, does the child much harm and is really the worse offender of the two. There is however little need of punishment in a well-ordered school or household.

The number of children who are by nature *incorrigible*, must be comparatively few, and it is certain that many girls who seem to be persistently tiresome, rude and ill-behaved, owe most of it to defective early training and to lack of firmness in the home discipline. The very best way of keeping children out of mischief is to give them plenty of healthy occupation, to enter into their little pleasures, to provide them with games and toys, and above all to lead them to take an intelligent interest in what they see around them, especially in the world of nature.

So much then with regard to the early period of a child's life, and we may rest assured that the seed sown at this stage will bear fruit later, when the child shall have entered into school life.

When a mother entrusts her girls to the care of a Head-Mistress and her staff, she undertakes perhaps unconsciously certain duties and responsibilities with regard to the school. Foremost among these is the duty of inculcating a due respect for the laws of the school, and of seeing that the rules laid down for home work are faithfully obeyed. If it is found that the work cannot be done in the specified time, there is always the option of speaking to the Head-Mistress on the subject. Then too, the mother must put down with a very firm hand all idle gossip about schoolfellows and the school, in other words, all criticism of their companions and teachers, whether as regards dress, personal appearance or position in life, all discussion of modes of teaching, or of the reasons for this or that rule of the school, because children are most incompetent judges of all these points, and even were it otherwise, such discussion is most unbecoming on their part. Parents can quite well judge whether their children are being well educated and instructed without listening to such very unreliable evidence—unreliable it must be, for if people with *trained* minds cannot always give a correct and accurate account of what they have seen, how much less can *children*

with immature and untrained judgment, give a correct version of what they may have heard of school gossip? It would be easy to quote examples of serious mischief done by the idle chatter of thoughtless school-girls—mischief which might have been prevented by a little forethought and care. If there is any special grievance or injustice in connection with school life, which a girl may have confided to her mother, it is better at once frankly to lay it before the Head-Mistress, and the matter can safely be left in her hands. There is no doubt that the habit of gossip among school-girls is most pernicious, and it is certainly the best way of preparing them to play a most unworthy part later on, in their own town or village. If this tendency were resolutely put down during school life, girls would grow up with a wholesome hatred of all gossip and slander, and the carping and fault-finding spirit so prevalent amongst women would have no scope for development.

Another point of great consequence, as regards both school and pupil, is that of unnecessary absences on the part of girls who are quite healthy and strong. Some parents regard this as a very trifling matter, and actually keep girls at home merely for the sake of some passing pleasure—true, it is good for the girls to have variety and out-door amusements, but it is most injurious to their character never to be called upon to bear small disappointments. Why should girls be encouraged to think that everything, even the most earnest work must give place to their pleasure? But setting aside the question of moral discipline, and considering it on lower grounds, we must bear in mind the actual loss to the pupil and the great inconvenience to the teachers. Lessons are not given at random, but on some definite plan and in due sequence, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a girl to lose a most important lesson, solely because she has been absent for her own selfish pleasure—surely the necessary absences due to bad weather or illness are quite sufficient without any others; one day's absence is not only a loss for the day itself, but it involves unprepared lessons for the following day. It ought to be an understood thing, that all pleasure-parties and picnics in which school-girls are to join should take place on Saturday, and that all birthday parties should be deferred to that day. If the elder girls find that the

preparation for Monday will thus be cut short, let them work a little longer on Friday evening and rise a little earlier on Saturday.

One hears much about the manners of girls who attend the large High Schools—the lack of gentleness, the forwardness and pertness, the use of slang, disrespect to their elders and so on; of course there is need of very careful supervision when large numbers of girls are brought together, and we know that in all well organized schools nothing is wanting in this respect, whether in the class-rooms, cloak-rooms or play-grounds. The real source of mischief lies outside the province of the school. It would be useless for a Head-Mistress to make any rules with regard to the walk to and from school, for she would have no means of enforcing them; this matter can only be regulated by the parents themselves, and the best way of silencing very natural objections to the present method of education for girls, is to take care that all pupils who attend a day-school have a suitable escort. It is most unwise to allow girls constantly to travel alone to school by train or omnibus, or on foot. Parents are usually the last to hear the very uncomplimentary remarks made about the behaviour of their girls in public—behaviour, which is in no way sanctioned or encouraged by the school staff, but on the contrary is viewed with the strongest disapproval. It is the duty of parents to see that their children, when once outside the school gates, go home in an orderly manner, for when once the girls are outside the school boundaries, the parents are responsible for their behaviour. It may be safely affirmed that if all parents would guard their children as carefully and watchfully as they are guarded at School, and would insist on a proper obedience and respect for their own sacred authority, we should hear fewer disparaging remarks about the girls of the present day.

DEFENCE IN THE INSECT WORLD.

By Rev. A. Thornley, M.A., F.E.S.

I REMEMBER a few years ago, gazing at what was a veritable little garden on the top of a limestone wall in Somersetshire. It was all contained on a small block of stone. There was an azure blue mass of early field Speedwell *(Myosotis Collina)* elbowed out by a pushing clump of rue-leaved Saxifrage *(Sax. Tridactylites)*. In and out grew clumps of Cetarach Fern, and several patches of moss. Now the whole of the soil out of which these plants grew might have been put into an egg cup. As I looked at this I realised more fully than ever before, the meaning of that pregnant phrase, 'the struggle for existence.' I wondered how many other seeds had fallen on that scanty shallow bit of soil; how many had died, had been quite unable to fight out the battle of life amidst so many competitors. I thought of the wonderful hardy constitution of these plants, which had been able to survive all these hard conditions of growth. My thoughts next passed to the immense world of insects; the vast hosts of flies, beetles, moths, butterflies, bees, ants, bugs, etc., and I felt what an awfully keen struggle for existence must be here. A study of the order soon convinces one that this is the case. Insects abound in special means of defence and protection, as also in possessing almost every conceivable weapon of attack. Not only the sword and spear of primitive warfare, but even the resources of modern artillery, have been found utilized in the insect world. It is said that cannon was employed for the first time by King Edward III against the Scots in 1327, but a small beetle, fitly called the 'Bombardier' *(Brachinus Crepitans)* carries its powder and shot with it. Woe to the large tyrant that presses it too hotly in pursuit, for in a moment there is a report, followed by a little cloud of blue smoke, and the pursuer returns sadly on his homeward way, probably with incipient opthalmia of a virulent type threatening to darken his life for some

time. The subject of Insect Defence is not only exceedingly interesting, but one to which almost any one of sufficient observing ability may make valuable contributions, as the habits of some of the very commonest of insects have scarcely been studied as well as they might be. It is usual to consider the subject under the heads of 'passive and active means of defence.' Nor need I say much now under the first head. In a former paper on Mimicry I have already said a good deal on that passive mode of protection to which so many insects owe their preservation. Yet has it ever struck you that many races of insects are preserved through the excessive numbers in which they are produced? It being just a simple impossibility to kill them all off in a single season, or within the active lifetime of their enemies. And insects which adopt this mode of preserving their species are always more or less of a weak and fragile build, or possess means of defence so feeble as to be quite inadequate to their preservation.

This case may be illustrated by the *Aphides*, or "Green fly," of our gardens and conservatories. To all eating nature round about, a fat and succulent aphis must be a *bonne bouche*, and a constant demand for dinners of this kind *ad lib*, must necessitate an enormous supply being kept up. Yet nature is quite equal to this strain on her resources, for in order to furnish this supply she has recourse to a mode of reproduction in the aphis, subsidiary to her ordinary method. Provided that temperature is high enough, the aphides are able to reproduce "assexually," that is without the aid of any males, sometimes for eight or nine generations continuously, yet towards the end of summer true males and females are produced, and eggs are laid in the chinks and crevices of the barks of trees, or at the roots of plants, which develop in the first warm days of the following spring. There is perhaps no more interesting chapter of natural history, than that which relates the habits of the aphis.

The next great principle of passive defence would come under a head, which has already been discussed in a former paper in this magazine, namely, Imitation or Mimicry. In this form of protection nature saves in energy. There is one side of it still much under discussion, and to which I will draw your attention again. Many male insects, as well as some

females, possess greatly developed horns or appendages on the head or thorax chiefly, suggesting very active powers of combat. Yet in the case of numerous species of which the life history is best known, these singular weapons seem never to be put to any warlike use, and indeed seem often to us, too much out of all proportion to be of any real service, and more likely to be of the nature of a hindrance than a use. It then becomes an interesting question, what is the use of this singular armour? The species which have been studied for the most part are vegetable feeders, quiet and inoffensive in their habits and slow in their movements. May they not be entirely ornamental, the result of sexual selection; being analogous to the beautiful plumage, crests, ocelli, hackles, &c., of many male birds; a result of the action of the same class of instincts which urge a dusky warrior to dress himself in such grotesque and gruesome fashion, partly to strike fear into the hearts of his enemies, and partly to look "big" in the eyes of the maidens of his tribe. I have before me now a monster of a beetle from China. It has proceeding from its head, which is proportionately very small, a huge horn quite an inch long. Near the apex this organ is divided into two short branches, each of which is again split into two. Not content with this pitch-fork arrangement, the creature has developed from its thorax a much smaller, but quite as evil-looking a horn, which is also forked at its extremity. Yet all this frightful apparatus is probably a farce! The species is a quiet, slow-crawling, small-mouthed vegetarian, Lamellicorn. But I notice one thing, that when he gets his head down low, as he would in repose, then the two horns simulate the appearance of a frightful pair of jaws, the very sight of which must strike terror into his foes. Yes, there is no doubt he is a "Bogey Man" in the beetle world.

But I must pass over all those various ways in which insects protect themselves by imitating seeds or leaves, or twigs, or by approximating in colour to that of their environment, and go on to mention a few of the more or less active ways in which these interesting creatures preserve their existence. And the first mode which I shall mention is by the secretion of evil smelling or coloured fluids, sometimes of a highly corrosive nature. In fact they are the "Skunks" of the Insect World. I remember a few years ago I was in

Norwegian Lapland, and being at that time rather keen on anthropological and archæological subjects, thought I should like to investigate the internal arrangements of one of those beehive kind of huts in which the Laps dwell. I tried to effect an entrance, but the "ancient fish-like smell," which pervaded the whole establishment, drove me back to the more generous supply of oxygen outside. I have always thought since then, that the production of an evil smell is not at all a bad means of defence. I think, probably, many of my readers have very much discovered this for themselves in the case of beetles. Most of the rapidly running ground beetles produce a vile smelling fluid from their mouths if handled. Some of my readers must have found, occasionally, in cellars and old churches, a black, funereal-looking beetle, taking about ten seconds to lift each leg as it crawls slowly along the floor or up the wall. This is the "Sexton" or Churchyard Beetle (*Blaps Mortisaga*). But, oh! my fair readers, as you value your white hands, and the society of your friends, don't, please don't, touch it! It will infect you with a gentle aroma of mixed coffins and assafœtida! and it will be a long time before you get rid of it. There is such a very comical description of this ill-favoured creature in an old book, Moufet's *Theatre of Insects*, published in London in 1634, that I cannot refrain from extracting it. "It hath thin slender long shanks; remains in deep cellars; it creepeth very slowly, but at the least glimpse of light and whisper of talk, she hides herself; a shamefac't creature certainly, and most impatient of light, not so much for its ill-favoured-ness, but the guiltiness of its conscience in regard of the stinke it leaves behind it, and of its ill-behaviour, for it frequents base places, and digs through men's wals, and doth not only annoy those that stand near it, but offends all the place thereabouts with its filthy savour." Against this unsavoury description we ought in justice to add, that the same writer recommends the beetle as a certain cure for earache, if beaten up with "old wine, honey, pomegranate rind, unguentem Syriacum apple juice, tar and onion," this grateful and soothing, though somewhat complicated compound, was to be poured into the ear, when cold. My readers will gather from this that entomology has made a little progress since the days when quaint old Moufet lived.

A more singular mode of protection is practised by a few beetles. The moment you touch them, or in any way intercept their progress, they cause to exude from their bodies a plentiful supply of a highly coloured oily substance. In case of a large blue-black species, found quite commonly on low herbage in spring and summer *(Timarcha Laevigata)*, so copious is this secretion and so ruddy, as to obtain for the creature the somewhat unpleasant name of the "bloody nosed beetle." Now it does not appear from such analysis as has been made of this singular secretion, that it is poisonous, so that it must act as a means of defence rather from the side of its disagreeableness. The 'oil beetles,' found so commonly in early spring clustering about the celandine leaves on sunny banks, are I think well known, and no one will deny that the oily secretion must deter their foes from molesting them, for they are most conspicuous and soft insects, with a large amount of abdomen, a very dainty morsel to a bird; yet they are commonly abundant and found in numbers together. I hope in future, now that the secret is out, none of my readers will be afraid of taking up any of these singular creatures and examining them. The oil has no unpleasant smell, and a little soap and water soon removes it from the fingers. Whilst we are on this subject of protective secretions I might call your attention to another common and interesting case, namely, that of the 'Cuckoo-spit' or frog hopper. Every one must have noticed that spittle-like secretion on the stems of plants and flowers. This is caused by a little creature belonging to a large division of the 'Bug family'—the *Homoptera*, and is closely allied in its structure to the classical 'Cicada.' It is the larva only which makes the frothy secretion referred to; in its perfect condition it is the pretty little frog hopper so abundant during summer in our gardens and everywhere. The little creature which perches on your coat, and for some time you are not sure which is its head and which is its tail; but when you touch it, it gives a tremendous jump, clearing nearly a yard at a time. We can well imagine that this soft and tender little animal does derive some protection from its moist environment; first in the way of concealment, and then from its suggestive disagreeableness; nevertheless that tyrant, the wasp, has been seen to pull the little creatures

out of their frothy homes and devour them. Now all these creatures mentioned protect themselves, if in a disagreeable manner, yet with some sense of decency, but I am almost ashamed to tell you to what disgusting lengths some creatures go. There is a shame-faced genus of beetles, with a few first cousins also, who go the length when they are in the larval condition, of covering themselves entirely over with their own excrement. The larvæ of the pretty little green tortoise beetles, found so commonly on ragworts by the sea shore, do this, and if you have a scientific mind you may pass an hour not unprofitably in learning how they do it. For these little creatures have solved in a marvellous manner some rather difficult mechanical problems. The larva of the beautiful lace-winged fly *(Chrysopa)* feeds upon the innumerable hosts of Aphides, and makes itself a coat out of the slain innocents.

There is also a bug, (*Reduvius Personatus*), which would be disgusting, if it were not the sworn foe of that imported plague of ours, the "B flat." This latter pest is said to have come into the country about the beginning of the sixteenth century. However the larva of Reduvius makes short work of him: and to effect this quickly and successfully, he clothes himself with a garment of dust and dirt, till you cannot tell he is a creature at all. About him the hosts of B flats swarm, thinking him a gem in the way of dirt and filth, meanwhile he quietly annexes first one and then another, till a considerable inroad is made in the flock. He haunts just the same dirty corners that they do, and I am afraid is often killed by anxious housewives in mistake; for the cure certainly seems too much like keeping a tiger to keep down the mice. But if I were to go on detailing some of the more horrible ways in which insects protect themselves, I am sure you would abjure Entomology altogether, and as my duty is to attract you to the subject, I must now pass on to some of the pleasanter ways in which these small and delicate creatures preserve themselves.

That insects fight and engage in deadly combats everyone knows, and that for this purpose the jaws are greatly developed and armed with teeth. Perhaps of all insects the Ants are at once the most pugnacious, and the most orderly in their warfare. So interesting indeed are they in all their habits,

that it would be quite impossible to say much in a short and general paper like this. But it may be remarked under the head of offensive means of protection, that some species of Ants sally out in an orderly manner to attack another species; nor does the matter end with a battle royal, but the conquerors carry away deliberately a certain number of the conquered and make slaves of them. Nor do these prisoners show any unhappiness in their captivity, but diligently apply themselves to the care of the young larvae and pupae, and feed and clean their conquerors. Nay even, as Sir John Lubbock tells us, the very life of the conquerors seems sometimes to depend on these slaves, for so degenerate have they become in some ways, that they cannot even feed and clean themselves. This is certainly most extraordinary, and would scarcely be believed if the testimony of many and accurate observers did not go to corroborate the statements. Only in last week's *Nature*, I read of the interesting discovery, that some kinds of South American Ants, deliberately cultivate a species of Fungus in their nests, that they may never be in want of food, and the description of these Fungus gardens is of the most absorbing interest.

I have already referred at the commencement of this paper to the remarkable way in which some beetles protect themselves, by ejecting from the extremity of their bodies an explosive fluid, which becomes gaseous in contact with the air. This is probably formic acid, which occurs in the stings of many insects, as well as in that of the nettle. The little "Bombardier" beetle, common in the South of England, is however represented by quite large species in South America, whose artillery is really of a dangerous kind. The *Pherosophus Complanatus*, for example, a large South American species, of which we read that when it is caught "will often crepitate quite loudly several times in succession, and cause a burning sensation in the fingers, which are stained brown where the vapour has touched them."

Again many insects produce curious noises, squeakings, clicks, stridulations, but whether these noises are of use as a means of defence it is not always easy to say. The *Ageronia Feronia*, a South American butterfly, is said by Mr. Darwin, to make a noise "like a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch," which could be heard at a distance of several yards.

Some of our own beautiful butterflies, the "Peacock" and "Red Admiral" and "Purple Emperor" have been reported to produce slight noises, and some of my readers may perhaps be able to confirm this statement from their own observations, and say what is the particular purpose of it. The well known "Death's Head Hawk Moth" (*Acherontia Atropos*) makes a loud squeaking noise at times; and as he is a great thief, and steals the honey of the poor bees, he has been supposed to strike terror into them by this noise; but whether so or not, he frequently gets the worst of it, as the following instance, reported in the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine* for September, would seem to show. The moth "was covered with bees, which were pushing it out at the entrance, and endeavouring to kill it. Apparently it had been stung, for it seemed unable to fly, yet made a loud squeaking noise as if in self defence." To this the editors append an interesting note: "It sometimes happens that the bees cannot eject the intruder, and dispose of its body by entombing it in wax."

It will be scarcely necessary to do more than remind you that innumerable species of insects are protected by the possession of stings, or a very formidable biting apparatus. The sting, which is sometimes the exclusive possession of the female, has been proved to be nothing but a modified ovipositor. Yet it is a terrible weapon of offence and defence. Already this year two deaths from the sting of a wasp have been reported, one of which, sad to relate, occurred in my own village, and caused death in about twenty minutes. The sting of the hornet is even more to be dreaded, and we are not surprised at the threat of the Almighty, to drive out the heathen nations of Canaan by means of this insect.

I think I have now compassed pretty well all the more interesting methods of defence amongst insects, and I hope I have shown you what a great deal there is yet to learn on this subject, and indicated to you certain lines along which profitable investigation may be conducted. It only remains for me to say now, that I will answer or endeavour to answer any queries relative to insect life which may be put to me, and that it will give me great pleasure to do so.

"SAINT GEORGE OF MERRIE ENGLONE."

IV.

WE left the Redcross Knight riding cheerily upon his way, accompanied by the gay and false Fidessa. They had travelled long, when at last they came in sight of a goodly building that seemed to be the house of a prince; and a broad highway led to it, worn bare by the thronging of many feet. Troops of people of all classes and from every land travelled thither continually, but few of these lived to return, and they who did were to be seen, outcasts in the hedges, for they had escaped from this great house only with beggary and disgrace.

Towards this stately palace Fidessa led the Knight, who could not but admire its lofty towers, fair windows and delightful borders; though the high walls were but slight; it seemed strange that so vast a building should rest upon no better foundation than a shifting sand hill.

Arrived there, they went straight in, for all the gates stood open, and they passed through the hall, which was bright with costly hangings and rich carpets, and where were gathered many people waiting to see the lady of the palace. As they passed into the presence chamber the furnishing became even more gorgeous and costly, while groups of noble lords and ladies added to the splendour of the place. High above all a cloth of state was spread, and a rich throne, on which there sat a maiden Queen in royal robes, bright with gold and precious stones, but brighter far in her own beauty. Under her feet lay a dragon, with a hideous train, and in her hand she held a mirror wherein she often viewed her own fair face. Proud Lucifera, men called her, and she ruled her realm, not by wise laws, but by the evil counsels of six ancient wizards.

A gentle usher, Vanity by name, led the knight and Fidessa into the presence, and when they had reached the lowest step of the Queen's high throne, they made obeisance on humble knee, and said that they had come from far to see her royal state; to which lowly salutation she returned no more than

half disdainful thanks. All this while her lords and ladies were trying to attract the notice of the strangers, each seeking to outshine the rest in gay attire, stiff ruff, or well curled hair. They all did their best to entertain their visitors, and were most glad to see Fidessa, who was their old companion; but the knight did not think much of all this display, nor did he honour the proud Princess, who was so little gracious to her guests.

Then, all at once, the Queen arose from her throne and called for her coach; and the people thronged to see her pass, so gorgeously arrayed, and so beautiful withal, as she climbed into her rich gilt coach. But the strangest sight was the six unequal beasts which drew the royal coach, and the six sage counsellors of the Queen which did ride thereon. The first of these, who guided all the rest, was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin, who chose to ride upon a slothful ass: scarce could he hold up his heavy head to look whether it was night or day, so drowned was he in sleep; and a bad guide was he for the royal carriage, seeing that he did not know whether he went right or wrong. No worldly cares would he take on himself, and no manly exercise did he follow; yet spent his life in lawless riot, which brought upon him such grievous malady, that his limbs shook as if he were in an ague fit.

By his side rode loathsome Gluttony, a deformed creature mounted on a filthy sow: even as he rode he was eating, and in his hand he carried a drinking can, which went so often to his mouth that his drunken body hardly kept its seat: in shape and life he was more like a monster than a man. So drowned was his mind in meat and drink that he was unfit for any worldly thing, and seldom knew friend from foe, while his wretched body was full of disease, which grew worse day by day through over-feeding.

Greedy Avarice rode beside him upon a camel loaded with gold: he wore a thread-bare coat and cobbled shoes, and his lean body looked as if he never tasted a good morsel, for he spared both from back and belly to fill his bags, for he made his god of his wicked pelf, and sold himself to hell for money.

Next to him, malicious Envy came upon a ravenous wolf: he chewed a venemous toad between his rotten teeth, and inwardly, he chewed his wrath whenever he heard of any

good thing happening to another; but if news of other folks misfortune came, then he waxed merry. He was clothed in a dull colourless garment, painted full of eyes, and in his bosom there lay a snake with mortal sting. He hated all good works and virtuous deeds, and was ever ready to backbite those who showed themselves better or more clever than himself.

Last of the six, fierce revenging Wrath came, mounted on a lion: he brandished a burning brand about his head, and his eyes seemed to send forth sparks as fiery. He held a dagger in his hand, trembling with hasty rage; and his rough raiment was stained with blood he had shed, for he had not power over his hands in his furious fits; but when they were over, he would often repent of the evil he had wrought. And many are the ills which follow cruel Wrath—bloodshed, and tumultuous strife, unmanly murder, bitter spite and fretting grief, and upon himself madness and the shaking palsy.

Satan himself rode as coachman upon the beam of the waggon, and lashed his team with a smarting whip; and wherever they came, a foggy mist covered the land; and scattered under their feet lay skulls and ribs of men whose life had gone astray.

Forth went this strange cavalcade to sport in the fields, Fidessa having her seat next to the chair of proud Lucifera: but that good Knight kept himself apart from sports so little beseeming a warrior. On their return they found arrived a fierce and lawless knight, upon whose shield "Sans Joy" was written in red letters. This was no other than the brother of Sans Foy, and he had come hither in search of the knight who had slain his elder brother: so the Redcross Knight had to do battle with Sans Joy, in the presence of the Queen and her court; a long and stout conflict it was, and, in the end, Sans Joy fell, covered with many wounds; and all the people greeted the victor with great shouting and clapping of hands. He, too, was wounded, and was carried home and laid on a sumptuous bed, while many skilful doctors attended to heal his hurts.

In this palace of pleasures, Gluttony served the supper, and Idleness was the chamberlain, wherefore the Queen and her courtiers slept soundly far on into the day; and so it happened

that when Fidessa came to see how the knight did, she found him gone, though his gaping wounds were in ill condition to ride. He had hastened away with good cause; for his watchful dwarf had found out a dungeon wherein lay many captive wretches, and these had told him the cause of their great misery; through wasteful pride and wanton riot had they mortgaged their lives, and now were condemned to dwell in this dungeon. Many were there whose names are famous in the history of the world, women as well as men, besides the crowds of common folk which day by day assembled here from all the world.

Now when the faithful dwarf had told his master of this woful sight, he would no longer stay there in peril of such a fate; but, rising before dawn, he escaped by a postern gate that he might not be seen, for no doubt death would have been his fate had he been overtaken. So foul was the way with the carcases of dead men which had been cast out of that great house of Pride without even decent burial, that scarcely could he find a footing, and so made good his escape before the house should be astir.

V.

When Fidessa found that the Redcross Knight had gone, forth she went to seek him far and wide, and before long she came upon him sitting weary by a well, and for greater ease he had taken off his coat of steel and laid it by his side. Fidessa reproached him for leaving her, and then sat down to talk gaily with him, and the hours passed in idle pleasantness. To quench his thirst the knight drank of the fountain by his side, and from some ill property in the water a sudden faintness overcame him. There as he sat in idle talk, faint and fearful, and without his armour, a sudden sound of terror filled the place, and a giant tall as three tall men and big to match strode toward the pair with steps that shook the ground. The knight had no time to put on his trusty armour; he made what fight he could, and skilfully escaped a stroke that would have slain him; but, anon, one buffet from the giant brought him to the earth in a dead swoon. And then the giant upheaved his heavy hand and would have slain him quite, but that Fidessa cried on him, 'O great Orgoglio, do not slay him for my sake; let him be

thy bond slave, and take me also to be thy servant.' The giant heard her prayer, and took her home to be the mistress of his castle, and carried with him too the senseless body of the poor knight, whom he made haste to throw with all his force into the depths of a loathsome dungeon.

Meantime the poor dwarf had watched his master's fall, and picking up his mighty armour and his silver shield, he laid them on the riderless steed, and went to tell his great distress to any good knight he might meet. And soon he chanced, not upon a knight, but upon the woful lady Una, who, when she saw the dwarf and his sad company, and heard his tidings, fell upon the ground in a deadly swoon; she came to herself only to weep and lament, and then again she fainted, and it was long before she was able to go on her sorrowful way.

At last she rose up resolving to find her knight alive or dead. Long she went through wood and waste, over hill and dale, and bitter storms did beat her tender body, and bitter grief did wound her soul.

After journeying long she chanced to meet a goodly knight clad from top to toe in glittering armour, and bearing, though covered from the sight, a shield made of one huge diamond of such awful brightness that by flashing it upon them he could dismay unequal armies of his foes.

He and his squire rode up to the sorrowful lady, and by kind and courteous speech he won from her the cause of all her woe; nor had she reason to regret her confidence, for he gave her his knightly word that he would never quit her until he had restored her captive knight.

> "Ayem, how many perils do enfold
> The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
> Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
> And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.
> Her love is firm, her care continual,
> So oft as he through his own foolish pride
> Or weakness is to sinful bands made thrall;
> Else should this Redcross Knight in bonds have died,
> For whose deliverance she this prince doth thither guide."

At last the knight and the lady came to a strong, high castle; and the dwarf cried, "Lo, that is where my luckless lord doth lie!" Thereupon the noble knight alighted from his steed, and bade the lady wait until she should learn the

end of the fight. The squire took a small buglehorn that hung at his side and blew a single blast, and, behold, the castle shook to its foundations, and every door flew open of its own accord. Then the giant staggered forth in haste to see what was amiss, and soon addressed him to the fight: such a tremendous blow did he heave, that, the knight stepping lightly aside, his huge club plunged deep into the ground and bent his own body with its force; of which his assailant took advantage, and struck off the left arm of the stooping giant; but, by and by, throwing double force into his remaining arm, he felled the knight with a blow that no strength could resist, and would have hastened to despatch him, but that the wondrous shield, uncovered in the fray, flashed blindness into the eyes of Orgoglio, who, stumbling and uncertain, fell a prey to the prowess of the knight.

Now when she saw that the breath was gone out of that great body, the lady Una came up to pay her modest thanks to the knight who had achieved this great victory for her, and to entreat him to find her captive lord. Then, with eager haste the knight entered the castle and searched high and low but found no living thing within its walls: until he came at last to an iron door, fast locked, to which he could find no key: but there was a little grating in the door through which he cried with all his might to know if any living soul were within. A hollow, dreary, murmuring voice made piteous answer, "O who is he that brings me hope of death, for which I have waited these three moons past, in baleful darkness!" Which when the champion heard, his heart was pierced with pity for the knight in plight so forlorn; and then, with furious force he tore down that iron door: he would go in, but no floor could his foot find, nothing but a steep descent, as dark as hell, from which filthy smells arose. But neither filth nor darkness could withhold his zeal, and after much toil and trouble he found means to lift that poor prisoner up: and what a woeful sight he was for light of day—his sad dull eyes sunk deep in hollow pits, his bare thin cheeks and empty sides and rawbone arms, more fit for a mouldering skeleton than for a living man!

But the horror of his looks did not frighten his lady, who ran to him with hasty joy, and then stopped to weep over his pale face and wasted strength. They talked a little over

the past, but the knight could not bear to think of the errors he had fallen into and the ills he had borne: so the two knights and fair Una stayed to rest and refresh themselves in the castle, where they found store of all that was dainty and rare; and his friends cheered the heart of the captive. But first it was a question what should be done with Fidessa, the evil woman who had brought all this mischief on the knight: she tried to escape, but they caught her and brought her back: should they let her live or die? "Let her live," said Una, "but take away her scarlet robe and let her flee." And when they had stripped off her glittering jewels and royal robes, they found she was not a beautiful princess at all, but a witch, a hateful, wrinkled, withered old hag. So she fled from the castle, and hid herself in the wilderness from the eyes of men.

Space fails to tell much more of the adventures of this pair: Fair Una brought her feeble knight to rest and gather strength in the quiet, sweet house of her ancient friend, Dame Holiness, whose gracious daughters, Charity, Faith and Hope gave him comfort and instruction; where Repentance brought him pains which were as wholesome physic, for they left him sound and well; where Contemplation, from his cell on the brow of a hill, brought him to the opening of a narrow steep lane, at the far end of which he caught sight of the turrets of the New Jerusalem glimmering in the distance, and of the bright figures of the saints who walked therein. And here his guide gave him great news—that he should himself one day walk amongst them, and should be held in dear memory evermore as "Saint George of merrie Englone."

But the great adventure on which he first set forth was yet to be achieved; so when he was duly rested, Una led him to the bounds of her father's domains: there was the brazen tower in which the ancient king and queen were held, and Una could see them walking on the battlements. Wherefore she encouraged her knight to be of good cheer and acquit himself well, for a battle was before him such as never knight had fought victoriously. As they talked, lo, there was the great dragon, stretched upon a hill side, and himself a hill for size, whose huge carcase covered acres of earth. No sooner did he spy the two than he hastened towards

them, half flying, half on foot, and the knight had only time to put his lady in safety ere the battle began. And what a battle! the blows of the knight fell harmless on the brazen scales which covered the monstrous beast, and his spear ever glanced aside, for no spot could he find between the scales for weapon to enter; and the furious beast, enraged at his long attack, raised horse and rider high in the air and flew with them for a space of many yards: then dropping them, the knight found quick a point his spear could pierce, and out gushed a great stream of black blood, enough to turn a water-wheel. Loudly the dragon brayed, unused to hurt, and all the fiercer, flew upon the knight, who was so spent and sore with wounds and toil that he longed for death to end the unequal fray. And then it happened that the knight, overthrown, fell into a well hard by, a well of life which had the power to renew man's worn out frame: out of the well he rose, drenched, but fresh and stronger for the fight than when he first began: and in this new strength, he heaved a single blow at the dragon's crested scalp that clave the skull asunder, and the great beast lay dead at the feet of the victorious knight.

The aged King looked forth upon the battle and could scarce believe it true that his foe was fallen. But Una came and presented her faithful knight to her parents, the long imprisoned King and Queen of Eden. Then were there great rejoicings, the maidens and the young men greeting the conqueror with music and flowers, the aged folk blessing him, and the little children gathering at his feet; for indeed he had wrought a great deliverance for all who dwelt in Eden.

And now fair Una came out of her bower to greet her knight, arrayed in glistening white of silver or of silk, which, no man could say: and as he gazed, he wondered at her beauty, exceeding all he had thought of her before: and the King and Queen, glad to requite the knight who had laboured for them, betrothed him to his love, the fair daughter who was heiress to their domains; and high festival was kept for many days in Eden because the Dragon was slain, and because the Princess Una was mated with a worthy lord.

[A bound copy of the "Fairie Queene" is offered to the boy or girl (not over 17) who sends the best interpretation of this allegory. To be sent to the Editor (House of Education, Ambleside), by the last day of October. Ed.]

CHILDHOOD.—AN APPEAL.

By Mrs. Brine.

My earliest distinct recollection about reading, was spelling out with much assistance, the parables in my mother's large Bible while she was dressing in the morning. After due explanation and the answering of my many questions, the parable for the day was read a second time, then this delightful exercise, I could not call it a lesson, was over. But it was always held before me that when I met with a parable that I thoroughly understood and enjoyed, I was to learn it gradually by heart. I suppose I was fanciful, or slow of apprehension, or perhaps constantly wanting new ideas, for that learning by heart was long delayed, my mother not approving of mere parrot exercises. At length we came to the parable of the sower, "A sower went out to sow." I read to the end with deep interest, then charmed and thoroughly entering into the narrative, I exclaimed, "Oh mamma! I should like to learn that story—I understand it, every word." And I learnt it, two verses a day, to the end, and afterwards many more beautiful verses.

I must then have been about seven years old, certainly backward therefore in literary acquirements, but my mother, though she had a large family, had a deep respect and tenderness for childhood. "It only comes once," she would say, "and children should never be worried." She was not able personally to do much for us, having many other duties in society and in other lines, but she exercised wise and watchful superintendence, and I can honestly record that up to ten years old my life, and those of my brothers and sisters, were ideal. It might have been said of each one of us "For he shall not much remember the days of his life because God answereth him in the joy of his heart." And one special fruit of this childhood that was so shielded from worry of any sort was, that none of us were restless or quarrelsome, the gentleness of those round us reflecting

itself unconsciously in us, and soothing the easily excited nervous irritability of growing little people.

When I was ten years old my mother left her younger children to rejoin our father abroad, but her system of intelligent teaching without pressure was carried on, and though nothing made up to us or could, for the loss of our mother's loving presence, I never remember any troubles over my schoolroom courses, except trifling ones in my dislike to arithmetic, which arose chiefly I believe, from the mistaken way in which it used to be taught me. I did not understand my sums nor the arithmetical puzzles I had to solve, and now in my sixtieth year I realise more than ever, that at no age do our brains assimilate what we do not understand and feel interested in, any more than we can assimilate the food offered us for our bodies unless prepared in such a manner as to be palatable or reasonably acceptable.

Now having passed so happily through my elementary educational courses, that I have loved literature and the acquirement of knowledge all my life, I am naturally much interested in national education, and while I admit that the present system in Board Schools is open to grave objections, I feel sure that it is not the amount of education that is wrong or the literary character of it, but only the conditions under which it is given. I have said that I was backward in my childish acquirements compared with ordinary children, but I have realised that this backwardness was in fact a great advantage, and was the reason of learning coming so easy to me in the schoolroom. Seven is now the age named by every medical authority I have consulted, for serious mental effort to commence, the brain being, broadly speaking, composed of phosphorous and lime, and the lime before that age being in too small a proportion for the brain to retain impressions without difficulty. It takes impressions as the eye takes reflections, but naturally they do not stay, and any attempt to force them to stay, or as we say, to fix them in the memory is hurtful to the child. Up to that age the child's greatest need is its mother's love—all young things are affectionate and clinging; the next greatest need after suitable food and clothing is as much fresh open air as can possibly be obtained. These are all necessities for making the solid strong stock desirable for the race,

but they are not offered and cannot be expected from a National Educational Code. Also it is the time for teaching a reasonable self-restraint and discipline, and for training children in the good habits and manners which should be the rule of all family life. The ideal child of three, four and five is fat, good-tempered and loving, with a bovine width of gaze taking its impressions *en gros*, and developing its separate faculties slowly, "not much remembering the days of its life." It will never willingly concentrate its attention on ugly *little* things like letters or figures, or struggle to grasp the meaning of silly rhymes, though it may imitate music or any sound for a short time without much effort. Its greatest pleasure is to follow "mother" or the nurse, temporarily occupying the mother's place, and nothing makes up for the loss of this protecting presence, this influence of the best loved being, who is the child's angel, the source of all its loving charm, its highest incentive to be good. To me the Government Infant School is a most objectionable Institution, unnatural and unnecessary in the majority of cases. Compulsory education at seven with all possible inducements for the instruction to be appreciated and continued as long as possible, I do hold to be a great advantage to all classes of the community, but I have seen by watching Board School scholars that five years old is too young for the continued mental effort required, while pressing children of three into schools is a monstrous shame, and disastrous in its physical results.

Not the least drawback, is the moral wrong done to the parents by taking from them their duties and responsibilities towards their offspring, at those tender years when individual attention is absolutely necessary for healthy growth and good training. Of course I shall be told that their parents are so ignorant that it is better for their children to be taken from them among the working classes, but if so that speaks badly for more than twenty years national education of these very parents, and does not encourage perseverance in it. In truth, however, I do not find parents so ignorant or so eager to get rid of their little children as is represented; the large majority of infants have been pressed in since the late Government offered a grant for all over three years of age without individual examination, because numbers in the

Board Schools mean a certain advantage to the master and more money from Government to work the schools.

Now it seems to me that in all educational matters it is the children who must primarily be considered, not the parents, or the teachers, or the money. I would therefore earnestly implore all those interested in children, and intelligently acquainted with the medical and moral aspect of the question, and especially all School Boards, to memoralise the Government to raise the age of compulsory education to seven years, and only to permit widows and indigent people who are unable to take care of their little ones, to send them at five free—the Boards providing for such, a training as much as possible on the Kindergarten system under women teachers. In crowded towns where it is charity to get the infants into purer air than that in which they live, provision might with advantage be made for a nursery, and nurses skilled and tender-hearted women to take care of them for the working hours of the day, but this has nothing to do fairly with an education department, any more than a *crêche* or babies home, which is just as much needed in such places. One special advantage of the age of compulsory education being raised to seven would be, that mothers of large families would always be able to have some of their children at home of an age to assist in the care of the younger ones, therefore it is urgent that no inducement be offered, but rather difficulty made in the way of receiving any under the compulsory age.

Let me conclude by a short review of what some other countries, who have been longer at this work of State education than we have, are doing in this matter. In Germany generally, the age for free education is six, and the children are obliged to remain in the National schools till fourteen, learning trades, handicrafts, and all kinds of house work, besides the literary instruction. In Austria the compulsory age is seven. In France there is an *école maternelle* for infants, but only I believe for special cases—ordinarily the children enter school at six, the boys and girls being educated separately and both by women only, until eight years of age. In New York the compulsory age is eight, and should the parents be indigent and require assistance of their children at home, these children may pass out of school as soon as they can read, write, and cipher well, otherwise every induce-

ment is offered for children to study various branches of knowledge until sixteen. Please to observe that no country makes education compulsory at five but Great Britain.

While writing the above I have received the following communication from the wife of one of our leading educationalists, Mr. T. H. Bastard, of Charlton Manor, near Blandford, Dorset :—"Here the infant schools are crowded, producing cripples, idiots, blindness, every evil, and one feels like beating at a brick wall to try to combat this ; and one is miserable with the thought of what it is all to result in." I can certainly bear witness to the visible deterioration of the working people's children in this village of late years, and when one remembers that all legislation is or should be in a manner educational, it is sad to reflect that the people can legally thrust their infants of tender age into the common schools to be dealt with, in a mass, by teachers, only with certificates for passing children through a literary educational course !

If ever there were a matter calling for the judgment and the energetic interference of women it is this, and I appeal earnestly to mothers and all with motherly hearts, to save the children by protecting the childhood of the race. We are constantly appealing against the right of men to legislate for women—surely they have still less right to legislate for infants of tender years without our aid and consent. But, alas, we govern by parties, and with the noisy wrangles of party questions, the low wails of the little ones is overpowered.

[*Discussion is invited.*—ED.]

NOTES ON GENESIS I., II.

By H. A. Dallas.

What is the strongest witness to the Inspiration of Scripture, and to the truth of the Revelation it contains? Is it not that it fulfils the purpose it professes to fulfil?

What is that purpose? the purpose of the whole of Scripture, and therefore the purpose of these two chapters?

1. To reveal God, and man's relation to God.

2. To reveal man's relation to man and to the physical world.

If this is so, is it a worthy or true conception of the purpose of these chapters to regard them as a miraculous revelation of certain material facts about the manner in which the world was made? facts which it is within the scope of man's natural powers to discover. Do we not risk missing the truths which they were intended to reveal, whilst seeking to find in them scientific statements of phenomena which they were *not* intended to reveal?

This old song of the creation is a document dating back probably much further than the time of Moses, and embodied with other fragments, in the books of the Pentateuch. It met the needs of Israel emerging from the idolatry of Egypt, and it meets perhaps even more effectually our needs in this nineteenth century of Christianity.

Before asking what are the needs it specially meets, let us consider a certain difficulty in the text, viz. *The use of the word "day" in these chapters.* When we observe that in chapter ii we are met by the statement that the Lord created the heavens and the earth in "a day," we conclude that this term is used with somewhat similar meaning to the term, "the day of the Lord," which occurs frequently in the writings of the prophets and apostles, and denotes an epoch of manifestation of God's power. (For this meaning see Joel ii. 11, 31; Zephaniah i. 14-18; Zechariah xiv. 1, 6;

S. John viii. 56; 1 Thessalonians v. 1, 2, &c.) The use of the expression "day" in chapter i suggests that this Day of the Lord's power in creating, was distinctly to be connected in men's minds with the six working days and one rest day of our week. Possibly the Jews may have supposed that God actually made the universe in 6 + 24, but whether they supposed this or not, the passage does not assert it. Some have thought that the revelation was made by successive visions, closed by periods of darkness, which the seer would express as evening and morning.

Now let us ask the question, what needs of Israel did this record of Creation meet?

First. It revealed that all the objects which the Israelites had become accustomed to see as objects of worship in Egypt were the workmanship of God.

And have we not need of a similar reminder? Does not one of the chief dangers of this 19th century lie in the tendency to materialism, the tendency of scientific thought to become so entangled in the laws of nature as to ignore and become blind to the Lawgiver? Scripture witnesses against this fallacy. We talk of the laws of nature—Scripture speaks of the thinkings and actions of God. (Rev. iv. 11).

Secondly. These chapters taught Israel, and they teach us that the common everyday life of work and rest are consecrated, that our working days and resting day are the token that man is greater than the other creatures of God in the world, that man is above the animals to which the Egyptians bowed down, for he is made in God's image, and called to be a sharer with the Divine Worker both in doing and in the joy of rest.

We need this lesson as much as Israel of old, perhaps more, since there are those who would assert that man is nothing but a higher kind of animal. Who ignore the fact which Scripture indicates, namely, that though according to the flesh, made of no better physical material than the beasts of the earth, yet the words spoken of the lower creatures, that they were "*brought forth after their kind*," do not adequately express the origin of man, because man is a spirit-animal, owing his highest nature to a Divine inbreathing. To us this Scripture testifies that in the image of God man was created; that he is not merely an instance of

the survival of the strongest, but is a divinely appointed ruler, who by virtue of his supremacy is (not to crush, but) to subdue. Man's naming of the creatures suggests that his rule is to be one founded on knowledge and kindly care. (Genesis ii, 19-20. Psalm viii, 5-6).

Thirdly. The foundation of society is shown in this Scripture to be not merely the utilitarian ground of self-interest. Marriage is not represented as a legal bond, solvable at pleasure, but as a Divinely ordained bond, involving holy duties as well as holy joys. A truth much needed at this time.

Fourthly. Man is presented in these chapters as a social being. He is shown learning by solitude that "it is not good for him to be alone," and finally he is represented as created to live under three laws. The law of *self restraint* (the command not to eat of the fruit of the tree envolves this law); the law of *labour*, to till the ground and keep it was his appointed work; the law of *love*, for when he had been taught the need of fellowship, he is represented as receiving the Divine gift of a companion to cherish. Are not these three laws essential to man's true welfare now, and are not our miseries the result of forgetting them?

But it has been doubted if the story of Adam and Eve is a literal occurrence or half an allegory. Surely the question is not of vital importance. The chief thing is to recognise the testimony to the Divine inspiration of the teaching in its truly marvellous applicability to our needs. Let us recognise the Teacher and receive His message, whether embodied in a historical incident or in an allegorical story.

H. A. D.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This month I am going to give you a change, for no children, nor even grown up people like always to notice the same kind of things. I have always asked you to look *out*, away from you, and to tell me what you have seen. Now I want you to look *in*, and to tell me something you will find in your own brain. Will you tell me the name of your favourite piece of poetry? Do not trouble to write it out, only give me the title and name of author. What I want you however to do, is to tell me *why* it is your favourite; why you like it better than any other poem.

Send your letter before the 30th October to

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

A book will be given to the girl under 11 who does the best darn, not larger than a square inch.

A book will be given to the boy under 11 who polishes the best thin piece of wood, about three inches square.

All work, carefully marked with name of competitor, to be sent before October 30th to Auntie Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

Work returned when accompanied by a stamp.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES

[Refer to the July number for information about prizes.]

Round the house, and round the house, and leaves a white glove on the window.

As straight as an I
With one leg and one eye
Very fast can I fly.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Clinton's Sponge Pudding 1 egg; weight of the egg in flour; weight of the egg in butter. Stir the flour and butter together, and add the yolk of the egg and mix well. Beat the white of the egg into a foam; pour it over the paste, and again stir. When stiff, put very little into each tin, or tin-cup, and bake quickly.

DOOR MATS.

In a large Infant school I visited lately, little ones of five and six were busy making perambulator covers, but the mistress is endowed with unusual energy and patience, and as a rule I should not advise mothers to teach the work to children under six or seven.

The materials required for a door mat are:—1. ½ yard of canvas (2*s.* a yard) a yard wide. 2. 1½ lb. of thrums, or the leavings of carpets, which is sold at the rate of 6 lbs. for 5*s.* 3. A length of wood 7 or 8 inches long, and 1¼ inch wide. The lid of a cigar box furnishes the best wood. 4. A crochet hook. 5. Pair of scissors.

The wool must be first wound round the wood, each piece separately, and cut through one end, leaving each piece of wool 2½ inches long. Choose the colour to begin with, put the two ends of the piece of wool together, put the crochet hook through the first hole, draw the wool through, loop it, and pull it to make it quite firm.

It is the best plan to begin with the border, then decide what pattern will look best in the centre, and finally to choose the back ground. Any one colour can be bought at the rate of 1*s.* 9*d.* per lb. Cross stitch patterns can easily be copied, and any oriental rug or carpet furnishes innumerable designs. When the mat is finished, brush the back with glue and a little flour added, which stiffens the rug, and prevents any wool getting loose. Then seam on a strong piece of canvas, and the mat is finished.

Mr. Thomas Pratt, Bridgnorth, and O. Newmann and Co., 84, Newman Street, London, can supply canvas and wools, and the latter illustrated directions and designs.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

The Rhyme Game.—This is a suggestive game for children to play, when tired of running about, or of more active play. The players sit in a circle or round a table, and the first child thinks of a name, and turns to his right-hand neighbour, who must instantly find a rhyme for it. For instance—

I'm called Johnnie Spink,

The neighbour might continue—

Who never learnt to think.

Or,

I'm called Ada White,
Answer: Who sits up all the night.
I am called Maria Hill,
Answer: And always wear a pretty frill.
I am called Elfrida Low,
Answer: Who very early learned to sew.

Children will rapidly multiply names and rhymes.

BALL GAME.

The children must stand in a row, and the biggest child stands before them holding the ball. Whenever the thrower fails to catch the ball, as it returns to him, he must go to the lowest end of the row and the child at the top must take his place.

1. Throw the ball to the first child, who must catch it with *both* hands. He returns it, and it is then thrown to the second, and so on.
2. Throw and catch with the *right* hand.
3. Throw and catch with the *left* hand.
4. Throw with the right hand and catch with the left.
5. Throw with the left and catch with the right.

When a child can do each of the above exercises, with only one mistake, he or she is called an apprentice.

The next exercises are for journey-men.

1. Throw over the *right* shoulder (the thrower stands with his back to the row), catch with the *right* hand.
2. Throw over the *left* shoulder, catch with the *left* hand.
3. Throw again over the right shoulder, catch with the *left* hand.

4. Throw over the *left* shoulder, catch with the *right* hand.

When any child can do these exercises twelve times, with only one fault, he is called a master, and must then practice the following games :—

1. Throw the ball five times against a wall, with a flat right hand, and catch it the sixth time.

2. Throw two balls six times, one after the other, with the right hand, catching them with the left and passing them on to the right hand.

3. Throw a ball with each hand against a wall, and catch both in the same.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

A hot bed or cupboard by a fireplace would bring on the bulbs more quickly. Everyone has their pet seedsman, but Messrs. Carter, also Barr and Sugden are famous for bulbs. Messrs. Prothero and Morris, of 67, Cheapside, at their sales have great bargains in the shape of bulbs of all sorts. But while you are getting your spring bulbs in order, do not neglect your flower garden, which ought still to look brilliant with late blooms. Pull up weeds. Tie up Chrysanthemums ready for blooming. Look well to your seedlings, and if strong enough plant out where you want them to bloom in spring. Carnations, pinks, polyanthus and auriculas should now be moved. Cut off withered flowers, and keep the beds as neat as possible. Now is the time to lay in your store of bulbs for winter and spring blooming. If you plant your bulbs at once, you should have blooms by Christmas.

White Roman Hyacinths are charming, for being small you can plant six or eight bulbs in a pot, and by forcing in heat can have a nice show for Christmas. White Scillas are also valuable. Other bulbs, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissus, tulips, etc., may be potted at once, but it is best to manage so as to have a succession, so keep some back till November, and plant at intervals of a fortnight or so. Get ready some soil leaf mould, garden soil and sand. Be sure there is plenty of drainage in the bottom of the flower pots, or if boxes have some holes bored. An easy way of forcing bulbs is to place the flower pots when ready planted, in a wooden box capable

of holding six or eight pots, get some cocoa fibre refuse, price 4*s.* a bag, which will last two seasons, cover up pots to three inches above bulb, place in a warm cellar, coachhouse or any dry and rather dark place away from the frost; water a little once a week, and in six weeks the leaves should begin to show. When the shoot is an inch high gradually remove fibre, and place tiny flower pot over bulb till it gets a natural color. When expose to the light by degrees.

M. HOYSTED.

THE BANISHED DWARFS.

(*German Folk-lore.*)

IN a far distant country is a high mountain, in which for many, many hundred years tiny dwarfs have lived, so clever, that they could always make with their hands all that they saw with their eyes. They made the most beautiful jewelry, so fine that no human hand could copy it; and the dwarfs kept the secret of the manufacture to themselves; and when any man came near the mountain they would all run to a big room in the very interior, where not even a moonbeam could creep into. They had in this room millions of little lamps, made by themselves. These dwarfs were under a king, whom they had always to obey, and when anyone did something that was wrong, the king's herald would summon everybody, with three trumpet calls, to the great hall, where the king gave the punishment. One day the trumpet sounded louder than ever; the dwarfs who were working, left their work at once, and those who had a clear conscience, hurried as fast as they could into the hall, so as to get near the king; but those who knew they had not been good, slipped quietly into the back of the hall, and hid themselves behind the others, hoping the king would not see them.

The king sat on his throne of rock crystal, carved for him by the dwarfs so cleverly that the million lamps were reflected from every point. He wore his crown, set with many precious stones.

When the dwarfs had bowed down so low before the king so that their noses touched the ground, and all were as still as twenty mice, the king began.

"My dear brothers and subjects, when you chose me to be your king, we took counsel together as to the best laws we could make to keep peace in our country, and we concluded that peace and order were to be observed. Say, was not that so?"

"Yes, yes," answered all the dwarfs.

"Then," continued the king, "did we not decree that everyone in our city must have a special duty to perform, and must be responsible for it being rightly done? Say, am I not right?"

"Yes, yes," shouted the dwarfs a second time.

"So that you may fear the results of wrong doing," the king continued, "we decreed that every dwarf who did not obey us, must go out into the world and serve human beings. Speak—was that not so?"

"Yes, yes," cried the dwarfs the third time.

"So far, so good. Now let the naughty dwarfs come forward to learn their punishment. Hip, Hop and Hup, step forward!"

The three dwarfs came up with drooping heads.

"You, Hip," said the king, "yesterday forgot to get oil from the oil well, so that the lamps could not be lighted, and the whole kingdom was in total darkness during the evening. We therefore banish you, and order you to go into the ear of a needle belonging to a poor old half blind woman, and to sit there so that you can help her with her work. When she is too tired to put the cotton through the ear, you must seize it, and pull it through, so that the poor woman is saved time and work. You must sit there till the needle breaks."

Hip made a very sad face, but he could of course make no remark. He bent one knee before the king, and left the hall and mountain without once looking round.

"Hop," said the king, "you have been equally careless. You have not cleaned the steps and passages properly, and have left dust and stones on them, so that we have stumbled, and nearly fallen over them; therefore I command you to go into the left shoe of a baby who is just learning to walk, to live between the sole and the leather. You must always be on the look out, and when the child lifts its right foot, you must jump out and remove any stone over which it could fall, before it puts its left foot down, and there you must remain until the shoe is torn."

After this speech Hop made a deep bow, and left the hall.

"As for you, Hup," said the king, "you have been naughtier than Hip and Hop. You have run about on the mountain at night time, and have exposed our gold and silver and crystal to the moon light, so that mankind if they had seen them would have come to search for our treasures, which we hide from all human eyes. You shall therefore be shut up in a long round dungeon that man has just invented, and called a kaleidoscope. You must sit there and make wonderful pictures for the children of men, and no picture must resemble another, but you must always invent new ones until the glass door of the prison is broken."

Hup was very unhappy at the thought that perhaps for many years he would be shut up in one room, but like the others, he dare not speak, and sadly left the mountain.

After the three had thus departed everything went on as formerly; for the dwarfs were careful to behave well after hearing these sentences. But one year had passed, when the great trumpet was again heard, and called the dwarfs to the great Hall. The king sat again on his throne, and on the lowest step knelt Hip.

"Behold, brothers and subjects," said the king, "our brother Hip has completed his sentence as we ordered, and has come once more to us, and we have called you together to hear what lesson he has learnt.

"Mighty king," answered Hip, "my experience has been a simple one. I lived in the ear of a needle, with an old woman, who sewed from morning to night. She wore very big spectacles, and when she threaded her needle, she held it very close to them; but in spite of this, the thread always bent over, or to the left or right of the ear, and the poor old woman would sigh deeply, for every moment was precious. After I came to live in the ear, I used to stretch my hand out and catch the thread, and pull it quickly through it. This, of course, greatly delighted the old woman, who imagined her eyes were getting better and younger. She sewed and sewed until one day the needle and thread fell on to her knee, and her head sank on her chest. So the neighbours found her, and a cry arose, "alas, our good neighbour is dead." One woman took up her work saying, "I will finish the hem

for her at any rate." She put the needle in with such force that it broke, and I sprang away, having got my liberty."

"Well done," said the king, "we will forgive you, and receive you once again, and hope you will always remember the lesson you have learnt."

Hip bowed and thanked the king, and then skipped off joyfully to his old friends, and wished with them that Hop and Hup would soon return.

The wish was soon fulfilled in Hop's case, for one month later he stood in the big hall, and told the king the story of his imprisonment.

"I ran into a nursery in a very big house. It was very early in the morning, and in one bed lay a most beautiful child in deep sleep. The nurse was even then busy preparing the clothes for the day. On a chair stood a pair of dear little shoes. I skipped in between the sole and leather of the left shoe, and quietly waited until a lovely lady came into the room."

"Does my little boy sleep still?" she asked.

"Her voice awoke the child, who stretched out his fat dimpled arms, and they kissed one another so tenderly that I nearly cried in my prison. Then the nurse dressed the boy, and at the last put on the two shoes because he was beginning to learn to walk."

"Oh, I do hope he won't fall as he did yesterday," said his mother. "Look at the bruise on his poor arm."

"To their surprise the boy not only ran about without falling, but jumped and sprang about as though he had walked for years. The parents were delighted, and told everyone of the cleverness of their child. One day when he was running in the park with his mother, a gipsy woman came up to her and begged her to let her tell her fortune. She turned the woman away, and to avoid her, went down a side walk. When she returned to look after her child, she found him crying because the gipsy had taken his pretty shoes. So I came on the foot of a wild gipsy child. He could not walk, but spent his days in kicking stones and walls with such force that I saw to my joy that the shoes were getting worn. At last one day the child kicked so hard against a root of a tree that the sole was torn off, and I escaped and came here."

Hop was forgiven as Hip had been, and was allowed to live again with the other dwarfs.

Poor Hup did not fare so well as the others. He sat in his kaleidoscope, in a toy shop, and when any customer took him up, he made the most perfect pictures ever seen. But such toys were no more new, and no one seemed inclined to buy it. At last a father came with a spoilt daughter who did not want to have any more dolls, and did not know what she did want. At last she decided to have the kaleidoscope, and took it home, and played with it one afternoon, and then put it into a cupboard and forgot it. There Hup sat many years. The child grew up. Once she opened the cupboard to get out something she wanted, when she caught sight of the kaleidoscope. She held it to one eye.

"Ah," she said "how curious that I enjoyed this so much when I was a child, and now I don't even think it pretty." She held it to the sewing maid, who, after she had looked through, cried "Ah, if only I could buy one."

Her mistress laughed, and said "you are very easily satisfied if such an old plaything pleases you." The poor girl sighed. "Take this if you like," said the young lady, who was in a very good temper; "it is only in my way."

The maid took it with many thanks. She knew very well what she wanted to do with it. She had a brother and a lame mother to keep. He helped a little by writing, and the mother by sewing, but they were too delicate to do much. The brother also drew designs, and the moment his sister saw the wonderful pictures, she at once thought that it would be of the greatest use to him. Hup understood his duties well, and showed the artist such exquisite and new designs that he rapidly got a name for his good work, and the merchants in the town soon kept him working from morning to night. Hup was so happy when he saw the bright faces of the brother and sister, and often lay awake at night thinking out new designs that would bring more fame to the family. At last they became so rich that the kaleidoscope was no more needed, and it was put in a place of honour in a cupboard behind a glass door, by the side of the bridal wreath of the brother's bride, and there it remained one, two, three years and more. One day one of the brother's little sons, who was just old enough to play with tin soldiers,

caught sight of it, and cried until his mother gave him the kaleidoscope in his hands, and Hup, who had had such a long rest, had to remember how to make new patterns once more. The little one was not satisfied with looking only, but wanted to see where the pictures came from, and he pressed the glass so hard with his fingers that snip snap, the glass flew into a hundred pieces, and he found inside only broken pieces of coloured glass and pearls. But if he had been very sharp he would have found a tiny stool of pure gold on which Hup had sat for twenty years.

But dwarfs do not count time by years, and do not grow old so quickly as men do, so he did not find his old friends much changed, and when he returned once more to his old happy home, he was delighted to find everything as it had been in the past.

COMPETITIONS.

Owing to the holidays, very few children have sent work. The same subjects will therefore be given in November, and the caps and models sent will be judged then.

Next year, beginning in January, owing to many requests there will be subjects given to girls over twelve.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Mabel Herring, Percy Godding, Lilian and Ryk Van de Byl, Africa, have guessed the riddles, and Dolly Dyke has sent a very good diary of one day.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heart-ache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
  With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
  So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels,
  Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
  Each chill reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
  And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
  And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer one slow compassion
  That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache
  At the setting of the sun.

(From a Mother's Note Book.)

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende Boexkens."

In response to your invitation to readers of the *P.R.*, I subjoin a few notes about books which have been read to our children, and which have proved interesting.

For younger children, say from six to ten years old, I can recommend (1) "*The Zoo*," J. C. Wood, S.P.C.K. (2*s*. 6*d*), a little book nicely illustrated in colours, dealing with such well-known animals as monkeys, foxes, wolves, etc., and consisting mainly of stories about the various creatures, both in a state of nature and in captivity. It is a book calculated to arouse a real interest, and to impart to the little ones some real insight into the lives of our dumb relations. (2) "*Stories of Old Renown*," Ascott R. Hope (Blackie & Son, 3*s*. 6*d*.), told in lively and somewhat humourous fashion, yet in simple language, happily preserving the old-world flavour. The illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are piquant and interesting. Such stories as "Guy of Warwick," "Ogier the Dane," etc., form the subjects of the tales. Gareth and Linette is a special favourite with us, and forms an excellent introduction to the "Idylls of the King," which, by the way, we find highly appreciated by children of ten and eleven. (3) "*Heroes of Asgard*," A. & E. Keary (Macmillan, 2*s*. 6*d*.), may also be strongly recommended.

For children over ten (1) "*Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*," Edited by Sir G. W. Cox (Kegan Paul, 6*s*.), may be mentioned. It contains nearly all the famous romances current during the medieval times, from the Arthurian legends to the stories of the Nibelung. There is retained in these tales, however, so strong a reminiscence of the heavy narrative style of the old chroniclers as may perhaps in the opinion of some render them unsuitable for oral reading. (2) "*The Odyssey*" (Cowper's or Morris's translation may be suggested) we have found very suitable for children over ten, of course with judicious omissions. It is, I believe, becoming gradually recognised that the most effective method of cultivating the literature of other lands is to encourage the use of good translations. By this means, though indeed we may miss the superior beauties of expression which the translator in his highest flight can hardly hope to reach, yet certainly, with this exception, it is possible to possess almost all that is valuable in any great work of literature; while at the same time by no course can we better stimulate the desire to read the author in his own *ipsissima verba*. In this connection I must not omit to mention (3) "*Flaxman's Designs, illustrative of Homer, Aeschylus and Hesiod*, 4 vols., in paper, 2*s*. 6*d*. each, or in 1 vol., half morocco (G. Bell & Sons). The whole forms a most interesting and valuable collection. Might I also

venture to recommend (4) St. John's "*Wild Sports of the Highlands*" (J. Murray, 8*s*. ?), a book well known to observers and lovers of our native fauna. The instincts of the chase are deeply embedded in our nature, and it is idle to suppose that so universal an instinct will not crop up in the case of our own sons. The question remains for us, Is this instinct to be sternly repressed as evil, and evil only? or is it possible that it may be used to lead us and our children to higher things? I would answer the latter question in the affirmative. It is too often supposed that the activities of the sportsman are productive of nothing higher than cruelty and callousness. This is far from being true. By the necessities of the case the chasseur is compelled to study the intimate proceedings and habits of the creatures with which he has to do, with the natural result, habitually and characteristically, that there is born in him a reverent tenderness and sympathy in regard to all living things, which finds its natural expression, not in cruelty, but in a growing kindliness of heart. Such a spirit, perhaps in a pre-eminent degree, we find in the writings of St. John. (5) Blackmore's classic story, "*Lorna Doone*," breathing as it does the spirit of daylight and heroic manhood is an entirely healthful book for young people, and much delighted in by our children of ten to twelve. It is suitable for reading along with the history of the Restoration period. I hope it is needless to recommend the books of Mrs. Ewing. Every one of them should be read by every body, from six years old upwards, and over and over. No story books are so ravishing, so inspiring, so stimulating. The beautiful dramatic style lends itself specially to reading aloud. Volumes entitled "*The Brownies*" and "*Melchior's Dream*" (G. Bell & Sons, 1*s*) are specially suitable for children.

H. B.

"*What's o'clock*," a missionary book for boys and girls, by Georgina A. Gollock, 1*s*. 6*d*. The need of a book written in a simple style, and yet giving a clear bird's eye view of mission work all over the world is here supplied. This book is written especially for children, and cannot fail to interest them and make them feel the reality of the great work it describes, and their share in it too. Twelve o'clock land is England, and each succeeding hour gives its name to the country over which the sun next rises. The illustrations are instructive, and the stories of different peoples might form an interesting series of geography lessons. Published by the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

E. K.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—I hope you may find space in your next issue for this, and may consider that the contents are not irrelevant to a magazine devoted to the better education of parents in regard to their children. I want to draw the attention of any parents who may not be acquainted with it, to the work the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is carrying on. The head office is at 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., but it has aid committees in more than a hundred towns in England. I cannot help thinking that most people have heard of the Society and its work, but I wish every parent would take the trouble to be intimately acquainted with it, and then I feel sure there would be few mothers who would not feel they must do all in their power to help it. I say mothers, for who can feel for suffering children like they? and when we mothers think how the slightest neglect or unhappiness of one of our own little ones makes us suffer so much, can we shut our hearts to the cry of the thousands of children who are born into the world to suffer at the hands of their parents, who will slowly starve them to death, expose them to the cold with scarcely any clothing on, or torture them in ways that seem too horrible to mention, only that they must be mentioned to be believed. But it is to one particular branch of the Society's work that I wish to call attention here, that is, the Children's League of Pity, which has been formed for the purpose of enabling the happy children of the land to help the unhappy. The Society pledges itself that no horrors shall be put into the literature connected with the League of Pity—nothing that shall sully the innocence of childhood. Each member undertakes to collect £1, associates any sum under £1. Collecting cards and books about the work will be supplied on application to the Head of the Children's League of Pity, 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

It has occurred to me that the prize competitions offered by "Auntie Mai" in the *Parents' Review* might be given by the little winners to such an object. I do not know that these prize competitions which are carried to such excess nowadays are wholly to be desired for children. It seems to me they may engender a love of money for its own sake, which is not wholesome nor desirable. If the money be devoted to some good object, of course with the child's consent, it would then be an incentive for the child to work to help others.

E. S. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—I live in a large watering place. Some months ago I asked the head of a first-rate book shop here, to take in the current number of the *Parents' Review*, on condition that, *if it did not sell it might be sent to me.* So far I have never had a number thrown on my hands: and shortly I intend to enlarge my order! Booksellers do not, as a rule, care to take periodicals on the chance of selling them; but, if asked to do so at someone else's risk, naturally they regard the matter differently. Will other friends of the *Parents' Review* try my plan?

E. V.

DEAR EDITOR,—One of your readers kindly recommends *Chamber Dramas for Children*, by Mrs. George Macdonald. I have failed in my efforts to procure it as I cannot give the publisher's name. I shall be very grateful if someone can furnish me with this necessary information in the "P.R." letter bag for next month.

M.E.D.

DEAR EDITOR,—A mother would be thankful for any hints on the education of a blind boy of two years old, not otherwise deficient. Unfortunately she is not musical.

A.B.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I intrude on your space so far as to remind your readers that the Girls' Games Club, of which I wrote some months back, is entering on its second term in October? An erroneous idea seems to have arisen that this Club is meant only for the daughters of the poor. This is not the case; the subscription was kept as low as £1 1*s*. as there is, naturally, no profit to be made out of the Club, and we have only had the educational advantages of properly organised games in view. I feel sure that if this Club were more generally known mothers would welcome the opportunity of pleasurable outdoor exercise for their growing girls. Hockey is to be the game for next term, and I trust will be as much enjoyed as cricket was last term. A former captain of the Newnham Hockey Club has kindly volunteered her services as teacher, so the game will be thoroughly well organised. We take members from eight, any age, and our ground is at Wormwood Scrubbs, whence omnibuses and trains run to all parts of London. I shall be glad to answer any questions that may be sent to me.

Yours faithfully,

H. FRANKLIN,

Chairman and Hon. Sec.

We heartily recommend members of the P.N.E.U., P.R. School, &c., to avail themselves of this opportunity. We may have the more confidence in the conduct of what might be rather a difficult undertaking, as the Chairman is "one of us."—ED.]

DEAR FRIEND,—I leaves London August 31st, so you please send me that picture of your house which young friend did drowing for me? as soon as posible. Perhaps this letter be good by to you until I get Japan.

I shall be Japan on October 22nd, so you think of me for that day.

Now goodbye dear Ambleside mother.

Your Japanese friend,
TEL SONO.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have just seen in the New York *Nation* the funniest schoolmaster's advertisement I ever saw in my life. I do not know whether the readers of *P.R.* would be amused at it. I send it for you to judge of that.

G.R.

"The Siglar School, Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. We add five years to boy life. We take the five years that are lost at home and fill them with work and play that he likes; we keep him busy and let him grow in the natural way. We want him at 8 or 9 or 10. At 15 he has the habit of happiness, industry, study, success; he tackles a job quite as well as the usual greenhorn just out of college. Do we actually accomplish that? No; we can't get him in time. His father wants to neglect him at home; his mother wants to pet him and scold him—they call it 'bringing him up.' We get him when they have got through with him; then we do the best we can with what is left of his chances. Every crop has its enemy; boys have parents. The better the father and mother, the harder it is to 'send their little boy away from home alone.' I can't discuss the question here, but I want to send my pamphlet to every parent who thinks he or she can learn to be wise enough and faithful enough to do what is best for the boy. My rate is $600 a year; no extras.—HENRY W. SIGLAR.

"Address Newburgh, N.Y."

DEAR EDITOR,—The article that has most interested me in this month's magazines is the reply of the Headmaster of Harrow, in the *New Review*, to the charges brought against Public Schools in the July number of the same magazine. After convicting the writer, who signs himself "Vox clamantis in solitudine," of inconsistency in various respects, Mr. Welldon maintains that the relations of boys to each other have greatly improved in the almost complete absence of bullying and fighting; that the relations of masters and boys is much more friendly, and that the former have a far greater sense of their responsibility; and, further, that on all sides intellectual, moral and religious progress has been most marked. He agrees with the previous writer in some of his strictures, where he points out, for instance, the abuse of Entrance Scholarships, which, founded to enable poor students to obtain a higher education than they would otherwise be able to afford, are now almost monopolised by those whose parents are rich enough to bear the expense necessary for the preliminary training. And again where he complains that schoolmasters are tempted to give more attention to the promising boys than to those who are dull and slothful.

In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Prof. Shaler argued that technical schools derive great advantage from association with a university, avoiding the liability to narrowness and smallness of aim and purpose to which independent schools are exposed. This month the other side of the case is stated by F. A. Walker.

A little book that should be most attractive to Londoners is reviewed in this week's *Literary World*, "The Birds of London," by Mr. H. K. Swann, editor of the *Naturalists' Journal.*

Referring to the question of the teaching of civic duty to children, which I mentioned in a recent letter, I see reviewed in the *Daily Chronicle* for August 26th, a book that should be useful to teachers, "The Life and Duties of the Citizen," by J. E. Parrott, B.A., LL.B.

PATER JUNIOR.

NOTICE.

Readers who have copies of the following numbers of the *Parents' Review* to spare will greatly oblige by sending them to Mr. Henry Perrin, 8, Carlton Hill, London, N.W., who is prepared, if necessary, to pay for them. February, March, May, December, 1890; May, 1892; January, February, 1893.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—Most of the students who left us at midsummer have now taken up their work and appear to be enjoying it. The next term brings a great increase of numbers: many of those coming in being ladies of high attainments. The autumn term begins on September 30th.

House of Education Natural History Club.—Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—During the autumn months the brilliant garlands of fruits flung far and wide over hedges and fields, by Nature's lavish hand, attract the attention of every passer by. Many may be unobservant of our "way side weeds," but few can pass without remark a hedge covered with the feathery tufts of clematis mingled with the red of the hips and haws, or a thorn with its long sprays loaded with crimson berries. Each season as it comes round affords a fresh field of labour for all who care to work in it. The autumn field work is not the least interesting of the year, for at this season, over fields and hedges, trees and shrubs, Nature puts into our reach strings and clusters of jewels, well worth our careful attention. Fruits of all sorts, sizes and colours, are there to tempt us. The trees overhead, the hedges on either hand, the pathway under our feet, all are covered with quaint and curious seed-vessels. The gaudy clusters of the black bryony berries *(Tamus communis)*, will give you a splendid study in yellow, orange and red; while the coral-like berries of the white bryony *(Bryonia dioice)*, if you can discover them, would make a good illustration for your note-book. The transparent-looking bunches of the honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*) show up sharp and clear above the hedgerow. The drop-like red berries of the bitter-sweet (*Solanum dulcamare*) droop forward into our pathway. Under the hedge we may find the handsome orange-red spike of the arum berries (*Arum maculatum*). Here and there the transparent bunches of the fruit of the guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*) shine like jewels in the sun. If you are fortunate you may come across a bush of the spindle-tree (*Euonymus europaeus*) covered with its lovely pink and orange fruit. High overhead you may chance to see heavy bunches of apple-like fruit, cut one open and you will see you have a miniature apple, look at the leaves of the tree with the beautiful green surface and lovely white woolly coat underneath, you may safely say "a white beam-tree" (*Pyrus aria*), and a very beautiful object it is. Its near relation the rowan-tree (*Pyrus aucuparia*) you know very well, as it grows plentifully round Ambleside, and it will give you plenty of work if you only do it carefully. The rosy fruit of our crab-apples will form capital copies for modelling lessons, as will many other fruits after a little study.

In fine contrast to the orange-red or crimson of the fruits mentioned there are many of various shades of blue or purple, sloes, wild plums, elderberries, the pyramidal clusters of the privet, all the forms of bramble, dogwood, deadly nightshade, and numerous others that I have not mentioned will readily occur to you. I do not think I am wrong in saying

that here is plenty for you to do, even if you only copy half-a-dozen of them. In addition to the study of form and colour, you will have a splendid chance to make yourself familiar with the study of "fruit," as a botanical term. How many know what the term includes? I feel certain that to many persons the word only calls up a vision of a shop window filled with oranges, apples, pears, etc., and many would perhaps vaguely wonder, "Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable," and would be terribly puzzled as to what to call a potato. The term fruit I need not remind you extends to the perfected seed apparatus generally, so instead of allowing the word to conjure up in your mind only ideas of pulpy berries and juicy pears or peaches, you must in thought range over the fields and bring before your eyes memories of *drupes and berries*, *carpels and achenes* without end, seen for yourselves in your autumn wanderings through our beautiful lanes and fields.

Fésole Club.—The subject for October is "Fish." It is meant, in all these animal studies this year, to aim at the life, which in this case means sketching from fish in water. It does not matter what sort of fish—gold-fish in a bowl, sticklebacks in a basin, any kind in any aquarium or substitute for an aquarium—with the exception of shell-fish. The object of this lesson is to study the curves of living action shown in the form of the fish as it swims. To express this try again and again to catch the general forms with quick pencil sketching; after an hour's work, chiefly given to observation, the most frequent and typical attitudes will suggest themselves. One or two may be chosen, and on a fresh paper a more careful drawing may be made in which the detail is only given so far as it can be conveniently observed; the main forms being most important, and the colour of the fish as a whole seen in its surroundings. The ordinary flat-sided aquarium is of course desirable for this work; but there is no great difficulty in painting fish in any open vessel (such as a large basin or a bath), so long as it is large enough in proportion to the fish to allow you to look down upon your subject at a rather low angle—that is to say, not straight down upon its back, but so as to see its sides as it swims. If any members are quite unable to get living fish they may make a study of dead fish. Drawings to be sent by the end of October to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

Mothers' Education Course.—We hope the students of the M. E. C. have made use of the summer holidays to make themselves familiar with the nature lore of some one neighbourhood.

Parents' Review School.—We hope the children in the school will follow Aunt Mai's Budget very carefully. May we call the attention of parents to the P.N.E.U. "Natural History" Club, Hon. Secretary, Lady Isabel Margesson, 63, St. George's Road, S.W. The "P.N.E.U. Junior Archæological Society," Hon. Secretary, Mrs. William Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint. The "Girls' Games Club," Honorary Secretary and President, H. Franklin, Esq., 9, Pembridge Gardens, Bayswater. In the two former cases members of the P.N.E.U. have the advantages of these clubs without additional fee through the kindness of the several committees.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

The Parents' Association of America.—The Parents' Association of America was organised on May 26th, 1893, at the United Charities Building, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York. The objects which the Association has in view are—

(1) To afford to parents opportunities for co-operation and consultation, so that the wisdom and experience of each may be made profitable for all. (2) To stimulate their enthusiasm through the sympathy of numbers acting together. (3) To create a better public opinion on the subject of the training of children, and, with this object in view, to collect and make known the best information and experience on the subject. (4) To assist parents to understand the best principles and methods of education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character. (5) To secure greater unity and continuity of education by harmonizing home and school training. (6) To demand such a re-adjustment of the educational processes that they may be made to harmonize with the normal physical development of the child, and thus obliterate the spirit of cram and emulation which is now regnant in school life. (7) To give special emphasis to the subject of character building in its relation to citizenship in order to foster a genuine and patriotic Americanism among the rising generation. The work of the Association is to be carried on by means of series of addresses and less formal meetings, and will be so arranged as to deal with education under the following heads: Physical, Intellectual, Ethical. The object being to cover with such completeness as may be possible all those larger questions which are involved in the welfare of the child.

Extracts from letters read at the meeting of the Parents' Association of America, May 26, 1893:

MRS. MAY LILIAN DEAN:

"I very much regret that it will be impossible for me to attend the first meeting of the 'Parents' Association of America' on May 26th. It is an occasion of great importance to all parents, and portends changes and developments in the sacred relationship of parent and child; a relationship generally too lightly assumed because its grave responsibilities are so rarely understood and accepted."

"Your magazine *Childhood* will prove a God-send to many parents who, though desirous of fulfilling their highest duties, are yet conscious of groping in the dark"

B. O. FLOWER:

"As you know from my personal expressions to you, also my published opinions of the Parents' Association of America, I am deeply interested in its work. It is to the future generations that we must look for the full expression of that ideal civilization which now is dawning on the best

minds of the age. This is not saying that we should relax our efforts to purify and ennoble our lives, and better the condition of society, but rather to emphasize the supreme importance devolving upon parents. They are the moulders of the new civilization, and as such, it is all important that the grave responsibilities devolving upon parenthood be brought home to the conscience of every enlightened man and woman.

"There are three lines of investigation or research which it seems to me should be carefully followed:

"I. Hereditary.

"II. Pre-natal Influence.

"III. Influences of Early Environment."

REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER:

"I should very much enjoy being present at the meeting, but circumstances beyond my control render it quite impossible. The object of the Parents' Association commends itself to my mind and heart as just the movement for the time in which we live, and I have no doubt that the meeting in question will further the good cause. Anything that I can do to advance the purpose of this Association I shall do with all my heart. All effort that results in making parents more watchful and wiser, more patient and practical in training children, is working on the foundation of things. We cannot over-estimate its value."

MRS. CLARA P. BOSS:

"I am very sorry that a recent illness prevents me from being present at the initial meeting of the Parents' Association. Most of us who are middle aged can remember when the children of a family, taken in the aggregate, formed but a unit in its economy. They were fed and clothed, and admonished with the rod upon any ill-behaviour, and that being accomplished, the exactions of parental duty were supposed to be fulfilled."

[Our readers will be interested to notice the slight differences the American Society has struck out. The first five "objects" are adopted from our rules and principles. Six and seven we should possibly do well to borrow in our turn. We wish Dr. Winterburn great success in his good work. Next month we hope to give a report of the first meeting.—Ed.]

P.N.E.U Junior Archæological Society.—"I have done my summer Archæological work, and care not how tired I am, as it is done well. I feel I may honestly say it is a success. I do not know which meeting was the more delightful, Lewes or Cowdray. Lewes was the better attended, we paid for 70 people to go into the Castle—not all members, but members and their friends."

F. E. BORRER,

(*From private letter.*) Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint.

(*Hon. Sec. and Founder of the P.N.E.U. Junior Archæological Society*).

[We hope to publish a full account of these meetings in our next issue.—Ed.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

A MOTHER'S LETTER.

How do I do it? This question has been from time to time in my mind, since your pleasant visit to us in our country home. A big house, and in it a big party of eight amenable children—that is all.

The work of guidance is comparatively light when the boys are not at home. The long habit of being ruled firmly, though lightly, has made them all what they are: obedient and tractable, though full of spirit and life.

We have occasional atmospheric disturbances, but they ruffle the surface only—the deep water runs smoothly. How do I do it?

When I was a young mother, I always thought "What would *my* mother have done, or said, under such circumstances?" and I acted accordingly.

For many years, being much with my children was a distinct effort of duty. I have always had an intense love of reading and self-improvement of all kinds—drawing, painting, music, books old and new; my own interests were too intense not to make it otherwise than an effort of duty to give much time to my children. Whatever you may think, I am not by any

means a "devoted mother," but no doubt my very absorption in my many and varied interests (though they were undertaken solely for my own gratification, and because I had myself been brought up to care for such things), was an unconscious training for the work, which I am quite ready *now* to admit, to be a chief end and aim of a woman's existence—*i.e.* the training of the children entrusted to her.

Admitting this much however, I still maintain that this training is not to be more than one out of other ends and aims in life, though, as I said before—a chief one. We owe much to other duties, and Society in its broad and Catholic sense, would be vapid indeed if all mothers were so occupied with maternal duties, as to be unavailable for social intercourse with other men and women. This very limitation is I think, part of the judicious training of children; out of principle I have always made my children consider mine and their father's comfort and convenience first, and I must say this has succeeded, in so far as I think they are more considerate and unselfish towards their parents than most of the children I know.

I used to hate teaching, but now it interests me. I have always taught the daily bible or prayer-book lessons to the younger children myself; but except drawing, I have taught nothing else systematically, though of course much incidentally. The children's ordinary education has been carried on by governesses under my supervision, and the boys of course have been to school, but as regards them, the help and co-operation we have received from the master of the private school where they have been, has been a powerful aid in the formation of their characters, and in the sequence of their individual treatment. This entire confidence between master and parents as to the boys' characters, and great frankness in the Reports sent, I consider to be simply indispensable to their wise bringing up.

The great disadvantage of their lives, being broken up into periods, having little or no continuity one with the other, is thus minimised as far as is possible, though at the best the life of a boy at school must remain to a great degree strange to his mother. If this is so at a private school, it is to a far greater extent at a public one; this life is almost a sealed book to those at home. Now and again a glimpse between

the leaves reveals a world of duties, pleasures, temptations, and self control, which brings home to one's mind with a shock, the fact of one's boy being tried in the fire, and one can only hope and pray that he may come out of the ordeal unsinged by the flame. One's helplessness to aid is the less great, when one remembers how much may be done by Intercession—but truly these weak children are often heroes, "greater than those who have taken Cities."

You know what a tribe we have! but I have always tried to have from time to time my children singly with me; and ever since they have been at school I have made a point of having "talks" with my boys. I find they always welcome a suggestion that they should come to me for one of these "talks." I have made it a habit for years to go to my room for an hour every evening before dinner, where, on my sofa, I take a much needed rest, for my life is a very busy one. Here at this time they come to me and on a low stool by my side they sit, and we talk. Some of my children talk freely, others leave it to me to do most of that, but gradually they get interested and "thaw." One of my boys takes a long time to thaw, but the process takes place sooner or later, and he is all the sweeter for the slowness of his confidence. Some of these talks are as great a mental effort as that of reading a stiff book, and I never begin one of them without asking for help and guidance, and often throughout the time they last, claim the aid and inspiration of words that never fail to follow.

The children never expect a "preaching" I believe, nor do they ever have their confidence forced, and sometimes these talks end without any apparent object being gained. We always begin with mundane affairs; generally we discuss the pets or some interesting occupation upon which they are engaged—or else they like merely to be caressed and "smoothed." Sometimes I scold them briskly for some fault or neglect. Sometimes we talk of their futures—of life and its battles—and sometimes I tell them of my own old days—but we manage to make the best of our opportunities, and the talk generally bears fruit. I think such talks may be a bulwark to a boy entering on life. My boys know that so long as we are left to each other we shall always have them. They know that anything wrong could scarcely be concealed from me—that I should see it in their faces, and that "murder

will out." Please God this thought may be a stay and preventive from evil.

The girls are different, my little pair of nine and eleven also have their talks. They have as yet no desire for privacy. Each other's presence does not check their confidence. They are amusingly open. They discuss their own and each other's foibles and relate their little experiences in self-rule exercises, a small boy of eight listening, and making a running accompaniment of quaint remarks upon his own and their characters and experiences. His sisters do their best to reduce him to the level they consider he should occupy from his youth and inexperience, but the small lord of creation is conscious of the superiority of his sex.

The children's father has so far left their management mostly to me, but his unfailing support of my authority and his insistence on absolute obedience to us both, has made my task easy. "Obedience and no argument" he has always exacted, and it never occurs to the children big or little, that his or my will can be disputed when once the law is laid down. But we drive them with a light hand and their father's unfailing kindness and justice have made him truly their friend and referee, for they are thoroughly appreciative of his strong and manly character, and would perhaps tell you with some pride, how that when a boy at Harrow he was for three years head of his house—the last year remaining on by special request "because his influence was so good." This may seem little to us, but I think the echo of the old influence that was then thought useful, may be none the less so now, years afterwards; and may well be a source of pride and emulation to the old "head boy's" sons!

I think self control is the great secret of influence and authority in Parents. The absolute accord—perfect love and confidence, and unfailing *good temper* between their Father and Mother that they ought always to see, should be a perpetual model and pattern of what their own future lives ought some day to be. There is no training in self control such as one's own children give one. One lives in a blaze of light, one's every action is seen and unconsciously influences. One *must* always be serene, good tempered, unselfish, courteous, reticent, just, charitable. From living one's life so much in public, *posing* to the children as models of all they should

copy, one is, I think, trained oneself. One finds this I think a strain and an effort for a time. Cultivated people have to sacrifice a great deal in living much in the society of children. They must either repress the children more than is good for them, or sacrifice much conversation and intercourse that is above the children's heads.

The society of husband and wife when at home and without guests, is only gradually broken in upon by the growing up of their children, so that the change is hardly realized, and I think it is the suddenness of this breaking in that often tries a stepmother to a degree that, unless she has the sweetest of tempers, strains her relations with her stepchildren. I think if men who marry a second time would remember this, and spare their young wives more, they would help both them and the children much. Unfortunately most men who have families marry a second time, because they cannot get on without a mistress to their household, and a mother to their children, whereas the second wife marries her husband for himself, and not for his children.

I think an "elder sister" is a great help and influence in a family. My eldest girl has latterly been of the greatest assistance to me. With a devoted affection for her brothers, and while apparently in most things giving up her wishes and desires to please them, she never fails to influence them for good with the intuitive tact and instinct, which is a woman's special gift in dealing with men. It is well that a girl should acquire this tact while young, for on it depends much of her happiness and power for good in later life. I think indeed my little daughter is learning at home much of what in other ways you impart to your band of enthusiastic little maidens at Ambleside—she is both learning to train and being trained.

You see from all I have told you that we are rather a homogeneous "whole." We act upon and educate each other, tho' I think we ourselves do not approach *your* ideal of parents. Indeed, did we do so, we should perhaps neglect other duties, and they are great and many. As you may imagine, this being the case, I rejoice in the possession of our dear good "Mademoiselle" whom you know. Truly, "great wits jump," and she is quite a kindred spirit with you.

But you will forgive me a little criticism. Are not your

"beautiful mothers" a little spoiling to the children, and sometimes perhaps rather a trial to other people? Are they not sometimes somewhat too cheap—too much and too often the servants of their children? I say advisedly "their servants;" they serve their children insomuch as this is the bent and end of their existence, being mothers. A reaction was bound to come, but perhaps the educationist of this day deals too exclusively with the duties of parents to children. Must we not remember that if the children are accustomed to "be considered" always and not "to consider," this perhaps may defeat its own object when the next generation comes to be trained up? Granted, that in the old days of repressive child training, this object of the duty of children to their parents was strained to breaking point. Child life was clouded, overshadowed by fear, misunderstanding, harsh misconceptions, onerous rules. Parents' love and sympathy was swallowed up, drowned in etiquette and misjudged severity. But barring the lack of tenderness and sympathy (which scarcely existed, and when it did was considered a weakness), this method of education certainly often turned out fine and noble men, and sweet, well disciplined women. The sweetest and noblest woman I ever knew had a mother who absolutely neglected her children (in so far as personal intercourse was concerned) until they were old enough to be interesting, which was when they were able to sympathise and take part in her own intellectual and artistic pursuits.

I think we need a *juste milieu* between these two extremes. The children should not be trained with the idea that they can possibly be the *first* object with their parents. First and foremost the mother should make all give way to the father's comfort and convenience. She should show how much they owe to him, how he toils for herself and them—how often (perchance) he denies himself what otherwise might be his, but for what he does for them—their education, pleasures, health and what not. On the other hand, the father's tender care of "the mother," his courtesy to her, his chivalrous treatment of her woman's nature and (perhaps) weak body—should teach the boys unconsciously to themselves, that reverence and tenderness for woman, which even Miss Cobb and Co. have been unable to deprive the generality of well bred Englishmen.

I thank God my children have succeeded to a heritage of a good and honest race; it is a superlative privilege. When He comes to bind up His sheaves I think we may find many of our children's sins visited upon us! We indeed, in the light of modern science, owe pretty nearly as much to our children before they are born as we do to them afterwards—yes! and to our children's children. Do not let us allow our love and duty to our children run to seed. Love and unselfishness in mothers is pretty, sweet, and very edifying, but if we wish to train up men and women to do their duty in their turn, our rule must be absolute and bracing, tender and sympathetic in turn. We must even sometimes deprive them of innocent amusements and pleasures if they interfere with our own comfort or convenience. If we deny ourselves for them, we must exact that they also should do the same for us, and perhaps the acceptance of such self-sacrifice is a considerable one in itself.

But when I urge a "bracing treatment" I do not for one moment regret those dead methods and cruel trainings of the past. Only, let us rule absolutely, howbeit tenderly. The best drivers drive with "a light hand," and women can ride with ease some horses who fret under the heavier hand of a man. In this connection I may say I have found the *hand* a curiously effectual instrument in dealing with my children. The close affinity between children and parents can be greatly intensified by touch. I do not believe that this exists only between certain parents and children. I believe that any mother's hand, provided it is tender and strong in touching, can create a sensitive current between the two natures that not only exists at the moment, but that will last in memory, and its influence be brought back by association in after times. It has a distinct physical effect on my children and this I have seen react upon their nerves and tempers.

Last, and not least, our "light" should shine very brightly in the children's eyes. I know a man who has been through the fire of many and heavy troubles. His mother is old and very deaf, but is the more spiritually beautiful. Since his childhood this man has nightly gone to her room early or late to bid her goodnight, and he says "the mother at prayers" is the most beautiful sight he knows. Let the light shine. We English are such a reserved race, we willingly hide it

under the bushel, the more perhaps the brighter it be. Let us allow our boys to see the longing sometimes of "Thy Kingdom come," and know why! (I can see the wonder and awe in my boys' eyes now). They cannot understand *that* now in their health and strength and hope of life, but they will someday. In seeing us "love Jesus" they will learn to love Him too; and that love has kept armies at bay!

I think no one can make hard and fast rules as to the treatment of children in general—they must be treated individually. One's only general rule I think should be that of Love. Whatever we do to them or for them, let us always let them see and know that we are always loving them.

HOME ARITHMETIC.

By Mary Everest Boole.

Many of the so-called laws of number are in fact laws of the human thinking machinery. In other sciences, these laws act obscurely and can only be inferred more or less doubtfully; but all over the field of mathematics, including arithmetic, points occur where they crop to the surface and become manifest. Thoughtless persons, while recognising the necessity of obeying them *in arithmetic*, ignore their validity elsewhere; but there is a growing tendency among those who know better, to insist on the importance of using arithmetic as the key to all higher culture, of subordinating skill in calculation to the purpose of teaching the laws of that internal machinery by the right use of which, man draws down Truth from the Unknown. James Hinton for instance, spoke of "people *wicked* enough to tell a boy how to do a quadratic equation;" i.e. to sacrifice, for the sake of imparting technical knowledge, that unique opportunity for learning a special law of thought which occurs, when one is led to confront for oneself the problem of solving quadratics.

Hence those who try to learn from books how to teach arithmetic and algebra are torn between conflicting requirements, the spiritual and intellectual enthusiasts being hopelessly at issue with the "practical," who aim to teach those orderly and accurate ways of dealing with number so necessary for domestic and commercial purposes, with the crammers who want to make future High Wranglers, and with the specialists who would subordinate every other consideration, to prepare for event of the pupil becoming a stock broker or an actuary.

To invent any one method which shall satisfy the conflicting requirements is as impossible as it would be to give, all at

once and in some one way, scientific instruction on the Physiology of muscle, hygienic practice in Gymnastics, and training for special handicrafts.

Orderly division of labour between home and school might facilitate a rational treatment of the question "How shall we teach Arithmetic?"

The principles to be grasped at starting are such as these:—

Every child's mind is in direct contact with abstract Truth, and can imbibe it by the natural use of its own powers, irrespective of statements made, or methods taught, by adults.

This Truth-absorption is the proper business of Holy-days, of quiet leisurely hours free from the stress of work.

Work is connected with and regulated by our relation to Humanity, our duties as citizens, and should be done in the most orderly and convenient way possible, irrespective of any special manner in which Abstract Truth may have revealed itself to the individual.

Methods are dictated by conventions created by experience, which we are not at liberty to ignore during work-hours, though we may, and should, keep them true by comparing them, at leisure, with those abstract truths of which they should form a correct, though condensed, embodiment.

All knowledge, both of Laws of Number and of Laws of Thought is gained by conscious *attention* to the rationale of the processes we are going through; all skill in the use of mathematical notations depends on acquiring the habit of *ignoring* the meaning of the symbols and concentrating attention on using them, accurately and rapidly, according to a rule; obviously these two requirements cannot be secured at one time and by one method.* Indeed, it is almost impossible for a pupil to extract out of a mathematical operation what it has to teach about the abstract, after he has once learned to perform that operation mechanically. It is therefore desirable that a child should learn from each operation all that it can give of knowledge of Laws of Thought, before he ever sees it performed in the class-room, where skill

* An Article by De Morgan on Arithmetical Computation, in *British Almanack and Companion* for 1844, shews the need for strict discipline in the regular teaching of Arithmetic; and proves (by inference) how impossible it would be to *combine* that discipline with the roundabout, leisurely investigation necessary to make Arithmetic fruitful for spiritual culture.

in manipulation is being cultivated. Each operation should be introduced to the child first by a series of play-lessons, in which no eagerness is aroused, on which no examination depends, and during which he is free to soak up all it contains of Philosophic Truth, unhampered by the need for following any prescribed method.

Orderly method can be best taught in class and by trained experts; but the preliminary play-study, on which depends the Philosophic culture, might often be more effectually superintended at home, by some one acting in concert with the school teacher. Such play-study is a more suitable form of "holiday lessons" than the tasks usually set as such.

The remainder of this paper will consist of hints for making arithmetical play-lessons fruitful for future development; it is addressed, primarily, to persons already familiar with good text books, such as those of De Morgan and Sonnenschein; and is intended not to repeat what such books contain, but to show how the carrying out of their essential purpose can be facilitated by clear division between "play-lessons" and "work."

Before the age at which arithmetic is taught at all, make the child practically familiar with the process of exchange; either by using money and getting twelve pence for a shilling, or by some game in which a red counter represents ten white ones.

Begin teaching each of the four elementary operations, by giving a few easy examples in relation to the coins or counters to which he is accustomed; do not use the written decimal notation till he understands the operation itself.

When you use notation, shew him that ten was chosen as our "carrying" standard, because savages counted on their fingers; make him realise early, that ten has no special value as a standard except what is given to it by the conformation of man.

Beware of writing, in play-lessons, anything which does not represent some process actually going on in the child's mind. *E.g.* It is natural to a child to count the more valuable coins or counters before the less valuable ones; allow him to do additions in that order, till he discovers the inconvenience of doing so. The first few examples of each operation should involve no "carrying" and therefore no

inconvenience from beginning at the "wrong" end. When he begins to "carry," let him still work in the wrong order, and correct his results. If it does not soon occur to him to spare himself this trouble, you may suggest it to him; but for some time after you have suggested it, make him do each sum in both ways, the clumsy and the convenient way, and become accustomed to see the identity of results.

When he can do an easy addition, of about three columns and three rows, slowly, but without effort, beginning indifferently at either end, and can explain the rationale of each process, addition may pass to the stage of "work." Subtraction should then be taken up for play-lessons, the same principles being observed as in play-addition.

If the play is being thoroughly well done at home, then, the class-teacher need never tolerate any clumsy, roundabout ways, any scribbling of needless figures, any sort of untidyness; he should insist on the most rapid, orderly and convenient methods.

No child should use a multiplication table until he has made one. Rule wide squares, and write the heading numbers. Give the child, as addition sums, two 2's to add together, then two 3's, three 2's, two 4's, &c. Let him write the result of each of these additions into its proper square of the table. He may take many weeks or months to complete it. He may begin to learn by heart the easy rows before he has filled in the more difficult ones. Let him learn from the copy which he has himself made. Meantime he can be doing play-multiplication sums. When he comes to multiply by more than one digit, let him write all the zero's in full, till he has satisfied himself that leaving them out can make no difference to the result provided the figures are kept in their right places. Multiplication should not be done as work till he is satisfied of this, and can do a sum either with or without the zeros.

As soon as multiplication passes into work, no needless zeros should be permitted, nor any stopping to reckon; the work should be done by sheer effort of mechanical memory. He should occasionally revise or recreate his table in "play," but, during "work," should take its truth for granted.

By the time that he begins play division, he will probably have reflected that it is useless to begin at the end of greatest value, and will try to divide, beginning with the smaller

value. Let him do so till he finds,—probably to his great astonishment,—that, *in division*, this is the inconvenient way.

When he can do easily a short division by one small digit, let him do one on the top of the slate and leave it; prepare the rest of the slate as for long division, and set the same sum over again in long division form. Tell him to write down all the steps (multiplications and subtractions) by which he got his successive remainders. Repeat this process during several weeks, or even months; do not set any division by more than one digit till the child quite realizes that long and short division are identically the same process; that the former helps memory when the divisor is large, but gives needless trouble in writing when it is small. This will forestall the difficulty which many, even clever, children experience in understanding long division. Remember too that no time is wasted which serves to impress on the child's consciousness that abstract truth has a sanctity and authority of its own, independent of special method; and that our choice between methods, equally valid abstractly, is to be decided by human convenience.

On the same principle let proportion be done at first by the longest, most roundabout gropings after successive steps of reasoning; let this be continued for some time before a shorter method is suggested, and do not let proportion pass into work till the child has done many easy examples by both long and short method.

Form early the habit of designating by a big "ANS." the final answer to the question originally asked. Treat this clear distinguishing of the *final* from all *partial* results as an essential part of the solution.

Give occasionally, as multiplication sums, questions about the number of days in so many years. Accustom the child to picture, in imagination, the days passing steadily on from one new year or birthday to another; shew that there comes no special stop or break at the end of ten days or a hundred days; that we are obliged to do our sums *as if* days were grouped in tens and hundreds. Point out that, though we perform our investigations on fragments of a large number, because, our faculties being limited, we cannot multiply it as a whole, yet we write the word "Answer" opposite to no partial result, but

only to that expression which indicates the summary or synthesis of our various partial investigations. This forms a good preparation for understanding that doctrine, which is at once the basis of Mathematical Philosophy and its crowning glory; viz: the doctrine that man is related by his analytic faculties to the monkeys who investigate by breaking things in pieces, and, by his synthetic faculty, to that Unity in Whom are reunited all that has been separated; that the normal use of man's thinking organ consists in perfect cyclic alternation of Analysis and Synthesis; that the dominant revealing point is the point of *completed synthesis;* that man falls into error when he vitiates the cycle; but while he keeps faithful to it his mind is constantly inspired with Truth.

MUSIC.

By Herbert Baynes.

From myriad subtle, solitary springs
    Which through a thousand hearts for ever flow,
    In moving melodies that come and go
And tremble into being, secret strings
Of liquid loveliness and sacred things
    Of earth and heaven, of gladness and of woe,
    Muse of the muses, thou, dost rise and grow.
Nor know we how, upon celestial wings
    Now soft and low, then eager, swift and strong,
    Our spirits thou dost bear. Thy sphere of tone
In hieroglyphs of God dost thou reveal;
    Idea, feeling, will—both right and wrong
    Are imaged there: the spirit naked, lone
We see, and where we cannot know—we feel!

HISTOIRE DE MA VIE.

By George Sand.

(*Translated by Emily Austin Bull.*)

We must conclude that life is a very good thing in itself, since the beginning of it is so sweet and infancy is so happy a stage. There is not one of us who does not recall that golden age as a vanished dream, to which nothing that follows it can be compared. I say a dream, thinking of those first years over which memory hovers uncertainly and only lays hold of a few isolated impressions from a vague whole. It is difficult to say why for each one of us these flashes of remembrance—insignificant enough for other people—have so powerful a charm.

Memory is a faculty which varies according to the individual, and which, being perfect in no one, presents a thousand contradictions. In me as in many other persons it is extraordinarily developed on some points and extraordinarily weak in others. I only recall laboriously the little events of the day before and most of the details are lost to me for ever. But when I look a little further behind me my recollections go back to an age when most people can recall nothing of their past existence. Does this proceed from the nature of this faculty in myself or from a certain precocity in the perception of life?

We are perhaps equally endowed in this respect, and have perhaps only a clear or confused notion of past things according to the lesser or greater amount of emotion they caused us. Certain inward preoccupations make us almost indifferent to facts which are shaking the world around us. It also happens that we remember badly what we have badly understood. Forgetfulness is perhaps only want of intelligence or inattention. Whatever it may be, here is the first recollection of my life and it dates from very far back. I was

two years old, a nurse let me fall from her arms against the corner of a mantel-piece; I was frightened, and my forehead was hurt. The commotion and shock to my nervous system opened my mind to the consciousness of life, and I saw clearly and still see the ruddy marble of the chimney-piece, my blood flowing and the scared face of my nurse. I also distinctly recollect the doctor's visit, the leeches that were put behind my ear, my mother's anxiety and the dismissal of the nurse for drunkenness. We left the house and I do not know where it was situated, and have never been there since; but if it is still in existence it seems to me that I should know it again.

It is therefore not surprising that I remember perfectly the apartments we lived in in Grande-Batelierè street a year later. From thence date my distinct and almost uninterrupted recollections. But from the mantel-piece accident to the age of three years, I can only go over an indeterminate succession of hours passed in my little bed without sleeping and filled with the contemplation of some fold in the curtain or some flower on the paper of the rooms. I also remember that the buzzing about of the flies occupied my attention considerably, and that I often saw things double, a circumstance which it is impossible for me to explain and which many people have told me they also experienced in their early infancy. It was especially the flame of the candles which assumed this appearance before my eyes and I took knowledge of the illusion without being able to escape from it. It even seems to me that this illusion was one of the tame amusements of my captivity in the cradle, and this cradle-life appeared to me extraordinarily long and full of luxurious weariness.

My mother took pains very early to bring out my faculties and my brain offered no resistance to her efforts, but it did not forestall them. It might have been very tardy if it had been let alone. I walked at ten months; I talked pretty late, but when once I had begun to say a few words, I learnt all the words very quickly, and at four I could read very well; my cousin Clotilde also, who was taught as I was by our two mothers in turn. They also taught us prayers, I remember that I said them without stumbling from beginning to end and without understanding a syllable, except these words that we were taught to say when we were lying with our two heads on the same pillow, "My God, I give you my heart."

I don't know why I understood that more than the rest, for there is much that is metaphysical in these few words, however, I *did* understand them, and it was the only part of my prayers in which I had some idea of God and of myself. As to the Pater, the Credo, and the Ave Maria which I knew very well in French, except "Give us this day our daily bread," I might just as well have said them in Latin like a parrot, they would not have been more unintelligible to me.

We were also made to learn by heart La Fontaine's Fables and I knew them nearly all, however they were still a dead letter to me. I was so tired of reciting them that I believe I did my utmost not to understand them till very late, and it was only about the age of fifteen or sixteen that I began to perceive their beauty. It was formerly the custom to fill the memory of children with an accumulation of wealth beyond their understanding. I do not find fault with the little labour that was thus imposed on them. Rousseau, in cutting it off altogether in Emile risks thickening the skull of his pupil till he is no longer capable of comprehending what there is in store for him at a more advanced age. It is good to accustom children from as early an age as possible to a moderate, but daily exercise of the different faculties of their minds. But people are in too great a hurry to make use of exquisite things. There exists no literature for the use of little children. All the pretty verses that are made in their honour are affected and crammed with words that do not belong to their vocabulary. There are hardly any of the songs except lullabies which really appeal to their imagination. The first lines which I understood are those which every-body no doubt knows and which my mother used to sing to me in the freshest and sweetest voice in the world:

Allons dans la grange
  Voir la poule blanche
Que pond un bel œuf d'argent
  Pour ce cher petit enfant.

The rhyme is not very exquisite, but I did not care about that, and I was deeply impressed by that white hen and that silver egg that was promised me every evening and that I never thought of asking for the next morning. The promise returned always and the naïve hope came back with it. Dear reader, do you remember it? For you also were promised

for years this marvellous egg which never excited your cupidity, but which seemed to you the most poetical and graceful present from the good hen. And what would you have done with the silver egg if it had been given you? Your feeble hands could not have carried it, and your restless and variable temper would soon have grown tired of this insipid plaything. What is an egg, what is a toy which does not break? but imagination makes something out of nothing; it is its nature and the history of this silver egg is perhaps *the* thing of all material wealth which arouses our covetousness. The desire of it is a great and the possession of it but a little thing.

My mother also sang me a song of this kind on Xmas eve; but as that only came once a year I do not remember it. What I have not forgotten is the entire belief I had in the descent by the funnel of the chimney of little Father Xmas, a good old man with a white beard who at the midnight hour would come and put in my little shoe a present which I should find there when I awoke. Midnight! that weird hour that children are not acquainted with and which is pointed out to them as the impossible limit of their vigil. What incredible efforts I made not to fall asleep before the little old man appeared. I was both very desirous and very much afraid of seeing him; but never could I keep awake till then, and the next day my first look was for my shoe beside the hearth. What emotion the white paper wrapper caused me, for Father Xmas was delicately clean and never failed to carefully pack up his offering. I ran with bare feet to seize my treasure. It was never a very magnificent gift, for we were not rich. It was a little cake, an orange, or simply a fine rosy apple. But it seemed to me so precious that I hardly dared eat it. Again imagination did its part, and it is the whole life of a child.

I do not at all approve of Rousseau wishing to put down the marvellous on the pretext of its being falsehood. Reason and incredulity come quite quickly enough, and of themselves. I quite well remember the first year, when doubt seized me, about the real existence of Father Xmas. I was five or six years old, and it seemed to me that it must be my mother who put the cake into my slipper. Therefore, it seemed to me not so good and delicious as it was at other times, and I felt a

sort of regret at no longer being able to believe in the old man with the white beard. I saw my son believe in it much longer. Boys are simpler than little girls. Like myself, he made great efforts to keep awake till midnight. Like myself, he did not succeed, and, like myself, he found the marvellous cake kneaded in the kitchen of paradise; but for him, also, the first year that he doubted was the last of the visits of the good old man. We should provide for children the food suited to their age and not anticipate. As long as they want the marvellous, we should give it to them. When they begin to get tired of it we must take good care not to prolong the illusion, and to impede the natural progress of their reason.

To cut off the marvellous from the life of the child is to go against nature herself. Is not infancy in man a mysterious state and full of inexplicable phenomena? Whence comes the child? Before it was formed in its mother's womb, had it not an existence of some kind in the unfathomable bosom of Divinity? Does not the particle of life, which animates it, come from the unknown world to which it is to return? This rapid development of the human soul in our first years, this strange passage from a state which resembles chaos to a state of comprehension and sociability, these first notions of language, this incomprehensible labour of the mind which learns to give a name, not only to external objects, but to action, to thought, to feeling, all that is connected with the miracle of life, and I do not know that anyone has explained it. I have always marvelled at the first verb that I have heard pronounced by little children. I understand that the substantive shall be taught them, but the verbs, and above all those which express the affections! The first time, for example, that a child knows how to say to its mother that it loves her, is it not a higher revelation which he receives and expresses? The outward world, where this travailing spirit soars, cannot yet have given it any distinct notion of the functions of the soul. Till then he has only lived by his wants, and the growth of his intelligence has only been by his senses. He sees, he wishes to touch, to taste, and all these outward objects, the use of which he is for the most part ignorant of, and the cause and effect of which he cannot understand must pass before him at first like a puzzling vision. Here begins the internal

working. The imagination is filled with these objects :—The child dreams in his sleep, and he also dreams, no doubt, when he does not sleep. At least he does not know for a long time the difference between the state of waking and the state of sleeping. Who can say why a new object delights or frightens him? Who inspires him with the vague notion of beauty or ugliness? A flower, a little bird never frighten him; an ugly mask, a noisy animal scare him. It must be then that in striking his senses this object of sympathy, or repulsion, reveals to his understanding some idea of confidence or of terror, which cannot have been taught him, for this attraction or this repugnance is manifested already in the child who does not yet understand human language. There is then in him something anterior to all the notions that education can give him, and that is the mystery which constitutes the essence of life in man.

The child lives quite naturally in a supernatural environment, so to speak, where all is marvellous within him, and where all which is without him must at first sight seem marvellous to him. We do not do him a service by hastening without discretion, and without discernment the estimation of all the things which strike him. It is good that he should seek it out for himself, and that he should make it out in his own way during that period of his life, when, instead of his innocent mistake, our explanations, beyond his powers, would plunge him into still greater error, and perhaps warp for ever the correctness of his judgment and the morality of his soul.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.*

By J. S. Mills, M.A.

There have lately been many evidences that the question of religion in education, upon which Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870 narrowly escaped shipwreck, is still unsolved, and still exciting the interest, and I am afraid, the passions of educational enthusiasts. Only the other day I discovered, among the papers left for public edification in a railway waiting-room, a small magazine containing an article on this subject. The writer insisted boldly upon the duty of restoring the teaching of Anglican doctrine to our board schools, objected most strongly to church people being compelled to contribute rates to all but secular public schools, and concluded by recommending for private devotions two "collects" embodying in the form of petition to Almighty God, the general spirit of the article. Such a paper represents an extreme view which, however, is probably held by many religious people. At the other extreme, represented in 1870 by the Birmingham League, we find those who hold that the objects of any scheme of national education, as indeed of the Bill of 1870, are confined to the provision of secular education, of the simple instruments of self-instruction, and to the resulting intelligence order and discipline of the masses of the people; and that as soon as the state begins to confer exchequer grants or rates upon denominational schools, or

* We gladly insert this article, not as expressing P.N.E.U. feeling on the subject of education; our readers are aware that our whole superstructure rests upon a religious, or more precisely upon a Christian basis, but we are glad to be enabled to lay before our readers so temperate and lucid an exposition of the educational thought of the day, on this momentous subject. If the great body of public educators feel that religious education is outside their province, this greatest of all responsibilities is thrown back solely upon the parents. We shall be very glad to have the subject discussed in this magazine, with a view to suggesting some definite line of action for parents, whether in the way of influencing public opinion, or of giving connected definite religious teaching to their own children of whatever age.

endeavours to prescribe some form of religious teaching for rate schools, religious equality in spite of illusory conscience clauses is jeopardized, and the door opened to endless and unseemly controversies. This position, which was also the original position of Mr. Forster, seems to be gaining ground in spite of ill-boding prophecies of universal heathendom and immorality. The schemes for intermediate education in Wales at present being formulated are re-opening the whole question. The Bishop of Chester has in the interests of his own church already attacked two schemes for Cardigan and Merioneth, seriously injuring their general efficiency in order to secure religious instruction of a definitely dogmatic nature. The London School-board has lately been agitated by a similar controversy. The orthodox champions of denominationalism have complained that the form of religious instruction in the London schools so far from being undenominational is nothing more or less than simple Unitarianism, and acceptable to that sect alone. The same question appeared some months ago even in connection with our great public and grammar schools, when the Archbishop of Canterbury endeavoured to stimulate the Head-masters' conference into a proselytizing enthusiasm for bringing the religious instruction in our public schools into a closer identification with Anglican principles, in short for making them strongholds and nurseries of the Establishment. All this is evidence that the problem is very far from a settlement, and contains within itself the seeds of bitter animosities and violent controversy, involving the whole principle of toleration and some of the deepest questions of religion and morals.

It is needless to discuss here the various plans for reconciling religious instruction with the general conscience. The straits to which thinkers on this question are reduced may be gathered from a proposal made by a very high authority, that the denominations among which the children's parents are distributed shall have the right of supplying each its own religious teaching in one and the same school. Of all serious proposals this is the maddest and merriest. Imagination shrinks from conceiving the Babel of conflicting and competitive creeds resulting from such a scheme—the awful possibility of a small child being positively torn limb from limb in a theological tug-of-war. Such a proposal coming with such

credentials simply illustrates the impossibility of any really satisfactory *modus vivendi* short of the complete secularization of our rate schools. Indeed the only other reasonable solution of the question, which has however failed in practise, is that founded on the 1870 principle of Bible-reading with comments but without any insistance upon distinctive religious doctrines. The compromise of 1870 permitted what is known as undenominational teaching, but wisely declined to define exactly what that included. If people were inclined universally *quieta non movere*, such teaching might proceed and its beneficent influences be realized without scandal or intolerance of any kind, complete reliance being placed in the common sense of the teacher to abstain from any teaching that would transgress the spirit of the law. It is true that the permission of such teaching does constitute a grievance in the case of Jews, Roman Catholics, and secularists, who are compelled to contribute towards its maintenance—a grievance not by any means neutralized by the operation of a conscience clause. I can scarcely believe however that many of such persuasions would seriously insist upon their disability in this respect. The opposition comes rather from Christians of strong denominational feelings who, as I have mentioned above, look upon even such teaching as an unfair advantage to Unitarian theology, and scarcely better than a purely secular curriculum. In fact it is obviously impossible to formulate any scheme of religious teaching which shall not find its special embodiment in some single sect or other, and be consequently in this sense denominational. To eliminate Christian dogma from religious teaching constitutes in itself a dogmatic position to which a member of an evangelical denomination feels a natural and sincere objection. The Lord Chancellor expressed the more enlightened view when he demurred in the House of Lords from the "statement that what was called undenominational teaching was necessarily either antagonistic to Church teaching or antagonistic to religion." It ought, indeed, to be possible for a sympathetic teacher to convey the spirit of Christian ethics without reference to the doctrine of the divinity or of the incarnation. But there will always be plenty of people to agree with the Marquis of Salisbury: "What was the teaching of undenominational education to children?" he asked in the same debate.

"If they got rid of the ugly word and looked at what the facts were, it meant teaching without any dogmatic statement to which any body of religious persons could object. Therefore what it meant was teaching without teaching the divinity of our Lord. Religious teaching was not possible in that hypothetical way. They could not play fast and loose with the deepest religious convictions of the human mind, and it would be better to utterly abandon the idea of any attempt at religious education, if the only conviction was to leave out the fundamental doctrine upon which all religious feeling and knowledge must ultimately turn. The notion that there was a religion from which all that men differed about could be expunged and in which there should be left only that in which all men were agreed, was the shallowest and silliest chimera that had ever occurred to the brains of politicians." There is of course a good deal to be said for this. For what is that unique and essential feature in Christianity which makes people insist so strongly on some form of religious instruction in our schools? It is that its moral precepts come not so much as a reasoned ethical system claiming an intellectual assent, but rather as the revealed will of God demanding implicit and unquestioning obedience. "He spake as One having authority and not as the scribes." Now the basis of this authoritative and unique position of Christian ethics is that very doctrine of the Divinity which as distinctive of particular denominations it is forbidden to teach in our rate-supported schools. I have no doubt that the doctrine is tacitly assumed by most teachers who are responsible for religious instruction; but that tacit assumption in itself constitutes a grievance, as the doctrine is denied by the Unitarians, a numerous and highly cultivated body of men—to say nothing of those who diverge still further from the orthodox faith, and rightly object to be rated for the support of a creed from which they entirely and sincerely dissent. The only solution of the question I am convinced is the complete secularization of our board school curriculum. The state has no right to impose a universal tax and apply it in part to a propaganda, however generous and tolerant, which is disapproved by any section, however small, of the taxpayers. This proposal, obviously just in the eyes of many people, is regarded by others with the utmost dismay, as a

deliberate endeavour to undo all that has been hitherto effected in the evangelization of the masses. The State, we are told, that forbids religious teaching in its schools, sets its seal of approval upon atheism and vice. The result of such a retrograde step will be a flood of heathendom and iniquity against which our Churches and Sunday-schools will contend in vain. Morality is useless unless touched by religious emotion; destroy the State support of religion and you shake the very basis of the social fabric. I am very far from questioning the moral advantage or even the necessity of a religious belief, or the superiority of the type of character realized by a devout Christianity to any other. But surely some conception of morality, some sense of a moral ideal existed in the world before the birth of Christendom. The morality of the Stoic erred, if at all, not in laxity and indulgence, but in the unpracticable loftiness of its standard and the excessive severity of its discipline. I need hardly refer to such a book as the "Enchiridion of Epictetus," an author undeservedly neglected in the spirit of this unreasonable contempt for uninspired moral teaching. Such a passage as the following, chosen at random from that book, speaks sufficiently for what I mean: "Unhappy man! that bearest about with thee a god and knowest it not! Thinkest thou I speak of some god of gold and silver and external to thee? nay, but in thyself thou dost bear him, and seest not that thou defilest him with thine impure thoughts and filthy deeds. In the presence even of an image of God thou hadst not dared to do one of those things which thou dost. But in the presence of God himself within thee, who seeth and heareth all things, thou art not ashamed of the things thou dost both desire and do, O thou unwitting of thine own nature and subject to the wrath of God!" Surely none of us, even of those holding the strictest views on inspiration, need be ashamed to take to himself the moral suggestion of such words. I do not intend to discuss the old academical question "whether virtue can be taught." I am quite sensible how little the mere reasoning faculty can do for us apart from the supports of instinct and emotion, and how impossible it is to make people good by ethical demonstration. But surely it is not a hopeless task to teach the broad principles of social morality, or to show the rational basis which supports the

fundamental precepts of the decalogue. Those who attended the last annual meeting of the Parents' Educational Union will remember that Prebendary Eyton insisted upon the duty of teaching children not only the distinction between right and wrong, but something of the why and wherefore of the distinction, and the social results that would follow a disregard of it. Mr. Acland has already done something in this direction by including in the Evening Schools' Code a course of study in the duties of citizenship, and there is no reason why some such study should not take the place of our impracticable religious instruction in the Board School. There is, however, nothing to justify the morbid fear that the whole fabric of social morality will fall with the abolition of our school board religious teaching—that murder, theft, and adultery will become fearfully rampant, and society destroy itself in a universal *mêlée*. "Atheism," says Lord Bacon, "leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue though religion were not." Surely these deterrents may be relied upon as some safeguard even if we admit, as we are by no means bound to do, that the secularization of our schools would result in a great spread of atheism.

But it may be asked—Is there not something unreasonable in this entire exclusion from the school-curriculum of a book which has had more influence than any other upon human progress, and is quite uniquely adapted for purposes of early education? I admit that to exclude, say English history, from any course of elementary study, would be unreasonable and absurd. But have we not one whole day among the seven devoted to the study and teaching of the Bible? Are there not religious organizations without number—Pleasant Sunday afternoon societies, Sunday schools, Bible societies, in addition to the ordinary church and chapel services—all of which have one object—the wider diffusion of spiritual teaching?

The Bible, therefore, in this respect stands upon a different footing from the other subjects of paramount educational importance. We may rely with confidence upon the above-mentioned agencies and upon the energy of christian workers in general, to supply any need which may result from the suppression of religious teaching in the day school. It is true

an immense improvement would have to be effected in our Sunday school teaching, which I am told by a superintendent of one of our largest schools of this kind is grossly inefficient. But surely the enthusiasm for religious education which has been so abundantly manifested in the discussion of the political question, may be relied upon for the reform of all such deficiencies.

I have hitherto discussed the question in its relation to rate-supported schools only, but what I have said applies *a fortiori* to voluntary schools. Twenty years ago Mr. John Bright maintained that the denominational system must in the main be a church system. On this ground he opposed the increase of the grant and Mr. Forster's bill in general. "It was a bill," he said, "to encourage denominational education, and when that was impossible to establish board schools. It ought in my opinion to have been a bill to establish board schools and to offer inducement to those who were connected with denominational schools to bring them under the control of the School Board." It may be objected of course that the grant is not confined to church schools, but is shared in proportion by the voluntary schools of every dissenting sect. But two considerations seriously qualify this apparent equality. In the first place, the Church of England reigns supreme throughout the country districts. The local magnates, the squire, the clergyman, the wealthier classes, are all Anglican in sympathy. The National School is the only school. The conscience clause, even when used, gives a prominence and emphasis to a child's dissent, which many a parent in isolated districts hardly cares to risk. I visited lately a school in a small Warwickshire village, the population of which included a large dissenting element. There was, however, no Nonconformist school, and at the national school no advantage whatever was taken of the conscience clause. The cause of this inoperation of the clause was not, I suppose, that the dissenting parents, who supported a chapel in the village, were not conscientiously averse to the very distinctly Anglican form of religious instruction in the school, but that they shrank from the emphatic expression of their dissent which the use of the clause would have entailed, and also perhaps from the loss of the four or five hours school attendance per week which the religious teaching absorbed. The same school

afforded me some evidence of the intensely and distinctively denominational nature of the religious instruction in Anglican schools. The carefully graduated lessons included, with Bible teaching, a systematic course of the liturgy and catechism, all of course subject to the vigorous supervision of the diocesan inspector, and I was surprised to find that on Wednesday mornings during Lent, the whole school was marched up to the church to be still further established in Anglican principles. I am not by any means out of sympathy with these principles. I am simply stating what I have observed and endeavouring to discuss impartially the political question. The dissenting sects possess as a rule no distinctive creeds or formularies. The religious instruction in their schools therefore approximates far more closely to the undenominational type permitted by the Department in board schools. Indeed I was lately surprised to find that in one of the best and largest of our Nonconformist schools no religious teaching whatever was given. For these reasons Nonconformists and people of no religious creed naturally object to the public support or assistance of a denominational system, which results in such an advantage to the doctrines of the Established Church. The Free Education Act has intensified the grievance. Not content with simply encouraging the voluntary school, the State has stepped into the place of the original voluntary supporters to the extent of a fair average fee grant for each scholar. No wonder then if we find the Radicals formulating and insisting upon the principle that public control shall accompany public money. There is no other principle on which we can safely rely. The State refuses to recognize inspection in the religious part of our school teaching. Let her therefore see that the money she grants shall be confined to the secular instruction for which alone she has assumed and can assume responsibility.

It is not difficult to foretell the course of educational reform. The above principle will be established. Public money will everywhere be brought under public control. The nonconformists, I fancy, will raise few objections and will without reluctance merge their schools in the general school-board system. But what about the national schools? Will the voluntary contributors continue their support and endeavour to maintain the voluntary position of the schools for the sake

of a religious instruction, from which all distinctive colour has disappeared? There can be no doubt that the rigid enforcement of public control will result ultimately in a uniform school-board system throughout the country, and the complete secularization of the instruction will I believe very soon follow.

It is sometimes said that teachers themselves would be the strongest opponents of the abolition of the religious lessons. They would lose their chief opportunity of spiritual and moral influence. I have no doubt that many teachers of strong religious feeling would very strongly oppose the change. But we must remember that it is those very teachers who lay such stress, honourably and sincerely enough, upon the necessity of religious instruction, who are likely to transgress the limit of strictly undenominational teaching prescribed by the department—and we must also remember that a sympathetic teacher may quicken the driest and most perfunctory lesson of the day by the magnetic influence of his personality; and that this indirect and spontaneous influence is perhaps as fruitful as the special moral instruction of the hour deliberately devoted to it.

We are apt to underestimate the immense social advantage of the mere discipline of our public schools. With the enormous growth of an industrial population, massed in large towns, compulsory school education became indispensable. One shrinks from imagining what would be the state of our streets to-day under a purely optional system. The moral and social benefits of bringing our children from early years under a regular discipline, of enforcing upon them habits of obedience, cleanliness and punctuality, quite apart from the positive instruction they acquire at school, are simply inestimable, and I am sure we may rely upon this discipline alone if not for an increasing spiritual goodness among the lower classes, at any rate for a more and more orderly and unquestioning performance of civic duty.

I must in conclusion say a few words about the religious instruction given in our secondary schools. Any attempt such as was recently made by the Archbishop of Canterbury to give a more distinctly Anglican tendency to such instruction can result in nothing but angry controversy and perhaps ultimately in the complete secularization of these schools also.

For here, too, are sleeping dogs that may easily be awakened. Many of our schools, conducted on Anglican lines, are largely supported by nonconformist parents, and include in their teaching staffs masters of every shade of religious and non-religious belief. I have known for instance a devout Roman Catholic and a pronounced secularist on the same staff and of course taking part in the religious instruction of the school. Such an arrangement is very right and proper and will proceed efficiently and quietly so long as not questioned and disturbed. A master of average common-sense may be safely trusted not to emphasize his own private creed so long as he is not compelled to emphasize somebody else's. Difficulties no doubt arise. A man for instance may personally question the credibility of the Old Testament miracles, and may doubt when teaching say from the chapter that relates the miracle in the valley of Ajalon, how far he is bound to disguise his opinions in the conduct of his class, or in his replies to the provocative questions of a curious or precocious boy. We must rely upon the sense and conscience of the master. I am convinced there is no intermediate course between the widest tolerance and most generous trust, and the complete secularization of our great schools on the ground of the impossibility of devising any type of religious instruction, which shall be equally acceptable to every individual of a highly heterogeneous public. I cannot expect to carry with me in these opinions a majority of the readers of the Parents' Review — if however I shall have succeeded in arousing discussion on an all-important question, I shall not consider this short paper entirely unfruitful.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

THE PURPOSE OF THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM WINTERBURN.

I HAVE been asked to state to the Association the scope and purposes that it is proposed shall be fulfilled through this organization. We are but a mere handful here to-night compared with the great work we have undertaken, but I for one do not consider that at all a reason for discouragement. The greater the movement the slower, naturally, must be the starting of it. And certainly, at no time and at no other place was a movement commenced of such magnitude as this, because it involves an entire change in our methods of education.

At present, the parent who feels any great personal responsibility about the education of his children is rare indeed, and far superior to the average. The ordinary parent imagines that he can buy training, education, character—whatever he wants for his child—with money. That he can send him to the school-master and have him turned out a finished product. The great problem before the best teachers, those who really try to do something, is the indifference and ignorance of the parent as to what constitutes a real education, and where it must begin.

There are now in the United States every year nearly half a million marriages, and of all that large number of persons how many, think you, enter into the marriage state with any idea whatever as to the training of the children which will probably follow. In fact, merely to suggest it seems ridiculous. People do not marry for the sake of the children, and

when the children come—largely as the result of accident and very largely not wanted—they receive just such an education, just such a training as might be expected of anyone who took up anything unprepared. In every other occupation of life it is supposed that a person must prepare himself, whether it is to lay brick, or to preach the Gospel, or to doctor sick people, or to do anything else, and yet in this, the greatest occupation of life, the one real thing, in the presence of which all other occupations sink into insignificance, people take up the work without the slightest preparation or the slightest thought of preparation.

Now, if this society can do anything whatever towards establishing a thoughtful parentage, toward inducing people to reflect upon the responsibility which they assume, and in some degree prepare themselves for this responsibility, the society will have done a great work, and that is just what we hope to do. We do not expect to accomplish all this during this year, or next year, or in this generation, but we do hope that we may do something towards securing juster treatment for the unborn child.

As a matter of experience—and I have been studying this subject with considerable care for a score of years—as a matter of my own personal observation, I know that the destiny of the child is largely fixed in its first year. Those experiences which are all new and which seemingly pass away forgotten, leave an impression upon the character, upon the mind, upon the intention of life, which are never eradicated, and which have a stronger influence than any succeeding experience. Of course, back of this are the prenatal influences which are of overwhelming importance. But if we can but secure a trained motherhood so that in the first few years the children may have a better chance than they do now, we will have done a great deal.

Now, not to take up time, I will say one word in regard to how we propose to carry out this work. Just what the Association will do through its Trustees I do not know, but it seems to me that the wisest course would be to act through other organizations as far as possible. In the first place, there are the churches reaching great multitudes of people everywhere. I think it is through the churches we should endeavour to work, interesting the clergy first, and through them

the fathers and mothers of the congregation, and so starting the nucleus of a local association. Not only in the churches, however, but in the workingmen's clubs, in the Temperance Associations, and in all organizations where we can get a hearing, I think it would be well to attempt to draw attention to these subjects. And then, again, a great deal can be done through the press, through periodical literature, by well prepared articles calling attention to these subjects, and perhaps we may thus reach a great many persons who might not be reached through any organization.

This is the general sketch of what is in my mind, the details will be worked out by the trustees on broad grounds, and the success will depend, in great measure, upon the character of those who take up the work, upon the earnestness with which they carry it on, and upon the number of persons they can interest and associate with them. And although we do not start with any very large number, I think that there is enough vitality in this idea to carry it on to a successful issue.

The Close Relation between the Parents' Association and the Kindergarten.

BY EDWARD A. BRADLEY.

I AM not quite sure but that the meeting of the Association is held one block too far down town. I think perhaps we ought to have been in the institution upon whose gas lights is the title "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." It teaches the idea as thoroughly as anything, the idea which all have so much at heart, with which I sympathise so earnestly, and which I hope to help so far as it is possible for me to help.

This whole idea is the bringing about of right relations between parent and child. It has begun as all large ideas have begun, with a small following, which shall mightily increase in good time if it is God's work. And that it is God's work, I have no question myself. I don't know of

anything that needs a reforming touch more absolutely and unquestionably than this whole idea of parentage in our American life today. I sometimes wonder where the children are; at least, I wonder where the children are that are like the child Jesus. I find little women and I find little men; little women that are buds of society, that are "out," that know it all; and little men that think of their fathers as the "governor," "the pocketbook." And the little women have learned to gossip and the little men have learned to swear and to smoke cigarettes. So I don't know that there is anything in American life that needs teaching more absolutely than this matter of parentage. It wants reforming, root and branch, if anything wants reforming. I don't know how this is to be done; it will have to be thought out. We will have to create the sympathy of public sentiment, and I believe this institution is the organ that is going to help in that direction. I believe the responsibility is upon you to create this public sentiment; talk about it to your minister, as suggested; talk about it at the church where you worship and among the friends that you meet. You talk about your children fast enough when you meet, if you have them, but what do you talk about in reference to your children? The serious side of their lives? Their future? Their education, on any real line of what that word means? Or is it not a frivolous touching on the mere froth and foam of life that occupies your thought and fills your talk. I speak of the average way men and women have of talking about their children to their friends. There is no thought in it, no purpose, it is mere idle, useless gossip.

Years ago I felt all this matter of education very strongly, and I began to advocate the introduction into the public school system of the kindergarten idea, and remember doing so on the platform in the West many years ago. I remember seeing many people laugh. And when I talked to some of the authorities in the Board of Education and the directors connected with our public school system, they said, "That is a mere idea; that is entirely up in the air and can never come to the ground to be a reality. It costs too much; it is impracticable," etc. It was hooted at entirely. I thank God I have lived to see the day that it is a part of the public school system, sure to become an important

part as is entirely right that it should be. As Dr. Winterburn justly says, the cast of the character is struck in the die of the first year, and the outward expression that the character assumes takes form before the child is six years old. If that little fellow is left to himself, because he was not wanted when he came, if he is neglected and his evil propensities left to develop themselves unchecked, before he is six years old, if he had any inclination that way, he will have already developed into an artistic liar or thief. If he is going to become a thief he will probably be one before he is six years old, and the characteristics he takes on before he is six years old, as a general rule, he is going to carry through life. Watch it; look back on the lives you have known. But take a little child between the years of three and six, place it under the splendid and ideal training of the kindergarten, that has grown out of the life of Jesus Christ; let him be taught the practical value of the Golden Rule; incline him toward gentleness, cleanliness and truthfulness, some of the great principles that go to make up character, and as he works them out through his little plays and exercises, these ideas will grow into his growth, and so, like the child Jesus, he will grow in favour with God and man as he grows in years. You have done something to prevent that child from developing into a crooked stick. And so this great country has taken into its heart and life the idea that it is responsible for the education of its wards, the children of the masses. I will not stop to discuss the philosophy involved in this, as to whether it is the State's business. We have accepted that fact here in America. We take it as part of the American idea and we work it out as well as we can. I want to see it extended until we take every child as soon as it has capacity for the little Froebel games—which may be at three or even two years—off the streets, out of the tenement houses, away from pernicious, down-dragging influences, into the public kindergarten under trained teachers, and so begin its life aright.

Now, this Parents' Association will come in, giving more effectiveness to the whole idea. You begin to prepare the child for that kindergarten training at birth, and before it; and so as the years go on it will develop a grander manhood and a sweeter and better womanhood than that which we see

around us today. I say the whole inspiration of the thought comes consciously or unconsciously from the ideal child, the child Jesus. And we must go back to the mother of Jesus, to Mary, and to the father, Joseph, although he was not the natural parent of our Lord, and we must study those characters; and also study the characters of the parents of the grandest men and women the world has seen, that shine out from the past like splendid archangels, the men and women who have lifted the race and saved us from demoralization.

It ought to commend itself to us—the object of this Association—and to every thoughtful man and woman in America. And I am sure it will, and that we shall secure their help just as soon as they are thoroughly interested.

Just as I was coming away from home I thought of a little poem, and I scratched off a copy of it to read to you. A child is represented as speaking to its father and mother in a sort of dream, as if lying sick and possibly about to die. And so the child says:

If I should die to-night,
Father would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it very fair,
And lay snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands, with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
Mother would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the little hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The mem'ry of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I would be mourned and loved to night

O Father, Mother, the child-voice cries to-night,
Tenderly lead me in the narrow way,
Now my faltering feet are prone to stray.
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
Teach me, and guide me, and pray for me now.
For care neglected, for sweetest love I plead!
When Paradise is mine I shall not need
The Christ-taught tenderness for which I pray.

WE SHOULD HAVE FAITH IN OUR CHILD.

BY S. S. PACKARD.

I AM afraid I shall not say anything very important on this subject, and certainly cannot follow along the lines of thought of the previous speakers. So the question may be asked by you, "Why did you come at all? why did you consent to speak?" I came because Dr. Winterburn asked me, and because he has my confidence. I love Dr. Winterburn. I believe he is trying to do a good work; whether he accomplishes it or not. But what he undertakes he will carry out. I got into the way of saying yes to him, and when Dr. Winterburn asked me to subscribe to the magazine "CHILDHOOD," I said "yes," and got quite a number of my friends to subscribe. I am not sorry, and I don't know anyone that is. I am glad a man exists who can think of somebody besides himself, who will take up a forlorn cause and have enough confidence in the cause itself to run the risk of establishing a periodical to carry out his views. I am glad to subscribe for such a paper and to subscribe for my friends. So when he asked me if I would make a few remarks to-night, with that same fatality I followed out in responding to that request I said "yes." I thought nothing of it at first, but after I had a little conversation with others I invited him to come to my office and then asked him why he had desired me to speak, and he told me that the reason was that I had had a great deal of experience, as a teacher, of the danger growing out of the failure of parents to train their children properly, and in trying to make something out of these crooked sticks, and that perhaps I had reflected enough upon the subject to know where the difficulty is.

I am not going back to prenatal conditions; I am not even going to accept the position taken by Dr. Winterburn that the work must be done in the first year. I don't get them in the first year, nor in the second, or third, or fourth year, but when they are fifteen years old or so. All that you can do then you cannot change their associations nor undo what has been done up to that time. So if you will permit me to devote what little time I have to considering what we shall do for the boys and girls after they get to be boys and girls,

I will be very much obliged. I can talk on that subject a little, but I cannot say anything on the other.

It is helpful when a man has been in one line of business for thirty-five years and has had the opportunity of seeing many go out from under his tutelage and instruction, to see these people, perhaps, take up some of his thoughts and carry them out. He has a right to consider that some time when with him he has had something to do with those lives. This is the thing I want to say to you. Begin away back and have the child trained from the time it is brought into existence. I don't know as I want to take away my business, for if the training was all done up to six years, there would be very little comparatively for me to do. I might find some other line of work, but not in which I could do as much as in this line.

Dr. Winterburn asked me to say to you that the great difficulties that come into my professional life grow out of the fact that the boys and girls are not well trained at home. I am sorry to say that, but must tell the truth. And I absolutely believe the great difficulty with parents is that they don't know their children; they have to be introduced to them. They don't know where they live. They don't know what they think. They don't know anything about them. They can't see them; they have no perspective; they are too near to them. I have the advantage in that regard. I am not so much hampered by affection, although I have some affection for them all. A great majority of my boys and girls have no parents in this sense. Their fathers and mothers don't understand them. Why, I once had a boy, the son of a Methodist minister—you would think a minister ought to understand his boy, a man who studied other persons' children. This boy came to my school. His father thought he was converted; he belonged to the Church and attended the Sunday school. His father brought him to me and said, "I want you to take this boy; he is very bad, but I can do nothing with him. You do a very good work here; I should like you to try him." I looked into the boy's face. There was a talismanic (that is not the right word, but it will do) look passed between him and myself, and I thought I could do something with him. There came a time when it was necessary to decide as to truthfulness of this boy. The

teacher brought certain charges which the boy denied. The teacher did not understand the character he was dealing with, but I felt a perfect assurance that the boy's story was straight, and when the charges had been made I said to the boy, "State your case." And when he was through I said, "I believe you." The boy burst out into tears. He did not know what to say. Why, it was the first time in his life that he had found somebody who absolutely believed him. He turned all kinds of colors. He went to his seat and I dismissed the teacher. The boy came into my office a few minutes afterwards and took me by the hand, still sobbing. He said, "Mr. Packard, I will never do a bad thing again in your school as long as I live." I said, "Why?" "Because you believed I told the truth, and I did tell the truth and I am going to show that I deserve the confidence."

In a week his father came to see me. He walked up to me and said, "You have given me a son and I want to thank you." I said, "I don't understand." He answered, "I didn't know my own boy. I thought him converted, but he was not converted before. You converted him; he is the talk of the neighborhood; he cannot think anything wrong; he cannot do anything wrong."

In spite of all that father's affection for his boy, in spite of the fact that he was his own son, in spite of the fact that he was a minister himself and made it his business to preach these doctrines of care for children and how to influence them, he failed to get inside of that boy. There was no confidence between them; he had turned the boy out. He thought he did not amount to anything. He said to me, "If you can make anything out of him, I shall be very glad to have you do so."

I know another father of this kind, who loved his son as dearly as a father can, and yet there was no possible understanding between them. He told me time and time again, with tears in his eyes, that he would give anything if somebody would take his boy and treat him fairly. "I can't do it," he said, "I don't understand him." The point I want to make is this: To train children, even when you love them dearly, they must be understood. We must not forget that we were once children ourselves. We are so anxious that the child shall do right that we destroy its individuality.

We don't allow them to develop in the right way. We don't allow them to think why they were born, or what are their conditions, and the result is that we get out of sympathy with them and they go sometimes to the bad.

I am sure I join with this large assembly (which is much larger than is represented in this room), those who love children, those who desire children should be good, those who desire that parents should be deserving of children that are good. I sympathize with any movement which will benefit the world by giving us men and women, and the only way that we can have men and women is in some way to make them understand themselves.

Now I am a believer, a very great believer, in what might be called indirect education, you might call it chance education, if you choose. It is a pretty good thing to always say the right things in the presence of young men and women, trusting that the good seed may fall on good ground and bring forth an hundred fold. That education which consists in the learning of lessons correctly and in direct instruction, I think is no education at all. I do think a person should talk with the boy or girl; see as to their associations; fully sympathize with them, even though they may be bad, letting that boy or girl understand that whatever they may do or think, they never can get out of sympathy with you. That you are always ready to understand them; always ready to go to them; always ready to hear what they have to say; always ready to put their own interpretation on their acts. We shall thus arrive at the very best results in the training of children. It is a mistake to suppose boys and girls want to be bad. It is a mistake to suppose anybody wants to be bad. I think there are fewer persons desire to do bad things than we are aware. The difficulty is to be able to distinguish from our point of view which is the good and which is the bad.

A boy badly trained, the son of an expert burglar, understands that the best and finest thing that he can accomplish is to break into a bank and explode a safe. He thinks it a glorious thing to do. This is lack of education. He is not properly directed. The boy in breaking into a bank and cracking the safe open thinks he is doing right. I have never yet in all my experience as a teacher found that if we

place fairly and squarely before the boy his duty that he will fail to do it. Let him feel that you understand him; let him feel that it is his duty, and he will try to do it. If he fails to do this it is owing to circumstances ordinarily beyond control. A plant in a cellar will grow toward the light; there is always a reaching after the open. There is always that in our inner natures which desires to attain even in ourselves that which is good. Although I have not spoken on this subject and did not expect to speak upon it, and have taken up time which belongs to other people, I am very glad that I have had the privilege of saying the few things which came to me and that have grown out of my profession. I want Dr. Winterburn when he takes up the subject to carry it a little further along and not devote his entire sympathy to the prenatal period or the period of the first year, for the world is full now of boys and girls and men and women who want a little of this education. Let us do and say something for them, even though they have reached the period of adult life. There will never come a time in any of our lives when we cannot be benefited by good conversation, by hearing the truth spoken, and by listening to a kindly word.*

(To be continued.)

* The full report of this most important and interesting meeting is published in *Childhood*, the magazine of the American Parents' Union, edited by Dr. Winterburn.

THE HEROIC IMPULSE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here," says the editor of *Lyra Heroica* in the preface. We all feel that some such expression of the "simpler sentiments, more elemental emotions" should be freely used in the education of children, that, in fact, heroic poetry contains such inspiration to noble living as is hardly to be found elsewhere; and also we are aware that it is only in the youth of peoples that these elemental emotions find free expression in song. We look at our own ballad literature and find plenty of the right material, but it is too occasional and too little connected, and so though we would prefer that the children should imbibe patriotism and heroism at the one fountain head, we think it cannot be done. We have no truly English material, we say, for education in this kind, and we fall back on the Homeric myths in one or other of the graceful and spirited renderings which have been made specially for children.

But what if it should turn out that we have our own Homer, our own Ulysses? Mr. Stopford Brooke has made a great discovery for us who look at all things from the child standpoint. Possibly he would not be gratified to know that his *History of Early English Literature*, invaluable addition as it is to the library of the student and the man of letters, should be appropriated as food for babes. All the same, here is what we have long wanted. The elemental emotions and heroic adventures of the early English put into verse and tale, strange and eerie as the wildest fairy tale, yet breathing in every line the English temper and the English virtue that go to the making of heroes. Not that Beowulf, the hero of the great poem, was precisely English, but where the English came from, there dwelt he, and Beowulf was early adopted as

* *History of Early English Literature*, by Stopford A. Brooke, 2 vols., Macmillan & Co.

the national hero, whose achievements were sung in every hall.

The poem, says Mr. Stopford Brooke, consisting of three thousand one hundred and eighty three lines, is divided into two parts by an interval of fifty years; the first containing Beowulf's great deeds against the monster Grendel and his dam; the second, Beowulf's conquest of the Fire-drake and his death and burial. We are told that we may fairly claim the poem as English, that it is in our tongue and in our country alone that it is preserved. The hero Beowulf comes of brave and noble parents, and mildness and more than mortal daring meet in him. When he comes to Hrothgar to conquer Grendel it is of his counsel as much as of his strength that we hear. The queen begs him to be friendly in council to her sons. Hrothgar says to him, "Thou holdest thy faith with patience and thy might with prudence of mind. Thou shalt be a comfort to thy people and a help to heroes." None, it is said, could order matters more wisely than he. When he is dying he looks back on his life, and that which he thinks of the most is not his great war deeds, but his patience, his prudence, his power of holding his own well and of avoiding new enmities. "Each of us must await the close of life," says he, "let him who can, gain honour before he die. That is best for a warrior when he is dead. But do thou throughout this day have patience of thy woes; I look for that from thee." Such the philosophy of this hero, legendary or otherwise, of some early century after Christ, before His religion had found its way among these northern tribes. Gentle, like Nelson, he had Nelson's iron resolution. What he undertook to do he went through without a thought, save of getting to the end of it. Fear is wholly unknown to him, and he seems, like Nelson, to have inspired his captains with his own courage. "I swore no false oaths," he said when dying; so also he kept his honour in faithfulness to his lord. On foot, alone, in front, while life lasted, he was his king's defence. He kept it in equal faithfulness when his lord was dead, and that to his own loss, for when the kingdom was offered to him he refused, and trained Heardreg, the king's son, to war and learning, guarded him kindly with honour, and avenged him when he was slain. He kept it in generosity, for he gave away all the gifts that he received, in courtesy, for he gave even to those who had been rude to

him, and he is always gentle and grave with women. Above all, he kept it in war, for these things are said of him, "so shall a man do when he thinks to gain praise that shall never end, and cares not for his life in battle." "Let us have fame or death," he cries, and when Wiglaf comes to help him against the dragon, and Beowulf is wrapped in the flame, Wiglaf recalls to him the aim of his whole life :—

"Beowulf, beloved, bear thyself well. Thou wert wont to say in youth that thou wouldst never let honour go. Now, strong in deeds, ward thy life, firm-souled prince, with all thy might, I will be thy helper." "These," adds Mr. Stopford Brooke, "are the qualities of the man and the hero, and I have thought it worth while to dwell on them, because they represent the ancient English ideal, the manhood which pleased the English folk even before they came to Britain, and because in all our histories since Beowulf's time, for twelve hundred years or so, they have been repeated in the lives of the English warriors by land and sea whom we chiefly honour. But it is not only the idea of a hero which we have in Beowulf, it is also the idea of a king, the just governor, the wise politician, the builder of peace, the defender of his own folk at the price of his life, 'the good king, the folk king, the beloved king, the war ward of his land, the winner of treasure for the need of his people, the hero who thinks in death of those who sail the sea, the gentle and terrible warrior, who is buried amid the tears of his people.'"

We owe Mr. Stopford Brooke earnest gratitude for bringing this heroic ideal of the youth of our nation within reach of the unlearned. But what have we been about to let a thousand years and more go by without ever drawing on the inspiration of this noble ideal in giving impulse to our children's lives. But we have many English heroes, it may be objected: we have no need of this resuscitated great one from a long buried past. We have indeed heroes galore to be proud of, but somehow they have not often been put into song in such wise as to reach the hearts of the children and the common people. We have to thank Tennyson for our Arthur, and Shakespere for our Henry the fifth, but we imagine that parents will find their children's souls more in touch with Beowulf than with either of these, because,

no doubt, the legends of a nation's youth are the pages of history which most easily reach a child, and Beowulf belongs to a younger stage of civilization than even Arthur. We hope the author of *Early English Literature* will sometime give us the whole of the poem translated with a special view to children, and interspersed with his own luminous teaching as we have it here. The quaintness of the metre employed gives a feeling of *eld* which carries the reader back, very successfully, to the long ago of the poem.

We have already quoted largely from this *History of Early English Literature*, but perhaps a fuller extract will give a better idea of the work and of its real helpfulness to parents. The cost of the two rather expensive volumes should be well repaid if a single child were to be fired with emulation of the heroic qualities therein sung:—

"The action of the poem now begins with the voyage of Beowulf to the Danish coast. The hero has heard that Hrothgar, the chief of the Danes, is tormented by Grendel, a man-devouring monster. If Hrothgar's warriors sleep in Heorot—the great hall he has built—they are seized, torn to pieces, and devoured. 'I will deliver the king' thought Beowulf, when the heard the tale from the roving seamen. 'Over the swan road I will seek Hrothgar; he has need of men.' His comrades urged him to the adventure, and fifteen of them were willing to fight it out with him. Among the rest was a sea-crafty man who knew the ocean-paths. Their ship lay drawn up on the beach, under the high cliff. Then—

"There the well-geared heroes
Stepped upon the stem, while the stream of ocean
Whirled the sea against the sand. To the ship, to its breast.
Bright and carved things of cost carried then the heroes
And the armour well-arrayed. So the men outpushed,
On desired adventure, their tight ocean wood.
Swiftly went above the waves, with a wind well-fitted,
Likest to a fowl, the Floater, foam around its neck,
Till about the same time, on the second day,
The up-curvéd prow had come on so far,
That at last the seamen saw the land ahead;
Shining sea-cliffs, soaring headlands,
Broad sea-nesses. So the Sailor of the Sea
Reached the sea-way's end."

Beowulf, l. 211.

"This was the voyage, ending in a fiord with two high sea-capes at its entrance. The same kind of scenery belongs to the land whence they had set out. When Beowulf returns over the sea the boat groans as it is pushed forth. It is heavily laden; the hollow, under the single mast with the single sail, holds eight horses, swords and treasure and rich armours. The sail is hoisted, the wind drives the foam-throated bark over the waves, until they see the Geats' Cliffs—the well-known sea-nesses. The keel is pressed up by the wind on the sand, and the 'harbour-guard, who had looked forth afar o'er the sea with longing for their return'—one of the many human touches of the poem—'fastens the wide-bosomed ship with anchoring chains to the strand, lest the violence of the waves should sweep away the winsome boat.' . . . . . At the end of the bay into which Beowulf sails is a low shore, on which he drives his ship, stem on. Planks are pushed out on either side of the prow; the Weder-folk slipped down on the shore, tied up their sea-wood; their battle sarks clanged on them as they moved. Then they thanked the gods that the war-paths had been easy to them. . . . . On the ridge of the hill above the landing-place the ward of the coast of the Scyldings sat on his horse, and saw the strangers bear their bright shields over the bulwarks of the ship to the shore. He rode down, wondering, to the sea, and shook mightily in his hands his heavy spear, and called to his men—

"Who are ye of men, having arms in hand,
Covered with your coats of mail. Who your keel afoaming
O'er the ocean street thus have urged along.
Hither on the high sea!"

. . . . . .

"Never saw I greater
Earl upon this earth than is one of you;
Hero in his harness. He is no home-stayer,
'Less his looks belie him, lovely with his weapons.
Noble is his air!"

Beowulf, ll. 237-247.

"Beowulf replies that he is Hrothgar's friend, and comes to free him from 'Grendel, the secret foe on the dark nights. He pities Hrothgar, old and good. Yet, as he speaks, the Teutonic sense of the inevitable Wyrd passes by in his mind, and he knows not if Hrothgar can ever escape sorrow. 'If ever,' he says, 'sorrow should cease from him, release ever

come, and the welter of care become cooler.' The coast-guard shows them the path, and promises to watch over their ship. The ground rises from the shore, and they pass on to the hilly ridge, behind which lies Heorot. What do they see as they look backward and forward from the ridge? . . . . . "Behind them lay the head of the bay, the low sandy shore on which they had driven their ship; the ship itself tied by cables to the strand. The deep blue water beyond spread out, between two rising nesses, to the entrance of the fiord, through which, as through a gate, they saw the open sea. Only one figure animated this landscape, the coast-ward, sitting high on his horse, with his spear resting on his thigh. Below them, as they looked landward, about a mile away the great hall, Heorot, rose in the midst of a cultivated plain, which years of labour had reclaimed from the moor and fen. On every side of it the wild land climbed slowly upwards, on one side towards the coast, on the other to the savage and uninhabited inland country. The hall was a rectangular, high-roofed, wooden building, its long sides facing north and south. The two gables, at either end, had stag-horns on their points, curving forwards, and these, as well as the ridge of the roof, were probably covered with shining metal, and glittered bravely in the sun. Round about it lay the village, scattered houses, each in its own garth, with apple trees and beehives and out-houses. Outside these was the corn-land, and the meadows on which sheep, oxen and horses were grazing. Paths went in and out among the houses, and there was a wide meadow, like a village green, in the midst, between the hall and the houses of the hamlet, down which, in the morning, walked the King and Queen from the sleeping chambers to the hall, attended by their young men and maidens. On the outskirts of the meadow, and out into the open, the young men rode, breathing their horses, and in a place apart, as poets lore it, walked to and fro the bard, framing his songs for the evening feast. The women sat spinning at their doors, or moved hither and thither, carrying water or attending to the cattle. This then was an island of tilled and house-built land at the edge of a wild waste of fen, but at a short distance from the sea. . . . . When Beowulf and his men looked inland beyond the dwellings, they saw nothing but the great

moor-land where the wolf and stag and the wild boar roamed at will. Patches of wood were scattered over it, and these grew thicker towards the horizon, where the whole moor lifted into low hills. Over it, in ceaseless movement, the gray mists rose and fell, and among them, as night drew down her helm, dreadful creatures seemed to stalk, and the loathsome light of their eyes burned through the mist like flame. When, turning from the inland, the men looked towards the sea, they saw that the coast was broken into short bays and headlands, down to which the moor ran from the hills. Between each headland there was a narrow valley, hollowed out by descending streams, and each stream finally fell over a ledge of rock into the head of a bay. The slopes rising into the nesses were "steep and stony," and the trees that grew along the bed of the streams ever rough and blasted by the sea-salt and the wind—"a joyless wood." And among these fiords, at the head of a cavernous sea-gorge, there was close to Heorot a deadly place which they were afterwards to do with, of which a clear description is given in the text. It is the dwelling place of Grendel and his dam—'the mickle mark-steppers who hold the moors'—the sea end of a 'hidden land, wolf-haunted, full of dangerous morasses,' . . . . . What they had now to do was to reach Heorot, and they took the 'path paved with stones' which led straight from the low ridge to the 'glittering hall.' As they walked—

"Hard and riveted by hand
Beamed the battle byrnie. Braced with rings the sheer sword,
Sang upon their shirts of war when aforetime to the hall,
In their grisly war-gear, ganging on they came.
Then they set, sea-wearied, broadly-shapen shields,
Targets wondrous hard, 'gainst the wall of Heorot.
And they bowed above the bench, and their byrnies rattled,
War-array of Æthelings! Up arose the spears,
Weapons of sea rovers, stood up all together,
Gray above, a grove of ash."

Beowulf, l. 321.

The History of the Early English Literature takes us into other pleasant places. Here are two or three specimens of the riddles of the old bards, and in riddle and saga we get most vivid pictures of the life and thoughts, the ways and words of the forefathers whom we are too ready to think of as 'rude,' but who are here portrayed to us as gentle, mild,

and large of soul; men and women whom we, their posterity, may well delight to honour.

I. Here is Cynewulf's Riddle of the Sword.

" I'm a wondrous wight for warstrife shapen;
By my lord beloved, lovelily adorned:
Many coloured is my corslet, and a clasping wire
Glitters round the gem of death which my wielder gave to me:
He who whiles doth urge me, wide-wanderer that I am,
With him to conquest.
Then I carry treasure,
Gold above the garths, through the glittering day;
I of smiths the handiwork! Often do I quell
Breathing men with battle edges! Me bedecks a king
With his hoard and silver; honours me in hall,
Doth withhold no word of praise! Of my ways he boasts
'Fore the many heroes, where the mead they drink.
In restraint he lulls me, then he lets me loose again,
Far and wide to rush along; me the weary with wayfarings,
Cursed of all weapons."

Riddle xxi.

II. The helmet speaks:—

" Wretchedness I bear;
Wheresoe'er he carries me, he who clasps the spear!
On me, still upstanding, smite the streams (of rain);
Hail, the hard grain (helms me), and the hoar-frost covers me;
And the (flying) snow (in flakes) falls all over me."

Riddle, lxxix 6-10.

III. The horn speaks:—

" I a weaponed warrior was! now in pride bedecks me
A young serving man all with silver and fine gold,
With the work of waving gyres! Warriors sometimes kiss me.
Sometimes I to strife of battle, summon with my calling
Willing war-companions; whiles, the horse doth carry
Me the march-paths over, or the ocean-stallion
Fares the flood with me, flashing in my jewels—
Often times a bower maiden, all bedecked with armlets,
Filleth up my bosom; whiles, bereft of covers,
I must, hard and headless, (in the houses) lie!
Then, again, hang I, with adornments fretted,
Winsome on the wall where the warriors drink.
Sometimes the folk fighters, as a fair thing on warfaring,
On the back of horses bear me; then bedecked with jewels
Shall I puff with wind from a warrior's breast.
Then, again, to glee feasts I the guests invite
Haughty heroes to the wine— other whiles shall I
With my shouting, save from foes what is stolen away,
Make the plundering scather flee. Ask what is my name!"

Riddle xv.

We do not say a word about the literary value and importance of Mr. Stopford Brooke's great work; that is duly appraised elsewhere. 'There is nothing like leather,' and to us of the *Parents' Review*, all things present themselves as they may tell on education. Here is a very treasure-trove, and in the season of Christmas-boxes, when it is difficult to know what to give 'Father,' the united family purse may produce the necessary guinea for the first volume any way and the children will reap the undue reward for their generosity in many delightful readings.

MOTHERS AS SICK NURSES.

By Alice Powell.

Now-a-days, in cases of acute illness the services of a professional sick nurse are considered almost as indispensable as the attendance of a doctor; and since nursing the sick is a science requiring especial study and experience it is well that amateur nursing should be on the decline.

Nevertheless, it is only natural that mothers should often prefer nursing their sick children themselves; and that children should cling to their mothers in times of sickness is also only natural.

The question then is—Who makes the best nurse for children, the well-trained stranger or the less skilled mother?

When health is at stake we are apt to say, somewhat hastily, that sentiment must be put on one side, that the bodily welfare of the patient should alone claim our attention. But experience goes to prove that sentiment is a great moral force, and as such cannot be ignored in illness nor in health.

The tie existing between mother and child is too intimate to be lightly treated; and this being so, it is obvious that where the mother's technical skill is sufficient, where her influence over the child is good, and where her strength of mind, as well as her strength of body, is equal to the task, she is the best nurse for her ailing child. If she determine, for the time being, to be a sick-nurse first and a mother afterwards, all will be well. On the other hand, when the mother lacks the requisite qualities of a sick-nurse she must relinquish the sweet satisfaction of tending her children herself, and must deliver them up to one better fitted for the work. Spoiled children, who are unmanageable in health,

do not become more tractable in sickness. Illness may cow the spirits but it does not alter the disposition; and as illness is not the time to correct former errors of training it is often imperative to call in outside help, for the simple reason that the mother has no power to enforce the necessary obedience. The strange nurse has no leeway to make up, and so can at once exact implicit obedience, thus ensuring the well-being of the patient and the comfort of the child.

Children are more difficult patients to treat than adults, because they are less able to define their symptoms, to express their feelings and to locate pain.

For these reasons the amateur nursing of sick children is often a risky performance. The nurse has to incorporate herself, as it were, with the patient. She must express his feelings accurately. Her report of his condition must not be based upon mere surmise, but upon actual knowledge.

Children are, however, more placid under treatment than older people; and this is in their favour. They are not often troubled with nervous fears about their condition; their recovery is not impeded by mental worries, and they have implicit faith in the doctor's ability to cure them.

The correct diagnosis of children's ailments, often a difficult matter, may be retarded by vague suppositions or accelerated by accurate information. The past history of a patient is an important factor in the diagnosis of disease.

The time and place when symptoms of illness first appeared, what those premonitory symptoms were, and what, apparently, occasioned them: the child's normal habits must be compared with his present abnormal condition: the state of his appetite, his temper; even the abandoning of, or clinging to, favourite toys, are all things which need to be carefully noticed. Nothing is of no consequence. Often a point is missed because trivialities, so called, are pooh-poohed by the doctor. Where children are concerned, important issues hang on the tiniest threads; and this is especially noticeable in any brain trouble. Therefore, accurate observation and attention to the minutest detail is imperative.

Children locate pain badly, and mothers should be alive to the consequent inaccuracy of their statements; for often a slight indisposition develops into a serious illness through symptoms being mistaken and wrongly treated. We would

impress upon all mothers the necessity of learning to diagnose children's diseases correctly. Doctors are not always at hand, and valuable time is frequently lost through ignorance in this particular.

Children's illnesses often occur very suddenly, and are consequently the more alarming. It should be remembered that fear is contagious, but that children do not fear illness as older people do because their experience of it is limited. To show oneself alarmed is therefore bad policy. It not only increases present evil, but gives rise to future trouble. To rush about in a distracted manner, calling in father, aunts, servants, to interview the child; trying a variety of remedies with neither rhyme nor reason, does the child an infinity of harm. Such behaviour excites him, frightens him and gives him just cause to doubt the efficacy of all subsequent treatment. The exercise of a little self-control and common sense on the mother's part, when symptoms of illness first appear, would tend to obviate that wholesale demoralisation which frequently attacks a household in times of serious illness.

Children who are old enough to reason, should be treated as reasonable beings in sickness as in health. Implicit obedience is essential, but it need not be arbitrarily exacted.

Children like to know what is the matter with them, they like to have their feelings explained, and they like to be told in what way the treatment they are undergoing will do them good. Above all, they want the active sympathy which our experience can alone give them. It is comforting to a child to know that what he suffers we have also suffered; that we have felt pain as acute as that which he has to bear, and that we know how painful it is to swallow with an ulcerated throat.

To carry out this sympathetic treatment consistently, and we maintain that it is the best, the kindest and the most satisfactory mode of treatment, we should ourselves try the remedies we have to apply to them. We should taste the medicine, to see if it be nauseous. We should test the heat of a poultice on ourselves to make sure that it is not too hot. If an unpleasant operation has to be performed — as the syringing of ears — it is distinctly wise to experiment first upon ourselves. A sudden rush of water into the ear, we should perhaps discover, for the first time, is painful, and we shall then be careful to use the syringe gently.

Ignorance, when knowledge can be so easily obtained, is culpable. Such ignorance is selfish and quite unpardonable.

If anything painful or troublesome has to be done, we should make our preparations silently and when possible out of sight, and then *do it.* We should never say, "Now, I am going to do so and so." We should not give the child time to think. Anticipation is often worse than realisation in such cases.

We must induce the child to exert his strength of will to be brave and patient, and we can best encourage him to do so by appealing to his reason, and by constantly reminding him of the end in view, *i.e.* his restoration to health and strength.

Children quickly become delirious. It is not wise to treat delirious patients as if they were quite unconscious. Often they are capable of receiving impressions, and a wrong or bad impression at such a time is sometimes followed by disastrous effects. Nothing should be said that children may not hear whether they be conscious or unconscious. Whispered confidences, half-allusions, half-sounds and half-lights (a general subdued light is best for a sick room) are to be deprecated. Everything in the sick room should be open and above board, for children are imaginative little people, and they often suffer agonies because they but half understand or wrongly interpret what is going on around them.

Amateur nurses are apt to be fussy and over anxious. Fussiness is fatal to good nursing; over anxiety may lead to selfishness. For instance, anxious mothers are tempted to allay their anxiety by a too frequent reference to the clinical thermometer. Taking the temperature is a worrying business, and should not be indulged in for selfish satisfaction. Again, mothers should avoid appealing incessantly to the child's affection. Children who are ill have little power to think of anything outside themselves. The cry "Mother worries me with kisses" is not without reason.

One point we wish to bring before the notice of all nurses of sick children. It is this. The fear of death assails most children at some period of their childhood, and as illness is usually the forerunner of death it is not unnatural that they should sometimes connect their own illness with their own death. Children are generally reserved about matters which frighten them; therefore we should find out, with tact and discretion,

if this fear be haunting them. If it be, the doctor is the best person to combat it. He speaks with an authority we have no power to assume, and his verdict will be accepted as satisfactory and conclusive.

We are well aware that there are many items connected with the subject of this article that we have been forced, from want of space, to omit mentioning. We will, therefore, conclude with saying that it is our opinion that mothers are the proper persons to nurse their sick children, provided that they are capable of doing so thoroughly and efficiently, and we venture to think that the majority of mothers will agree with us. If death claims for his own some dear young life, what mother does not derive a sad comfort from the thought that it was her loving hands that ministered to that little child's every want; that it was upon her arm alone that his weary head rested; that it was upon her face that his wistful eyes ever fell? However bitter that mother's cup may be, it will be free from the most bitter element of all—remorse.

Again, if after long anxious days and long weary nights, the little one is restored to health, nothing can equal the sweet satisfaction a mother feels in the thought that it was she who eased his pain, she who soothed his restless days, and she who nursed him back to life again.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

By Mrs. F. Steinthal.

My Dear Children,—I am sorry to tell you that only two children, brother and sister, have done the frame this month. May Lewis, 11, has done a very good brush drawing of a flower, and drawn a most successful frame out of *j* curves; and Clinton Lewis has put a text and a dragon fly into a well thought out frame. May and Clinton both live in Switzerland, and their mother writes that they got up each morning at six o'clock to do their paintings. I would like my English nieces and nephews also to take an interest in the competitions. I suppose the influence of the holidays was still upon you, and that you now mean to give me great pleasure by working for me. Will you write to me this month, and tell me what lesson you like best? Then next month I will give the name of each subject, and put down the number of votes each gets. I wonder whether history, or poetry, or geography will get to the top of the class. Next month you will find in the *Parents' Review* a very pretty play you can act on Christmas Day. So work hard that you may have time to learn it very well.

Your loving

Auntie Mai.

Riddles.

1.

I am made of a large box, two caps, two lids, musical instruments and weather cocks, something that all joiners use, and two large fishes and several little ones, weapons of warfare, two students, two animals, two high trees and a stag. What am I?

2.

Three feet I have, but move slower than the snails,
And not one toe, but have many many nails.

Our Little Cooks.

Macaroons. 2 ounces blanched almonds; white of one egg; little orange flower water; powdered sugar; a few almonds. Pound 2 ounces blanched almonds in a mortar; pass it through a wire sieve; well mix it with the white of egg, and a little orange flower water; beat it well, and lay it in small pieces on white paper; dredge them well with powdered sugar; split an almond in quarters, and lay one on the top of each cake; then bake in a cool oven.

Tomato Soup. ½ pint of stock; 1 small onion; ½ ounce butter; 1 tomato; salt and pepper. Slice and fry the onion and the butter; put it into a saucepan, and add the tomato and a little of the stock; stir it well, and let it cook gently for one hour; then strain it; bring the stock to a boil; add the tomato mixture to it, and the soup is ready.

EDITH OLLIFF.

What Shall we Play?

Mrs. Franklin has kindly suggested the following game, which has distinct advantages in training the eye, and in quick counting, etc.

As many parents object to playing cards being introduced into the nursery, the children might first occupy themselves with painting dots as on dominoes, on cards the size of the ordinary pack. Four, six or eight children can play it.

Divide them into two parties, seat them opposite one another; place a hat, basket or box equi-distant from all.

Take two packs of cards, and give each child twelve cards, each side keeping the same pack, so as to distinguish the cards. When the children make their own, they must remember to have two colours on the back of the cards. Then each child in turn throws one card into the hat, etc., until all twelve are disposed of, and each side claims those of his pack found in the hat, and adds up the numbers.

Second round throw in 2 at a time.
Third round throw in 3 at a time.
Fourth round throw in 4 at a time.
Fifth round throw in 6 at a time.
Sixth round throw in 12 at a time.
Then total all together.

BREATHING DRILL.

Two years ago I sent the following drill in a letter to the Parents' Review, but as the number is now out of print, and there are so many new readers, and the drill is so very advantageous in the health education of the children, I venture to repeat it.

1st day.—Children stand erect, heels together, hands on hips, draw a deep, long breath through the mouth. Close the mouth tight, and let it out very slowly through the nostrils. Practice this for five minutes.

2nd day.—Stand erect, heels together, hands on hips. Draw a deep breath through the nostrils, open the mouth and let it slowly out.

It is advisable, in cases where this exercise is difficult, to let each child hold a hand glass in the right hand, and when the breath is being exhaled, hold the glass side up over the lips, and under the nose, and quickly draw it away when the breath is exhausted, to see if any moisture remains on the glass.

3rd day.—Heels together, hands on hips, slightly bend the body forward, draw the breath up the nostrils, open the mouth, and let out slowly—saying Ah-h-h the whole time, in a chest tone. Never take more than one exercise at the same time.

The Mistress of a large girls' school, where this drill is practised regularly every day, says that many colds have been stopped at the begininng, and the girls' chests and lung power have visibly increased.

HOW WE LEARNT GEOGRAPHY.

The children who are in the *Parents' Review* School remember that last term they had to learn about Yorkshire, and had therefore to read a great deal about York. There were four chapters in the Geographical Reader,* each treating of the early times, and an old man, "even older than Methusaleh," is suposed to tell us all the strange histories

* London Geographical Reader, Book III., Counties of England.

he has seen. A class of little children found this difficult to realize, so a play was invented which greatly delighted them, and enabled them to thoroughly understand the age of York, and what a changeful history it has had. The end of one room was supposed to be a stage, and on it was seated a boy of six in a long cloak, and a long beard made out of cotton wool, and white locks. He sat quite still until a curtain was pushed to one side and a boy of ten, dressed like a Roman, with a fur mat slung across his shoulders, and sandals and straps on his legs, and bow and arrows he had made himself, came and bowed to the old man. The old man, as he couldn't learn to say very much, asked, "Who are you?" Then the Roman began, "I can scarce call to mind the early days before the Romans came," etc, and repeated the chapter, and then sat down by the old man.

As soon as he was seated a girl of ten appeared, dressed like a Saxon Princess, in white, with long hair, and flowers in it. After greeting the old man, who asked her where she came from, she repeated the history of the Saxons, looking very sad when she recounted how Harold was slain. After she had finished, she placed herself on the other side of the old man.

Then came another girl of nine, dressed in the costume of Margaret of Anjou, who told the old man all about the Wars of the Roses, and how they affected York. At the conclusion she placed herself on the ground at the feet of the old man, and the curtain was drawn over the tableau.

MODELLING.

We have now taken for our lessons an apple, pear, and tomato. This month we will for our first subject, dispense with a model, and make a flower pot and saucer, or plate.

Proceed, as with the apple to put down little piece on little piece of clay, and press together with the thumb, until a ball the size of a very large orange is formed; roll between the palms of the hands, until it is quite round; hold it in both hands, and place the two thumbs on the top, and gently press

with both, to make an indentation on the surface in the centre. Turn the ball round, pressing the whole time with the thumbs, until a deep cavity is made, and the walls are half inch to three-quarter inch thick. Hold the cup which is now formed in the left hand, and with the right thumb press the edge here and there slightly outwards, so that curves are produced which give a beautiful outline to the flower pot. Some children like three curves, others prefer five or six. Put the little finger through the bottom to make a hole, wet the right thumb with the sponge, and smooth the sides, and the model is finished.

For the plate, roll a sausage between the palms, put it on the board, and flatten with the thumb, until it is half an inch thick, and even. As children cannot at once draw a perfect round, let them cut it out by pressing a pot, such as a shrimp pot, over the clay; take away the clay outside the plate, place the thumbs near the edge, on the top of the clay, and with the first finger raise the edge and press it against the thumbs, do this evenly all round, so that the edge turns up. Have the flower pot and plate baked in a brick kiln, or a very hot oven, and then soil can be put in, and the child can sow his own seeds, and watch the plant grow.

Materials required for the above lesson;—Boards, clay, wet sponges, a shrimp pot.

1. Form a half gradually.
2. Roll between palms.
3. Hold in both hands, place thumbs on top.
4. Press thumbs to form hole.
5. Hold in left hand.
6. Form scallops with right thumb.
7. Make hole with little finger.

For the plate:—

1. Make a roll.
2. Press flat on board half inch thick.
3. Cut out with the pot.
4. Raise edge.

We will take a stone that has been broken for road making for our second lesson this month, as it introduces a new feature into modelling, viz: straight, clean cut sides.

Each stone will vary in shape, but the treatment will be the same. After carefully copying the form with the thumb, so

that a general right outline is obtained, take the tool and cut off the edges where the stone has been broken, and with the thumb and first finger, slightly press the edges, so as to accentuate the sharpness; any little cross lines must be put in with the tool. If the stone is a smooth one, wet the thumb and stroke it as with the former models. If it has a rough surface, squeeze the water out of the sponge, and then dab the model with it, bringing it off quickly and straight, so as to slightly raise the surface of the clay.

1. Mount up clay to general form of the stone.
2. Cut off sharp sides.
3. Accentuate edges.
4. Mark lines.
5. Smooth, or raise surface with slightly damped sponge.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

November is considered the gloomiest month in the year, but we often have bright sunshiny days, and as long as frosts hold off there can be a nice show of late blooms.

Chrysanthemums are now in perfection, likewise many hardy annuals and perennials. If you wish to have chrysanthemums for indoors, take up (with plenty of earth) a root of chrysanthemum; put it in a large flower pot, box or butter tub; there ought to be some good manure mixed with the soil; bring it indoors, and it will keep on blooming for some weeks. Carnation pipings should be protected from the frost.

Any bulbs not already planted should be in the ground at once. Examine the bulbs potted last month; some should be shooting by this time; be careful not to expose suddenly to the light, else the bulb will be "blind," that is have leaves but not bloom, and so your trouble and bulb be lost.

No need to use the watering can out of doors, and not much indoors. Still keep the beds tidy.

Cuttings should be looked to, and vacant spaces in the boxes and pots filled up. Dahlias will still bloom if there is no frost. Many people leave the tubers in the ground all winter, merely cutting down the stems at the first appearance

of frost, and placing a layer of cinders over the base of the stems; this layer also answers for holly-hocks, fuschias and general half-hardy perennials. Christmas roses should be attended to; lay a light layer of loose stable manure over the roots, not heavy enough to break down or rot the flower shoots, only to protect from frost, and nourish.

When moving plants into the green-house, place all of one sort together, as different plants require different management. Rose cuttings should now be made in a piece of waste ground where they will not be disturbed till spring.

Continue to pull up weeds from flower beds and paths. Prune roses and fruit trees.

M. HOYSTED.

ELSIE'S FRIENDS.

BY B. GREEN.

I.

In the olden time there stood a large farmhouse on a hill. In the house lived a farmer and his wife, and his son, George. There were many servants also, and among these was a little girl called Elsie. She had no home of her own, her father and mother were both dead, and in that busy household no one had much time to think about the little kitchen maid. So Elsie would have been very lonely had she not made friends with an old brown spider, who lived in a hole near the great kitchen fireplace. The spider was sitting at the entrance of his hole one evening when Elsie came into the kitchen with a dish of peaches.

"Good evening, Brownlegs," she called out to the old spider.

"Well Elsie," said Brownlegs, "you've been busy to-day."

"Yes, indeed, we have, and I'm quite tired. It is George's birthday to-morrow, and we have been cooking him such a dinner, all his favourite dishes. These peaches are for him too, I gathered them this afternoon."

"They're a great deal too good for him," muttered Brownlegs to himself, and then turning to Elsie, he said:

"I expect my brother's coming to see me this evening."

"I didn't know you had a brother," said Elsie.

"You have never seen him, he comes to visit me so seldom. He lives in the cellar."

"What a funny place to live in," said Elsie, "It must be very disagreeable, so cold and damp, and no one to talk to."

"That's just what my brother likes," said Brownlegs, "I often ask him to come and live with me up here, but he never will. He says he likes to be quiet. You musn't be frightened at him, my dear," went on the brown spider, waving his front legs in the air. "No one would think we were brothers, he never was as handsome as *I* am, and since he took to living in the cellar he is really quite *ugly*. But he doesn't mind, he doesn't care about anything. Well brother, how do you do?"

The cellar spider came crawling over the floor at this moment. He certainly was not handsome. His body was black and thin and long, and his legs were still longer and thinner. He sat down opposite Elsie, drew up his legs above his head, put on a pair of horn spectacles, and stared hard at the little girl, without saying a word.

"This is Elsie," said Brownlegs.

The cellar spider still stared in silence, till at last Elsie began:

"I hope you're very well to-day, sir."

"I'm never well," said the cellar spider, "and I don't want to be."

Elsie could say nothing after this, and they sat quietly for some minutes, till at last the cellar spider said:

"Do you know the house fairy?"

"I've never seen him," answered Elsie, "I don't think he likes being seen. But I put him down a pan of clean water every night, and I know he takes it, for the pan is always empty in the morning."

"He's a great friend of mine," went on the cellar spider, "and he has told me about you, he likes you because you never forget his water.

"I'm very glad," said Elsie; "oh! there is my mistress calling me," and off she ran, just as the farmer's son George entered the kitchen.

George was a fat boy with a round red face and a large mouth He was very greedy and bad-tempered, and nobody

liked him. He came up and looked at the peaches, then took one of them from the dish, and ate it up quickly. Very soon the dish was empty.

"Oh! how I wish there were more," said George, with his mouth full; then he caught sight of the two spiders on the hearth, and calling out "Oh! you nasty creatures," he began to pelt them with the peach stones. The two 'nasty creatures' crawled off in a great hurry to Brownlegs' hole, but before they could reach it, the cellar spider got badly hurt by one of the hard stones. George went off laughing, with his hands in his pockets.

"What a horrid boy George is to be sure," cried Brownlegs, "how's your leg, brother?"

"Very bad indeed," groaned the cellar spider; "I don't suppose it will ever get well."

"Oh! you always are so gloomy about everything," said Brownlegs; "I wish you would be cheerful for a change."

"What's the good of being cheerful?" asked the cellar spider; "you wouldn't be cheerful if you had a lame leg. It all comes of gadding about instead of staying quietly in the cellar; I shall go home;" and he hobbled away as fast as he was able.

On reaching the cellar he settled himself down in a dark corner and closed his eyes for a nap. He had not slept long when he was awakened by loud voices and footsteps coming nearer and nearer; then the cellar door was opened, someone was pushed inside, the door was closed again and locked, and the footsteps died away in the distance. The person who had been shut in was crouched up in a heap on the floor, crying bitterly. The cellar spider, in a rather bad temper at this disturbance, crawled across the floor to see who it was; he looked, looked again, then put on his spectacles to see more clearly. Yes, it was certainly Elsie; but what was she doing there, and why was she crying?

"What is the matter?" said the cellar spider gruffly.

Elsie looked up and saw him.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," she sobbed.

"Pray stop crying, and tell me what you are doing here," went on the cellar spider; "you've woke me up from a nice nap."

"I'm very sorry," said Elsie; "but really it was not my

fault. All the peaches have disappeared from the dish, and my mistress says I must have stolen them. Indeed I have not touched them, but she will not believe me, and has put me here for a punishment. She says she cannot keep a thief in her house, and that I must go to-morrow. Oh! dear, oh! dear," and poor Elsie began to cry again.

"Of course you did not take them," said the cellar spider. "It was George; I saw him."

"George!"

"Yes. And when he had finished, he amused himself with throwing the stones at my brother and me; and my leg's badly hurt."

"Oh! I am sorry for that," exclaimed Elsie.

"It's no good being sorry," said the cellar spider; "it won't cure my leg."

"Are you here, Elsie?" called out a voice from behind the door. It was Brownlegs. He was so fat that he could hardly squeeze under the doorway, but at last he managed to do so and came bustling up to Elsie.

"I heard all about it" he panted, "Oh! how I wished I could talk your language to tell the farmer's wife who really took the peaches. But something must be done, I have quite made up my mind. Come brother," giving the Cellar Spider a vigorous poke, "think of something, quick."

"There's nothing at all to be done as far as I can see" grunted the Cellar Spider, "what's the good of thinking?"

"I'm ashamed of you," cried old Brownlegs, "talking in that way. We will find some way of helping Elsie."

"There's the House Fairy" said the Cellar Spider after a time, "but I don't suppose I could find him if I tried."

What are you talking about, my good friends," cried out a shrill clear little voice, and the House Fairy suddenly dropped from some unseen corner of the ceiling, and came down between the two spiders, nursing his knees. "Hullo," he cried, catching sight of Elsie, "I must go."

"No, do stay," said Brownlegs; "its only Elsie, and we want you to help her, she's in such trouble."

"Oh! well as it's Elsie," said the House Fairy, cocking his pretty little head on one side and looking at her with bright black eyes, "I don't mind staying, though as a rule I never let people see me."

Elsie told her story, and the House Fairy said nothing, but listened gravely. At the end he poked the Cellar Spider with a long straw and asked

"What's to be done, Blackie?" "I am sure I don't know" said the Cellar Spider, hunching up his legs.

"I've such a lovely plan," suddenly cried out the House Fairy, jumping up and clapping his hands. He danced about the room, turned three somersaults, and sat down again.

"Oh! such a lovely plan" he chuckled, "now Elsie, lie down and go to sleep, and leave everything to me."

Elsie curled herself up and soon fell into a deep sleep; the spiders went back to their holes, and the House Fairy crept away as quietly as any mouse, and went into the larder. He talked a long time to the goose, which was hanging there head downwards, ready for George's dinner the next day; then he went into the kitchen, touching all the plates and dishes and whispering softly to each of them. Not a sound was heard except the ticking of the big clock, and the fire crackling on the hearth. The House Fairy took a flying leap over the table, danced round the room laughing softly to himself, turned three somersaults and disappeared.

II.

THE next morning George came in at dinner time very hungry, and thinking how nice it would be to sit down to his birthday feast. Everything was ready, the farmer and his wife were already at the table, and Elsie was standing near, ready to hand the dishes. She had been taken out of the cellar to help with the dinner, but the farmer's wife was still very angry with her, and meant to send her away that afternoon. Poor Elsie felt very unhappy, but she hoped the House Fairy would help her as he had promised. What could his plan be?

"Come along, my lad" called out the farmer, and George, with a grin of pleasure, sat down to the table, and stretched out his hand to lift the cover from the dish in front of him; but to his surprise and disgust, the cover lifted itself up before he could reach it, and a live goose stepped out on to the

table. George could do nothing but stare at the bird, which walked up to him, and gave his nose a sharp tweak, calling out; "George, you're a thief," after which it flew up to the ceiling, and settled on one of the great beams. George seized the carving knife to throw after it, but the knife twisted itself out of his hand, gave him a hard rap on the forehead, and saying in a shrill voice:

"A thief sits here to day,
I will no longer stay—"

began to hop down the table, followed by all the other knives and forks. As they passed George each knife jumped up and gave him a sharp rap on the head; the forks ran into him; the pepper pots emptied themselves in his face and made him sneeze; and the plates jumped up and moved down the table, whirling and twirling round and round. They took flying leaps on to the floor, and back again on to the table, or sometimes came down upon George's head with such force, that it was a wonder they were not broken. The farmer sat with open mouth, too much surprised to say or do anything, but the farmer's wife was afraid her crockery would be broken, and rushed about the room, chasing the dishes and plates, which twirled along faster and faster, always getting out of her reach, till at last she gave up trying to catch them, and sat down quite out of breath.

George was crying with pain and rage, and the confusion got worse and worse, till at last the goose flew down from the ceiling, saying, "When next you eat peaches, George, don't leave the stones lying about," and immediately twelve peach stones came rattling down from the rafters, hitting George on the head, and making him scream. The goose then sailed away out of the window, and all the plates, knives, forks and dishes followed it, shrieking out in shrill chorus,

"A thief sits here to-day,
We will no longer stay."

At last nothing was left on the table.

"What does all this mean, my lad?" the farmer asked his son.

George was now thoroughly frightened, and with sobs and tears confessed to his father how he had eaten the peaches, and allowed his mother to think Elsie was the thief.

"You deserve to be shut up in her place," said the farmer, but Elsie said, "Oh! no, please don't shut him up; I am sure he will not be so naughty again."

And she was right. Her kindness made George feel so ashamed of himself, that he determined not to be so greedy, and untruthful, and cruel in the future, and soon became quite a good boy.

The farmer's wife was very sorry that she had punished Elsie, and from that day she took her to be her own little daughter, and made her very happy.

A little while after all this happened, Brownlegs and the House Fairy were sitting in the dusk near the fire. The cellar spider was there too, but he only hunched himself up into a black heap and said nothing.

"I do think my plan was a good one," said the House Fairy; "how I laughed to see the plates and dishes dancing about, and our good dame running after them."

"Yes, and how pleased she was the next morning to find them all back in their proper places," said Brownlegs; "she never understood how they got back."

"Oh! *I* managed all that; I can do most things when I try," answered the House Fairy, "but there's one thing I can't do."

"What's that?" asked Elsie, who had come up softly, and was listening to their talk.

"Why, I can't make my friend Blackie laugh," said the House Fairy.

"Do you think you could laugh, old fellow," he asked, poking the cellar spider slyly with his long straw, "or have you forgotten how to do it?"

"I never laughed in my life," grunted the cellar spider; "what's the good of laughing?"

"What's the good of being so grumpy?" said the House Fairy; "come now, answer that question."

"I don't know," said the cellar spider.

"Then why not try to be cheerful for a change," went on the House Fairy, "just to see how you liked it?"

"I couldn't be cheerful if I tried," began the cellar spider, but Brownlegs, Elsie and the House Fairy all called out, "Oh! yes, you could," and at last the cellar spider said, "Well, I'll try."

So he came to live in the kitchen with Brownlegs, and after a time he grew fat and merry, and used to talk to young spiders about the time "when I was foolish, and lived all alone in the cellar, my dears."

BESSIE GREEN.

RIDDLES.

Correct answers have been received from Percy Godding, Lilian and Ryk Van der Byl, Africa, Mabel Herring, Bertie and Queenie Wilson.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

DEAR EDITOR.—I cannot begin my notes this month without a reference to the great loss that education has sustained in the death of Professor Jowett. He did more, perhaps, than any other man to raise the standard of University culture in our time, and to infuse into it that sympathy with modern activity of thought and life that is now so distinguishing a mark of Oxford and Cambridge. His greatest monument will be found in the lives of the eminent men who have been his pupils, who will be the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to his influence and to whom he was always known by the reverent and affectionate name of "The Master."

In the *Fortnightly* for October, Prof. Geddes discussing "University Systems Past and Present," contrasts the Germanic type with the Napoleonic of which the finest example is the University of Paris. The conclusion he arrives at is that the aims and ideals of University reformers both in Germany and in America tend in the direction of Germanization.

In the *Humanitarian* for August, I find a letter by J. McNamara, M.B., on "Child Culture" with special reference to the nervous system of childhood. Considering the extreme impressibility and exquisite delicacy of that system, and that impressions whether of good or evil, whilst easily made, are deep and lasting, it is all-important that the sights and sounds that reach the young sensorium should be such only as leave impressions of the good and the noble. The writer quotes from a suggestive paper in the *Lancet* on the subject from the pen of Dr. Gay, and enforces the principle that "it is inhibition—power of control—which parents should seek to cultivate in children, rather than development of function, for this is possible later in life, whereas control once lost, may never be regained." In conclusion he says, "Restrain a precocious child, do not cram a backward one, but with judicious education of the mind, let them indulge in healthy recreation and develop their motor centres before those of much higher level."

In the September number of the same magazine (which always contains much valuable matter), the Rev. J. Rice Byrne draws serious attention to the injury inflicted on the health of school children owing to the posture which they are compelled to assume in consequence of defects in the construction of the seats and desks in use in schools. All parents and teachers should make a point of studying this article.

Under the title of "An American Saint," the *Daily Chronicle*, of September 25th, reviews a recent biography of Bronson Alcott, father of the Authoress of that universal favourite, "Little Women." There is not space here to quote the anecdotes related to illustrate the simplicity and gentleness of his nature. His educational methods were a return to those of Socrates, and of course, had a wonderful effect in developing the minds of the children committed to his care, and his own personal character had a marvellous effect upon them. His idea of discipline is very interesting. It was his dream for a long time, that a school could be carried on without punishment, but finding this impossible, and that it was necessary that somebody should be punished, Alcott decided that the somebody should be himself, the caning to be administered by the culprit, with the result that the most unruly children were completely sobered, and there was more complete silence, attention and obedience than ever before.

I note also an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of October 2nd, by Mr. Oscar Browning, on "How Switzerland trains her Children;" by Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Illustrated London News*, of September 23rd, giving an account of various children, in whom could be traced the results of ante-natal influences; several articles in the *Scholastic Globe*; a discussion in the *British Weekly* on the books that children should read on Sundays; and, as a sign of the increased interest that is now taken in this subject, that a column is appropriated in each issue of the *Gentlewoman*, and the *Woman at Home*, in which parents can discuss the training of their children, and ask the Editor's advice in cases of difficulty.

PATER JUNIOR.

By Lantern Light. A Tale of the Cornish Coast, by Austin Clare, author of *The Carved Cartoon* (S.P.C.K.)—Joan Tregear is the heroine, a strong and sweet, brave and true Cornish maiden. The sound and smell of the sea are in the tale, the scene of which is laid about a Cornish *porth*, with its coast guard station and its lighthouse. A fray with smugglers is the principal incident, and the personages are an intelligent young coast-guardsman, Joan and her father, who is the lighthouse keeper, and her brother, the scapegrace of the family and a smuggler. Out of these scanty materials 'Austin Clare' has woven a story as interesting, as wholesome, and almost as graceful as the *Carved Cartoon*. Joan Tregear is a study of character from which a girl should get up the better and the stronger. *By Lantern Light* is a love story, but a girl who is old enough to care to read the story must needs profit by such a presentation as this of the holy tie which binds men and women. One of the specially wholesome points in the book is that all the characters are simple folk, who live their lives without any encouragement or assistance from their 'betters,' and the author treats her people with admirable respect. She could not make more of them if they were great personages. Here is a book for a Christmas box that will be quite sure to be appreciated by the young folk.

"*Only my Sister*," by the Venerable G. R. Wynne (S.P.C.K.)—Another good and wholesome story, rather 'younger' than the last. Mabel and Tom are the son and daughter of the vicar of Killwade, an out of the way Irish parish. Tom is a fine fellow, always fond of his

sister, but in the first place with a selfish and patronising fondness common to brothers. He himself tells us the story of how he learned to serve and honour his sister Mabel. The story is very spirited and pleasant, fisher-folk and peasant-folk play their part in it, but somehow one feels a little of the *de haut en bas* tone in speaking of the 'common people.' A boy of nine or ten would like this as a Christmas-box, and if he has sisters it would do him no harm.

[We have not space to notice more Christmas books this month, but hope in our next issue to give a list, as we know how difficult it is to judge of the character of the volumes displayed on a bookseller's counter, not even always by the name of the author, and we cannot but feel that the promiscuous and often questionable literature, which finds its way into a house at Christmas time, has often a mischievous effect. We cannot keep out the new books of the season, but let us anyway choose such as are sound and wholesome in tone.]

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—We all turn to you as a friend for aid in our various difficulties. Can any of your many readers help me in my present need?

I want to train my children (oldest not fifteen) to keep accounts in a methodical, clear, and practical way, and think as they grow older they will find this to be one of the most valuable and useful parts of their education. Worry and anxiety have been my lot through life from failure in this knowledge—and now I would learn myself—to teach the young ones, and spare in the future their *time*, *temper* and *brains*, I would gladly study any plan given in your pages, and shall be thankful, *on my own account*, for practical information.

As the children will very probably have much the same kind of life as their parents, I will tell you the general items of my own accounts. (I desire to train my children to keep their own and also some of the house accounts). One child has a little money invested for her, producing under 18*s*. quarterly, and receives occasional gifts at birthdays or Christmas time. How should her book be kept?

Now I have certain dividends coming in each half-year; a certain part goes towards general expenses, but all goes first into my own bank.

I keep all accounts—*i.e.*, house, gardener, school, travelling; also clothing, husband's, own, children, &c.

I should like to compare one year's expenses with another, and from the want of a good method find myself in a state of constant worry and irritation, bad for nerves, and unsatisfactory, as never coming to an end with my reckonings, &c.

Please forgive me for troubling you, but I venture to send this as I am deeply in need of help myself, and think the matter may be of general interest also.

Why, alas! is it that when at school one is taught all kinds of fractions and decimals, little of real practical "household arithmetic" is taught, if any. With many thanks in advance,

Your grateful MAY.

I am also anxious to have suggestions about children's gardens. Each child can have a very small plot, say 6 or 8 feet long and about 4 feet wide. A border.

DEAR EDITOR,—As no one replies to the very interesting letter of enquiry from "M. P.," will you permit me to say that there is a capital work in French which is on similar lines to "M. P's" suggested Con-

temporaneous History, but printed in the dry orthodox, uninteresting, regulation foreign school-book style. Still it is a helpful book in two volumes "*Histoire de la Civilisation au moyen age et dans les temps modernes*," Ch. Seignobos, Paris: G. Masson, 120, Boulevard St. Germain (8 francs). I am sure we should all welcome a book from "M. P." written on her own lines; and would suggest that a series of papers in *Parents' Review* would be eagerly hailed from her gifted pen.

Having a boy of eight it may be of use to others to quote the books we have lately read through together with the keenest enthusiasm; and no wonder! for they are written in the *living* style for which "M. P." craves. Edward Clodd's "*Childhood of the World*" (school edition, 1*s*.; Kegan Paul); Sir Robert Ball's "*Starland*;" "*The World at Home*" (4th Vol.; Nelson); George Makepeace Towle's "*Young Folks Heroes of History* (in 7 Vols.), *i.e.*, Heroes and Martyrs of Invention—Vasco da Gama; Pizarro; Magellan; Marco Polo; Raleigh: Drake, the Sea King of Devon (Lee and Shepherd, Boston, U.S.A.). By himself he reads and revels in Ballantyne's "*Coral Island*," and "*The Fugitives*," which tells of the Christian Martyrs in Madagascar; Sir R. Butler's "*Red Cloud*," all about American Indians; "*Ten Boys on the road from long ago to now*" (Lee and Shepherd, Boston, U.S.A.), which has been very *illuminating* during his study of the "*Childhood of the World*." He seems to grasp clearly and with real enjoyment the varying phases of man's development.

I have seen no mention in your pages of the most fascinating "*Child Life Almanac* (1*s*.; George Philip and Sons), which tells one "all about everything" in the insect, bird, and plant realms. It deserves to be widely studied by all little people.

Yours faithfully, VERA.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—Students who wish to enter at Christmas and ladies who wish to have probationers for the Christmas Holidays, should write as early as possible to the Secretary, House of Education, Ambleside.

We are working at full swing and with great interest and pleasure. The new students find the Natural History rambles very delightful. They take eagerly to M. Gouin's method of learning languages, which shows especially good results in Italian, as that is a new language to them. Bookbinding, real professional bookbinding, is the handicraft which is interesting us just now. We learnt this delightful and useful art from one of our summer visitors, Mrs. Butt, of Eastbourne; books of her binding might be 'thrown over the house' without injury, so thorough is the work.

House of Education Natural History Club. Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—I wish this evening to give you a few notes on some of our common land snails. No doubt many of you have from time to time, picked up an empty snail shell, and after glancing at it in a casual kind of way, you possibly threw it on one side, without any more thought on the subject. Now I think if you will pursue a somewhat different plan, and if instead of throwing the thing away, you steadily set to work to find others, you will soon be engaged in an interesting employment for the early winter and spring months. There is one thing that will no doubt commend this occupation to many of you, this is, that you need not do any "killing." Good specimens of empty shells may be found in nearly every hedgerow, for a vast army of creatures, great and small, prey on the tender and juicy snail. Among the specimens that I have brought to shew you this evening you will see a great many common snails and a few that are not quite so common. The Girdled or Hedge Snail (*Helix nemoralis*) is very common, being widely distributed all over the country. The shell is an inch in diameter and about three quarters high, the spire is composed of five rounded volutions, and the mouth is longer than wide. Monstrosities occasionally occur where the whorls are detached from one another, or are turned in a contrary direction. The shell varies greatly in the intensity of the colour, being as you see, sometimes white, yellow, reddish or brown, being also sometimes plain or marked with five or fewer bands, the bands also varying considerably in breadth, being sometimes narrow, at others wide, when two or more bands unite together. The mouth of the shell is surrounded with a brown margin. A near relative of Helix nemoralis is (*Helix hortensis*) which only differs in having a white mouth instead of a brown one.

The Banded Snail (*Helix pisana*) is a rare snail found on sandy plains near the sea, chiefly in the west of England, it is as you see something like the girdled snail, but is smaller and more beautifully marked.

The shrub snail (*Helix arbustorum*) is a common object in bushy places, sometimes dozens of beautiful empty shells may be found in the bottom of a hedge on a bank by the roadside, but I ought to add that it is seldom found far from damp situations, preferring moist woody places, wet banks of streams and ditches. It is a pretty mottled brown shell, varying from chestnut to pale yellowish white, marked with a single band and having a white margin round the mouth.

The common snail (*Helix aspersa*) is only too well known, but for all that, it is a very interesting creature in many ways. The shell varies considerably, both in markings, shape and colour. Sometimes it is pale yellow without bands, but generally banded; sometimes the bands are all separate, but generally the second and third are united in one; sometimes all the bands are united together, this makes the shell appear darker. It varies greatly in size according to the quantity of food and the temperature of the place in which it lives.

The whorls are occasionally reversed and separated from each in the following sketch you see what I mean.

Now I have no doubt that if you found a shell like this you would be much surprised and interested. Well there is no reason why you should not find just as curious a specimen if you are on the look-out; it is only because you don't look that you don't find.

The next snail I wish to call your attention to is *Cyclostoma elegans*, or the elegant circle shell. It is, I think, my favourite snail-shell. Look at it carefully and note its neat little door fitting so closely into its doorway, the beautiful spiral it grows, and the sculptured lines curving round the entire length. It is common in chalk and limestone districts. I have found hundreds under the beech trees in Sussex.

The next shell I have for you is *Clausilia bidens*, or Laminated close Shell; it is an intensely interesting creature. First I would call your attention to the reversed structure of the volutions, and then I would like to give you a careful account of the curious machine the Shell carries in its mouth, the *clausium* or peculiar elastic valve for closing the aperture has attracted the attention of many Naturalists. It is to be found in the last whorl of the Shell, one of the specimens before you is broken to show this. My notes are only intended to set you going for yourselves, and I hope some of you will look out for the Clausilia, and see for yourselves what a strange and wonderful protection nature has given to this wee snail. I have found them in dozens on beech trees, sticking to the moss and looking so like the beech-buds, that one could not help thinking, "Here is another case of mimicry." Here, for the present, I must leave this subject, but will those of our students, who have entered on their appointed tasks, please remember that they are still Members or our *Naturalist Club*, and are earnestly asked to contribute accounts of their observations and finds to the Secretary; lists of plants for this month; notes on the trees and shrubs; the common snail; the birds; anything and everything that can conveniently be found, will give pleasant occupation to the teachers and pupils during the autumn and early winter.

Fésole Club.—Before they have to send in the studies for November, members will have seen the portfolio of cows, and the manuscript criticisms

on cow drawing. They will have learnt, if they had not been sure of it before, that no special course of training, nor hints of any particular kind were necessary to enable them to sketch cows from nature; the only thing required was a general habit of correct observation, and some experience in noting down the shapes and colours of things. In proposing horses for our next subject, I do not think I am too ambitious. To paint finished pictures of horses in all their attitudes is a difficult thing, of course; but students who can sketch a chair, and get its four legs looking comfortable, and properly planted on the ground, can make shift to sketch the general form of any other quadruped when they have it before their eyes, and after drawing a curved chair-back in its true perspective, the curves of a horse's back need not be too hard a subject. So if any member is afraid of the horse, let him try a kitchen chair, and that will be accepted. But I fancy that after an evening's work on the chair, he will be tempted to look out for a quiet horse in a field—in a stable one is generally too close to get a full view of the whole animal—and get the outline and a wash of colour in the usual way. If there are any secrets in sketching, they amount to little more than a judicious avoidance of difficulties. Don't try to make your horse look like the Elgin marbles; don't try to draw an elaborate suit of harness—the nude horse is prettiest; don't choose a view from an upper window, but get your horse as nearly as possible on the level of the eye; don't go out on a rainy or windy day, or you can't give attention to the work. Make things as easy for yourself as you can, and send all your sketches by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

Mothers' Education Course.—The work sent in for the midsummer examination was exceedingly good, shewing thorough study of the text-books, illuminated by the mother-wisdom which comes of love, experience, and watchfulness. We fear we cannot again allow so much latitude as to the time when papers should be sent in, anxious as we are to do what is most convenient for busy mothers. The papers did not all reach us until the end of September, which threw the Reports well into October. Perhaps the most marked advance was shown in the Natural Science Papers. The Physiology too was excellent on the whole.

Parents Review School.—The children in the School seem to be working with great vigour. We are sometimes asked if the P. R. S., prepares boys satisfactorily for school. The following letter, one of many similar, may help to answer this question. "Dear Editor, I wrote to ——— telling her that as my boy was going to school in the summer, he would give up the work of the P. R. School at the end of July. It may be interesting to you to know that the P. R. S. system worked so well with my boy, that at the end of his second week at school he was at the head of his form, surpassing many boys much his seniors, Your sincerely, A. S. E.

In compliance with various requests, we are endeavouring to send out notices of the dates when the school fees are payable; but it is really kind of parents to try and recollect this for themselves, and so save unnecessary correspondence.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Hampstead and St. John's Wood Branch.—President, Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D. Committee—Chairman, Mr. E. C. Robins, F.S.A.; Vice-Chairman, Mr. Henry Perrin; Miss Begg, Miss Buss, Mrs. Cash, Mr. and Mrs. Howgrave Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Robins, Mr. J. T Taylor, Mrs. Yeoman, with power to add to their number; Honorary Treasurer, Dr. Pidcock, 74, Fitzjohn Avenue; Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Braidwood, 2 Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.; Honorary Librarian, Miss Begg, 24, Buckland Crescent, N.W. The Committee have promises of Papers next Session from Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., Miss E. A. Barnett, Mrs. Ward, Mrs Steinthal, Mrs. Ayrton. The Hon. Secretary will be happy to receive the name of anyone willing to take part in the discussions.

Woodford and Wanstead Branch.—President, Mrs. Henry Fowler; Local Committee, Mrs. Adamson, Spedding Curwen, Esq., Mrs. Doughty, Mrs. Arnold Hills, Mrs. Primrose Pechey, Mrs. Rihll, The Rev. W. T. H. Wilson, Mrs. W. T. H. Wilson, Mrs. Albert Wilson; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Emma Fowler, Glebelands, South Woodford; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Spedding Curwen, Bywell, South Woodford. Arrangements have been made for the following Lectures:—October 10th, Mrs. Hart Davis, subject, "Family Life." November 7th, E. Cooke, Esq., subject, "Inventive and Imitative Colouring for Children," (Illustrated)." December 5th, Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen, subject, "How to make Music interesting and intelligible to Children," (Illustrated). February, J. Russell, Esq., subject, "Pestalozzi's Appeal to Parents. March, Dr. Albert Wilson, subject, "The Mechanism of the Brain."

Our Lecture on October 10th was a very great treat, and on many sides I hear how much it has been appreciated. The subject was "Family Life," and the speaker, Mrs. Hart Davis. We feel extremely indebted to Mrs. Hart Davis for having come, and only regret that we had not a larger number of members present to profit by her words; there were twenty-five of us, and all those who were there, were very much interested and helped. The Natural History competition came off this month, and prizes were given for Pressed Flowers, Pressed Grassed, Fossils and Sea-Weeds.

M. S. CURWEN, *Hon. Sec.*

Streatham Branch.—Committee, Rev. Baron Dickenson, M.A., Rev. G. M. Dought, M.A., R. J. H. Mallinson, M.A., Gardiner Gould, Esq., M.D., Miss Julia Griffiths, Miss Crickmay; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Stewart Mackay, 22, Palace Road; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Streatham. On October 5th at the High School Hall, at 8.30 p.m., on "The Value of Hygiene in the Education of Women," by A. T. Schofield, Esq., M.D., Chairman of Central Committee, Lecturer to the National Health Society. A complete course of instruction in Personal and

Domestic Hygiene will be given by Dr. Schofield. "Four little chats on Home Nursing" will be given (at the house of Mrs. Strode) by Miss Florence Hewett, trained certificated nurse.

On November 29th, at 8.30, there will be a Drawing Room Meeting, at the house of Mrs. Stewart Mackay, when Miss Wallis, Head Mistress of the Richmond High School for Girls, has kindly consented to read a paper on "Children's Home Work." The Chair will be taken by the Rev. J. H. Mallinson, Head Master of the Dulwich College Preparatory School.

Leeds Branch.—Committee, The Hon. Mrs. Talbot, President; Mrs. Miall, Mrs. Francis Steinthal, Mrs. Smithells; Mrs. John Barran (Hon. Sec.), Weetwood, Leeds; Mrs. Robson (Hon. Treas.), Adel, near Leeds.

October, J. E. Eddison, Esq., M.D.; November, "Stupidity," Mrs. Miall; December, "Parents and Sons," the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, M.A.; January, "First principles of Education," (Intellectual), James Welton, Esq., M.A., the Yorkshire College: February, "First principles of Education" (Moral), James Welton, Esq., M.A., the Yorkshire College; March, "Art training in the Nursery," Mrs. Francis Steinthal. In addition to this general course, Mrs. Francis Steinthal has kindly promised to deliver fortnightly drawing-room lectures after Christmas on "First Principles of Nursery Physiology."

The first meeting of the Session was very successful: a large number of young mothers being among the audience which listened to Dr. Eddison's most interesting address.

The Jun. Archæological Society (Sussex Branch).—To the Members. —The Senior Prize is awarded to Miss Mabel Barnes; her letter gives the best general account of the Lewes meeting. The letter of George Delamark Frewer is also printed, but is incomplete, as he was obliged to leave before the end of the meeting. The Junior Prize is well won by Miss Elizabeth Willans, and we also print a bright little letter by Miss Daphne Naylor, who was one of the youngest members present. Our compliments to Miss Anna Blaker, whose essay we only wish we had room to print. She has well grasped the causes of the Barons' War, and the benefits that have thereby accrued to the people. Miss M. Shirreff Hilton wrote a realistic description of the battle itself, and was one of the few who mentioned that Gundrada was the daughter of William I. Miss Janet Miles alluded to the difficulty of the Londoners in escaping, owing to the river and marshes. Miss Maud Frewer did not avail herself of the 300 words, and so did not do herself justice. Miss E. Shirreff Hilton's notice of the castle was very good. She and Miss Mabel Willans are the only members who alluded to the fact that the castle of Lewes was one of the few which had two keeps. Miss Helen Blaker's account of the battle was admirable and full of spirit. The Treasurer would like to receive the subs. for 1894 before the 14th of February. F. E. BORRER.

[The J.A.S. Article and Prize Letters came too late for press, but will be inserted in the December Number.]

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

HISTORY.

THE science of sociology, of which history is a branch, deals with the activities of man. It is the province of history to describe these activities in all their relations, to trace the course of their successive manifestations from the earliest memorials of man's existence down to the familiar social phenomena of the present day. History, perhaps in a greater degree than other branches of knowledge, lends itself readily to the process of sub-division, and thus we find, without surprise, that the realm of history has been divided into many sections, following, however, more or less two distinct lines of cleavage: first, that of national or political organisations, and secondly, that of the divergent activities of mankind. Thus, on the one hand we have our separate national histories concentrated upon the doings of a single people, and on the other our histories of literature, philosophy, and art, whose course flows on from race to race and from land to land as the current leads. But all these histories of individual nations, all these histories of various human activities, cannot in any true sense be complete in themselves or independent one of another; they are in reality only the separated parts or members of one organic, universal whole. And while they may be treated separately, even with advantage, from a certain standpoint and under certain limitations, yet in such a manner are the threads of man's

life, the threads of history interwoven—nation with nation, art with art, science with science—crossed and recrossed, and crossed again, that to give substance and validity to our conceptions of even the least important of these separate departments of men's activities, the various and complex tracery of universal history must at all times be present to our consciousness. Let us take a concrete example. It will be generally admitted, in the first place, that the art of Greece was in one aspect the outcome of the national characteristics, but the national characteristics can only be studied in the national history; therefore, the knowledge of the general history of Greece is necessary to the proper study of Greek art. Again, it is recognised by all writers on the subject, that the art of Greece did not arise as a new creation, but that its origin may be traced in the art of other nations, in Phœnicia, in Egypt, in the nations of the East, thus opening again a wide vista of general history. Once more, few can doubt that another factor in Greek art is to be found in her literature, her ethical theory and practice, her nascent philosophies and religious beliefs. Here we have a forceable example of the solidarity of history.

The organic unity of history has been dwelt upon at some length, as the neglect of this fact has, in the teaching of history, been largely the cause of failure in the production of adequate educational results.

In reviewing briefly the more important elements of history, man himself naturally comes forward to occupy the foremost place. Without stepping aside to dwell upon the characteristics of man and human nature, which indeed, are somewhat beyond the sphere of our enquiries, it will be useful to call to mind certain, perhaps very obvious facts, which however, in our study of history are not without considerable importance. Man, then—including in the word the idea of society—man is not a mere counter, human nature is not as some hold, a fixed and unchangeable quantity. Like every other organism, man, with his dual nature—on the one side, material, of the earth earthy, bound to the clod—on the other, distinguished from the brutes by faculties which science has not yet defined, and which, meantime, we may call spiritual, affinities with the powers divine—like every other organism, man is subject to progressive changes, to variation, to evolution, influences, the depth and extent of which we have as yet failed fully to

measure, or even to estimate. Mankind is affected by these evolutionary forces through two different avenues, first, by the ordinary organic process of physiological inheritance and natural selection, whereby variation arises strictly within the individual, thence spreading to society; and again by a wider and unique process of psychological inheritance, whereby the accumulated treasures of the race—treasures of experience, treasures of habit, treasures of thought, are passed on, as in the torch race, without break or interval from generation to generation, and from hand to hand, in one ceaseless and undivided stream. From this point of view the race of man is recognised as a single continuous whole, a single active, living organism. In this idea of evolutionary force, acting without intermittance upon the social organism, we have a second aspect of history which should be fundamentally present in all our teaching.

We have now seen that history deals with the activities of man; that these activities, in their manifestations so various, are yet the activities of a single organism—an organism born in the darkness of antiquity, yet alive and exuberant to-day with a fresh fullness of life. We have further noted the fact that this organism is moulded and shaped continuously by the unresting hands of evolving powers and forces. Into the nature and action of these forces it is now our business to enquire.

The most powerful, or at all events, the most obvious force at work in the shaping of man's activities will be found in his environment, by which his actions at every point are limited, directed and controlled. On analysis, the environment of man will be found to consist of elements of a more or less geographic nature. Questions of physiography; the physical features of the land in which he lives—elevation, mountain chains, rivers, seaboard, position in relation to other lands; geologic considerations, such as subterranean disturbance, mineral wealth, soil and subsoil; then considerations of climate—vegetable and animal products, fisheries—all these profoundly affect the activities of man, determining in a quite fundamental manner, and in minute detail, his occupations, and through these his habits and customs, ways of life and ways of thought.

As an extreme case of the influence of geographical environment upon man's activities, the case of the Esquimaux

may be adduced where the peculiar conditions have produced a correspondingly peculiar mode of life. Or again, the case of the inhabitants of the Thibetan tablelands may be instanced, where the elevation and the climate preclude entirely the possibility of their obtaining a livelihood by any other occupation than the pastoral life; which again involves a thinly scattered and wandering population and the patriarchal rule. Or to take another example, in Egypt we have a land whose conditions naturally impel towards agriculture and a certain density of population; while the extraordinary fertility to be derived from the waters of the Nile, tends to efforts towards enlarging its area of enrichment —the establishment of an organised system of river barriers and canals, with the necessary corollary of a strong government and a highly evolved civilisation.

Again, the fact already glanced at that mankind, though—at least in our Western world—universally admitted to be sprung from one original stock, have yet been found from immemorial time to be separated into various strands or races differing markedly each from each in colour, physical characteristics, habits and customary ways. Whence comes a variation so profound? Again in geography may be traced the main efficient cause. Forced emigration, caused by deficiency of sustenance or otherwise, and consequent change of geographical environment produces change of occupation followed by change in habits and customs; cessation of intercourse follows; separation—geographic isolation supervenes, producing finally a permanent variation of racial type.

Thus by the action of environmental causes, almost entirely of a geographical nature, mankind has ceased to present the aspect of a homogeneous organism; disruption has taken place, distinct races, tribes and nations have been formed. But gradually between the disrupted portions new relations arise: through war and commerce, through struggle and co-operation, through the various clash of thought and spirit a vital transfusion takes place, a vast fertilising intercourse is brought about; a renewed vigour of youth is aroused, a fuller pulse of life beats in the heart of the world, a new stage of world history is inaugurated.

Alas that we should have to recognise that there is another side to the story. Alas that in the history of man so many

blind alleys should discover themselves. Alas that so many an opening bud, full of hope and promise, should be blasted. But so it is—if in the upward course one step should be maintained for the ten that fail, our advance may yet be sure. In the tapestry of life, though, for every thread that glimmers forth, wrought into beauty in the finished pattern of the web, there are ten which hang loose and ravelled in apparent waste and confusion and ugliness; yet when all is said, may we not still trust that life is not a Penelope's web —a ravelled skein—a useless tangle—a labour in vain—

> "that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill.
> * * * * * * *
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life will be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

So far in our search for the formative causes of man's activities science may lead us; but beyond the reach of science as we know it, are other factors in the life of man, which must by no means be left out of account. And first may be named that power so mysterious, so beyond man's strength to cope with, yet so real, so widely recognised in the affairs of men—the power of Fate, of Fortune, of Providence—which, though it may surpass the bounds of our present knowledge, may yet not lie beyond the bounds of law. The fated thing happens for good or evil; the stroke falls, and the cause is beyond man's search: such are the stroke of death, the battle panic, the birth of great world leaders; events by which, as we say, the course of the world is changed.

Again, in man himself, resides a power—an independent power, hard to define or limit; a power that raises him above the blind forces of nature—a power by which he "looks before and after"—a power of self-compulsion whereby he may rule himself, direct his own activities, and in life or death triumph over fate and his environment.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them as we may."

Nevertheless the truth must stand that—

> "Man is man and master of his fate."

As we would enquire in regard to any new plant, or bird, or insect, which might be brought under our notice—Whence does it come? Where does it live? What is its

habitat?—so let us ask in the case before us, What are the limits within which the activities of man must of necessity be confined? or to to use a more technical phrase, What is the form in which they must be studied?

In the study of the surface of the earth, in the study of Geography, we make use of an ideal representation or diagram called a map. This map is a diagram of two dimensions—breadth and width—marked off into accurate divisions by the parallels, so called, of latitude and longitude, and yields with approximate correctness, by the use of scale and compasses, the precise extent of the earth's surface. Within these limits thus defined, all the details which form the subject of geographical science are noted down, and may again be read off and viewed at a glance in their complete relation one to another by the eye of the student.

Is it possible for us to image to ourselves a similar graphic diagram in which the facts of history might be represented? First let us ask:—What are the fundamental conditions necessary to the construction of such a diagram? We saw that in the case of Geography the conditions necessary were the conditions of surface only with its two dimensions. With history we shall find a greater complication. History, in the first place, will found its diagram frankly upon the geographical map. In considering the environment of man we have already noted the enormous influence which geographic conditions bring to bear on man's activities; further, we have to notice that the activities of man which form the subject of history, are strictly confined within the bounds of the earth's surface; again, that each individual man, each society of men, has its definite geographical environment; that the activities of each display themselves within a definite limited portion of the earth's surface, and finally that every act of man, every detail of history, has its definite geographical *locus*, without the ascertainment of which much of its relative historic value would be lost. The breadth and width then of History, the ground plan so to speak, must coincide with the longitude and latitude of the world map.

The configuration of the earth's surface in relation to the whole period of man's existence upon this planet may be practically regarded as fixed; during the lapse of the many centuries which are included within the historical period

geographic changes of an important character have been a quantity almost negligible. With the activities of man, however, it is otherwise; from day to day—from year to year—from century to century we see in them a continual flux, a growth, an evolution; in the affairs of men, motion, succession, change is an essential element. This flux then, this growth, this evolution has its necessary condition in the ceaseless flow of Time. In Time we have found the third dimension of our diagram —in Time and Place we have found the "form" of history.

Our historical diagram will thus consist of a flowing stream, divided into pulsations by the pendulum stroke of time; and further, the amplitude of this stream will be limited and defined by the measured world-map, with its definite parallels. Here, then, within this three dimensioned space thus accurately defined, we may set forth the course of all the varied activities of man in all their manifold embroidery, the warp and the woof of fate and of necessity, and the never-ceasing golden thread of strenuous human endeavour.

To sum up the results of our investigation: we have found in the forces of Environment, Fate and human Will the great formative causes of those activities of man which constitute the subject matter of history.

Environment supplies the material basis of man's activities, and prescribes the general conditions with which all the functionings of man must correlate themselves.

Fate—the element of uncertainty and disturbance in the life of man—may perhaps be viewed as representing the arbitrary, the incalculable, the particular side of the forces of environment.

Will—the power of active choice—overlooked by some as insignificant and illusory, has yet surely, like the grain of mustard seed, a living power of independent reaction, of cumulative organic growth. Will represents the struggle of man, as against the powers of fate and environment, for the mastery of his own activities.

The interest of history then will be found in tracing out the course of this struggle, in disentangling its various threads, so that the pathway of human life may again create itself for our understanding. We shall be interested to follow the moulding of mankind by the forces of environment and fate, but we shall be supremely interested to watch the bridling of these by the spiritual initiative of man. H. B.

DRAWING IN INFANT SCHOOLS.

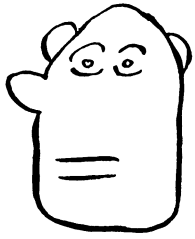
A STUDY IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By T. G. Rooper.

A FAMOUS chemist, when asked if he could account for the secret of his success, replied that he set it down to the fact that in making his experiments he was in the habit of examining the residues, which most students threw away. Now, I suppose that at first sight nothing can seem more profitless than the study of the scribblings of the lisping limners of the infant school. I hope, however, to prove to you that these scrawls are really worth the closest attention, because they both throw light on the teaching of drawing in general, and, what is of even more importance, are significant as illustrating the process by which the knowledge of an object grows up in the child's mind. We shall find ourselves as we watch a child drawing, introduced as it were behind the scenes, and able, to some extent, to witness the mind of the child in the act of grasping objects which are in front of its eyes.

In order to indicate to you the line of study, I will begin by describing an experiment which I made. Choosing a little girl from a class of children about six years of age, I placed her in front of the class and asked the others to draw her face. The girl stood fronting the class, and therefore was to be drawn full face. When the drawing had been made I asked the little model to make a half turn, so that she now stood sideways before the class. I then asked the class to draw the face in the new position, that was in profile.

When I came to examine the results of the artists' efforts, I was surprised to find that in some cases an apparently unaccountable mistake had been made. When the model had stood full face the copy presented it in profile, and when the model had stood sideways the copy presented it full face. If you are at loss to understand how I judge the intention of the artist from the imperfect drawings, I call your attention to the position of the nose. When the model stands full face the nose is in the middle of the face; when the model stands sideways the nose is at the side. You see, however, that the child in drawing the full face has put the nose at the side, and, contrarywise, in drawing the profile has set it in the middle.



I shall endeavour to explain the cause of this strange discrepancy. As the first step in this explanation, allow me to direct your attention to two drawings of a tin mug. The model was set up as before, in two positions successively. In the first position the handle was seen in the middle—that is, foreshortened. You see that in the drawing the handle appears at the side instead of in the middle. In the second position the handle again appears at the side, where it should be. There is a slight difference in the two drawings, for the handle is not placed on the same side in both.

All this is curious, perhaps you will say, but what valuable lesson are you going to derive from these juvenile absurdities? When we look at an object an image appears in our minds as soon as we take our eyes off it. Have we any evidence as to the nature of this image? We think of two things—one thing is the image in the mind, the other is the object which gave rise to the image, and which we picture to ourselves as wholly outside the mind. Can we tell what is the degree of correspondence between that which we call outer and that which we call inner. Again, do we know exactly how the

mental picture is formed? Can we, for example, say with certainty whether the mental image is constructed bit by bit, growing up in the mind by degrees; or should we rather say that it is received by the mind as a whole, in the same way that the impression of a seal is received on wax at one pressure? Many people seem to think that the eye instructs the mind by a kind of "look and say" method. "If," it is often said, "a primrose be placed before the eye of the child, an image of that flower will be stamped on the child's mind," and it is thought that, whether the child can give a name to it or not, he sees the whole object correctly. If this be true, it follows that a child has only to look long enough at an object in order to procure an accurate mental image of it. Learning direct from nature thus seems a very simple thing, and words appear to be less of a help than a hindrance to knowledge. We are also led by this hypothesis to contrast knowledge of words with knowledge of things, and to insist that if the student knows *things* the *words* will take care of themselves. Now, philosophy since its dawn has for ever been pointing out the difficulty of accepting the seeming truism that the mind is to the object as a blank sheet of paper to a printer. Common sense, on the other hand, has continually revolted from the conclusions of philosophers, who appear to it to contend that men do not touch the tangible nor see the visible. The history of teaching, on the other hand, seems rather to support the judgment of philosophy than that of popular opinion and common sense. Practical teachers have usually found that children learn so little through the senses that they have almost entirely abandoned the attempt to fill the mind by aid of those channels. Even now, for example, most people will teach a table of weights before giving the children any practice in weighing. Teachers have shown a profound mistrust of the senses, and seem, in despair, to have abandoned all reliance on them as a basis of learning. It seems, however, that the arguments of philosophers can be submitted to practical tests. We can to some extent form an estimate of the accuracy of the information which is derived from what I have called the "look and say" method of studying nature. We can make experiments and ascertain the correctness of the mental image which is formed in the child's mind when he examines an object. We

can give some answer to the question, "When a child's mental image of an object is compared with the object itself, how far will it stand the test of the comparison?" We can make a visible and tangible measurement of the mental gain after the eye has been at work receiving impressions from an object.

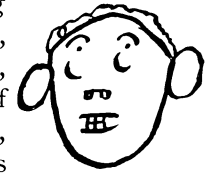
It is the study of the drawings of children that throws light on this obscure subject. The crude draughtsmanship of a child helps us to estimate the correspondence between his mental image of an object and the original, and to measure his power of improving, enlarging and correcting the picture which he sees within.

It will be observed that we are making a study of the images of objects received through the eye, and therefore we must be careful as to the nature of the drawings which we study. What the child draws in jest, or for amusement, or by any effort of imagination, must be excluded. The method of observation will be to set up some simple object before a child and to bid him draw it just as he sees it. A French philosopher, M. Passy, has made experiments in this direction, and has published them in a recent number of the *Revue Philosophique*. My aim in this paper is to unfold to you the leading ideas of Mons. Passy, and to show their bearing on the study of practical psychology. There are two kinds of children who will be experimented on. Some will have already been in the habit of drawing things, others will never have held a pencil in their hands before. There is a considerable difference between the behaviour of the two. M. Passy thus describes the practised hand :—

"This child," he observes, "sets to work without hesitation; he seizes his pencil, secure of his power, and completes his design with a few rapid strokes; his execution is almost automatic, and nothing will induce him to study his model with attention. If you bid him look at what he is drawing, he just casts a cursory and half contemptuous glance and then goes on quite regardless of what he has seen. His drawing is always the same, and it commences and ends at the same place. As soon as he has done he hands you his work with an air of triumph; he is possessed of an infallible receipt, and error is out of the question: 'This is the way a horse is done; that is the way you do a man.'"

It is easy to see in the execution a certain dexterity, or at least a confidence of touch which is in amusing contrast with the absurdity of the result.

"Let me give," says M. Passy, "an account of some experiments with my own children, who had already been shown by their nurse or someone else how to draw a man: Placing myself so as to be seen in profile, I asked Octavius to make a drawing of me. He draws me full face, and though my body is hidden by the table he draws my whole figure. I now place myself full face and ask him to draw me again. He does so, and hands over exactly the same result as before. In a third attempt I get a drawing of my head alone, but the infant (he is seven years old) has been put out by the change and got wrong in consequence. He has omitted eyes, ears, hair and mouth. I remark to him, 'Have you left nothing out?' 'Nothing,' says he. 'What do we see with?' say I. 'With eyes,' says he; and pit-pat two little rounds go down for eyes. 'What do we eat with?' 'Our mouth.' Down go two little lines for the mouth. 'What do we hear with?' 'Our ears.' He draws an ear on the left side, and moves his pencil across to the right in order to add the second ear, but he finds the place occupied already by the nose, so he goes back and sets it beside the first ear. It is a remarkable fact that the child who has got into the habit of mechanically reproducing a conventional figure cannot rid his mind of it so as to be able to return to real observation, and hence the corrections which he makes are more unskilful than the original errors.



"Now, consider a second case. Placing myself in profile as before, I explain to Paul, a seven years child of exceptional intelligence, that in the position in which I place myself he can only see one eye and one ear, and, in short, only one side of my figure. He draws me as if seeing me full face, with mouth, two ears, and nose, but so far defers to facts as to leave out one eye. Presently I hear a scratching. Paul was removing an ear, because, said he, 'I see I could not see it.' The only difference which he made between the full face drawing and the profile was that in the latter he left out one eye and one ear. The correction was soon forgotten, for in two months he again

drew me in the same position (in profile) with two eyes and two ears.

Now, in both these cases the children had been shown by their nurse or their mother how to draw certain objects and

had been supplied with the idea of a human face which had taken possession of their minds. In regard to methods of teaching drawing, it is worth noticing how soon the eye and hand are accustomed to follow a fixed routine. The little child who has learnt to copy the drawing of an object becomes henceforth incapable of drawing it in any other position, and he cannot be got to make any improvement on his first design.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND HOME.

A Breaking-up Song (in the metre of DULCE DOMUM).

BY DOROTHEA BEALE,

Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

1.

JUNIORS:

Homeward turn we now our footsteps,
  Glad at heart are we,
Soon to find a joyful welcome,
  Soon our dear ones see.
Let no thoughts of sorrow enter
  On this happy day,
Carolling like larks at dawning,
  Let us all be gay.
Singing now the ancient measure,
  Let us all repeat
Nowhere can we find like pleasure,
  Home to us is sweet.

RECITATIVE:

As some raise the song of gladness,
  Undertones are heard,
Minors such as break the singing
  Of the midnight bird.

2.

SENIORS:

Yes, we too would join that chorus,
  Would our loved ones greet,
Welcome find from father, mother,
  Home to us is sweet.
Yet tho' glad to greet our dear ones,
  Still we grieve to part
From companions tried and faithful,
  Who have won our heart;
Friends and teachers, who have led us
  Onward towards the light,
Who have girded on our weapons,
  Armed us for the fight.

3

We may meet them in the future,
  But no more shall stand
Day by day to sing our anthems,
  One united band.
Feel no more the quick'ning impulse,
  As of rushing wind,
Stir us with some holy purpose,
  Make us of one mind:
Make us know the mighty power
  Of the Oversoul,
Make us feel we are one body,
  Form one perfect whole.

4.

Now we know the love that sent us
  From our earliest home,
Spake the words which seemed to banish,
  But which bade us come!
Come to know that true love seeketh
  For the loved, the best;
Bids the child go forth and labour,
  Ere he seek for rest;
Seems to part, but draws us nearer
  By an unseen might,
To our parents, brothers, sisters,
  If we walk in light.

5.

Hence, returning to our homestead,
  Golden truths we bring;
Sailing back from wider regions,
  Richer harvesting.
Now we trace our paths more plainly,
  Looking from the height,
From the distance grows the landscape
  Clearer to our sight;
And our home is found more lovely,
  Now we see more clear;
How it stands to all related,
  All to God are dear.

6.

Gazing thro' our garden barriers,
  Beauteous flowers we see,
Glittering fireflies, birds' bright plumage,
  Hives of honey-bee.
Leads a steep and slippery pathway
  To that outer world,
Cries we hear of some who, heedless,
  Down the rocks are hurled:
Thus the larger life beyond us,
  Which now seems so near,
Tells us both of joy and sorrow,
  Bids us hope and fear.

7.

TEACHERS:

Not within the fold for ever
  Doth the Shepherd keep,
But to living pastures leadeth
  Those that are His sheep.
Sometimes up a rocky pathway
  Doth the Shepherd go,
But His guidance never faileth
  Those His voice who know;
And we trust Him who hath led you
  Ever in the past,
For we know His faithful promise
  Ever standeth fast.

8.

TEACHERS AND SENIORS:

Friends, adieu, our God be with you,
  Tears our sight may dim;
Yet we know we are not parted,
  One we are in Him.
One in Him with father, mother,
  Brother, sister, friend;
Mighty are the bonds that bind us,
  Ties that none may rend.
One in Christ we form one holy
  Family on earth;

All are children of one Father
Thro' the heavenly birth.

RECITATIVE:

Then these notes of joy and sorrow,
Mingled in one strain,
Every cadence of earth's music
Breathes both joy and pain.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS:

Homeward turn we now our footsteps,
Glad we are to greet
Those whose love has blest our childhood;
Home to us is sweet.
Let us fill their cup with gladness,
Ere those sorrows come;
Clouds and darkness which must shadow
Every earthly home.
One day in eternal mansions,
Where there is no night,
All we loved on earth shall gather
In the home of light.

Music published by Novello.—Part Songs for High Schools, No. 5.

THE RISE AND AIMS OF MODERN BOTANY

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

"It is not only the right, but also the duty, of any one who lectures to place in the foreground his own mode of viewing the matter. The audience wish to know, and should know, how the science, as a whole, shapes itself in the mind of the lecturer; and it is comparatively unimportant whether others think the same or otherwise."—*Sachs.*

In these words of one of our foremost modern teachers of Botany we have the keynote to which such an introductory paper as the present may appropriately be set. As Sachs so clearly puts it, the questions, are, broadly, two:—What is our general view of the science? How do we propose teaching it? This practical question is the one of most direct importance; but the general view clearly underlies it. Nothing, however, is nowadays so characteristic of the modern student in all things as that he answers almost every question we can put him about what a thing is, by offering instead to tell us how it arose and developed. This modern way of looking at things is, of course, peculiarly associated with the natural history sciences, which, in the study of origin and development, of evolution in general, have taken so distinct a lead. Hitherto indeed, this interest in origins has been mainly occupied with the innumerable special phenomena of Biology, and has hardly had time to extend to the science itself; but on the naturalist's own showing that state of affairs cannot be expected or desired to continue. Granting, then, that it may be useful to know how the ideas of men have grown about the plant world since those old days when Father Adam invented botanical nomenclature, or King Solomon delivered his general course of lectures on the vegetable kingdom, we have to trace the science from old classic times, through the middle ages, and more especially the steps of its widening

and deepening in our own day. But it is clear that a mere catalogue of botanists, and of their books and dates, although quite the sort of thing which used to stand for history, would have little interest in itself, much less throw any light upon the present state or future aims of science. We must try, therefore, to understand our botanists as we go along.

Like Zoology, Botany dates from Aristotle; for, though none of his botanical writings survive, his pupil Theophrastos not only gives us a list of 500 plants, but touches on the problems of their life in a way which recalls something of his master's philosophical spirit, and shows us that Botany was conceived as an integral part of that general account of things towards which Aristotle laboured. From this time, however, men of general interests kept to problems more obviously near the human ones, and the scientific study of plants was thus deserted. In the first century we have indeed Dioscorides and Pliny, but the first writes merely a *Materia Medica* for his brother herbalists, and the second is but a thoughtless and gossipy compiler of agricultural and miscellaneous information. For fifteen centuries however, these two books were the only accredited sources; even the rare attempts at new ones being simple commentaries upon the old. Looking at the plants for oneself seems the most obvious bit of commonsense to us, but a mediæval university man never dreamed of such a thing—he would have thought us almost impious, certainly foolish, to propose it: for how could any mere modern hope or dare to surpass the writings of the Ancients?

Only after fifteen centuries of this scientific stupor have we a fresh start: and this, as indeed commonly happens, outside the universities altogether—in that famous old city of Strasburg, from which the world received so much before it fell into the alternate clutch of modern strategists. Brunfels' "Book of Herbs" was published in 1537, four years after his death; and we shall see that this new awakening of the science in Germany in that generation was no accident of time and place, but a clear outcome of that awakening of the modern spirit of inquiry into all things—that desire to prove all things and hold fast the good, to get below tradition to fact, and below commentaries to originals—in a word, that new mood of mind which made the Renaissance, which discovered America,

which was making the Reformation. Brunfels was a man of that generation, as a boy he had gazed with wonder at the first printing press, and must have had much of its marvellous development brought before him day by day. The fresh thought of the world was pouring from it, and for the first time accessible to all. Hence would come to Strasburg students and thinkers of all types and lands; here the fugitive scholars from lost Constantinople would find new pupils eager for the new learning, our own ever-wandering countrymen among them; here the explorers of the New World mingled with the burning controversialists of the Reformation, and all alike found market and discussion for their books. Thus, as we saw the science date its earliest rise from the Ancient Greek movement unified by Aristotle, so we see its new birth to be but a single consequence of that new great movement which was set up so largely from the same old source. The revival of botanical learning is, in short, nothing but a streamlet in a vaster river, that of the general Renaissance.

Eyes once fairly lifted, or rather lowered, from the book of Dioscorides to that of nature, progress was ensured. In less than a century Brunfels' 240 descriptions were replaced by Bauhin's 6000. The new worlds discovered by so many daring adventurers had still to be explored: commerce, medicine, and science had here an obvious community of interest, and an intrepid race of botanical travellers soon arose. Botanic gardens were next needed, if much of their labour was not to be lost, the thoughtful merchant-statesmen of Venice especially leading the way, and reclaiming from the sea an extension of their peculiarly scanty esplanade for that very purpose. Next came the invention of the microscope: the great Italian anatomist, Malpighi, his eyes thus armed, turned, like Aristotle, once more his studies from man to plant, and thus a new possibility of exploration, still far from exhausted, opened before the botanist in his apparently well-known flora; nay, without rising from his chair. Below these familiar plants, too, there came into view a tiny undergrowth of cryptogamic vegetation, of which the very existence had hardly been suspected. And from that day to this any patient seeker may be a botanical traveller without leaving his own garden; or, like one of our own townsmen here, fetch new marvels from the wayside pond.

But in the larger world the inpouring of new ideas was beginning to give place to the labour of systematising them, and the discoverers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were ceding their intellectual leadership to the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth. So it was in Botany: reflection had to succeed discovery. System and order were now needed above all things, and he became the best botanist who should not simply describe more new plants, but bring some order among the old. Here our countrymen Morison and Ray were of historic service; yet the modern period, all botanists are agreed, essentially dates from Linnæus, whose mind possessed the needed qualifications in an unparalleled degree. It is not as a discoverer of new forms or facts, still less as an originator of new ideas, that we commemorate him as the father of modern Botany. It is as the genius of order, who, finding the vast confused accumulations of botanical and zoological facts on the one hand, and the empty academic mills of logic, grinding out mere rules of grammar, or useless controversies, on the other, saw clearly what was needed—to bring these fairly together, and set anew to work. Here was a use for these classificatory devices of genus and species, for that accuracy of descriptive language, that critical and analytic skill, which had been mainly running to waste in mental gymnastics ever since Universities were founded. Here were not only concrete problems for trained wits, but a vast ever-growing system of nature to be made and carried on. The *Systema Naturæ* thus revolutionised the science, and founded the most important and enduring of all botanical schools—that concerned with describing and cataloguing the forms of nature. New botanical chairs and gardens were founded; no science had ever been so popular before or perhaps ever since; the pupils of Linnæus travelled everywhere to new harvestings, and were led forth in succeeding generations by Humboldt and by Hooker; even to this day the *Systema Naturæ* is being continued, and no patient seeker returns without his sheaf. It is not long since a member of our own Naturalists' Society detected a new plant even in Scotland. The *Systema Naturæ* is thus in progress, and whosoever will may add his leaf to it.

Yet it is a less favourable aspect of the history of Botany which must next engage us; for as of all sciences Botany

had suddenly risen, through Linnæus, highest in scientific eminence and popular esteem, so it soon fell in both respects lower than any. Nor has it yet wholly recovered. It was much to have done with commenting on Dioscorides, yet little if even Linnæus was to replace him as a fetish, as only too soon he did. The academic influences were too strong for the botanists: they soon absorbed all the intellectual vices of the old world pedants around them. First, the simple descriptive language of Linnæus was overlaid by an elaborate terminology which he would have been the first to shatter: next, it was thought necessary to devise rules for the employment of the terms; and these the unhappy student was set to learn before coming to the actual plants at all! We shall readily see how this strangely unscientific state of things came about: it was simply the logical outcome of the established system of education, in which living literature had been gradually replaced by dead rules of grammar, until at last these had come to exclude any real studies for the majority of learners altogether, as for that matter they largely do still. The Revival of Learning had in fact died out, and Botany died with it. The study of nature thus became a mere Latin clerkship, and the enthusiasm of living nature was replaced by a race for priority, complicated by the merest commercial passion of acquisition and exchange.

Nor did these vices wholly end with the victory of the natural system of classification: they are, indeed—as we shall see more fully in subsequent lectures—inseparable from all exclusive study of the plant from the purely morphological point of view, that is, from looking at it simply as a form to be described, compared and analysed, named and classified, and thereafter done with. It is a convenient abstraction, of course, and indispensable in its way; but we must not mistake, as botanists were wont to do, or, indeed, so many still do, this necessary artifice of the morphological department of the science for its whole method. For even when we have learned all we can from Linnæus, applied to this the comparative anatomy of Jussieu and Cuvier, and re-read the whole by the light of the yet deeper and more poetic conception of morphological unity which is associated with the name of Gœthe; nay, even when with the embryologist we watch the phantasmagoria of developmental change, we are as yet only

the crystallographers of organic nature, and not yet, properly speaking, biologists at all. For the distinctive character and problem of our science lies in the study, not of form, but of life. Yet even now compare how familiar and how scientific it seems to think and speak of the plant as a *form;* how unfamiliar, apparently merely poetic, if not childish, to speak of it as a *life*! Yet as physiology grows we see that this mode of speech is the scientific one. Following, however, the dictates and example of the human anatomists of medical schools (in, or at any rate by, pupils of which Botany has long mainly been studied), the progress of Botany followed that of Zoology on lines of deepening anatomical analysis. General form was decomposed into its organs, these into their component tissues, these into their cells, and finally the fundamental and all-important protoplasm is reached.

(*To be continued*).

SOME BOOKS TO READ IN THE HOLIDAYS.

By Herbert D. Geldart.

How well I know what I mean to do
  When the long dark autumn-evenings come;

* * * * * * * *

I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
  O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
  And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!

R. Browning.

The Summer is gone, the long dark evenings are upon us, the time for reading has come, let us see what fresh books we can find. It is pleasant to sit by the fire and wander over the world in imagination, so we will begin with books of Travel, Adventure, and Residence Abroad.

Where Three Empires Meet. A narrative of recent travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit and the adjoining countries, by E. F. Knight. An excellent account of the "Happy Valley" of Kashmir, and of the "little war" which ended prosperously in the taking of Nilt and the occupation of Nagar and Hunza. The author reached a spot where in an undefined way on the high "Roof of the World" the three greatest Empires of the earth meet—Great Britain, Russia, and China. He also went to Leh, from whence he made an expedition to the Lamasery of Himis, where he witnessed a mystery play and devil-dance. He describes the tiniest independent state in the world of only twelve houses, where everybody is an M.P., and no measure can be passed unless all are unanimous.

The Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. Three friends, two at least of them artists, started in canoes from the head waters of the Danube, and paddled and drifted down the whole length of that river, two of them reaching the sea, and having a good and jolly time of it. This book is charmingly illustrated with sketches of both figures and landscapes.

Wanderings by Southern Waters. Eastern Aquitaine, by E. Harrison Barker. Studies of the Valleys of the Dordogne, the Tarn and the Lot. The name of this book "conveys no idea of the freshness, originality and romance of its pages." The region described is one very rarely visited by English people even by rail. The author lived amongst the peasantry, and tells us of their common life. Rocamadour was an ancient shrine of pilgrimage when Henry II. of England went there, and is still visited by pilgrims, "as little changed from their ancestors whom the Plantagenet found there as is the physiognomy of the ancient town." Figéac is remarkable for its Gothic and Renaissance domestic architecture, whole streets remaining of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. At the Montagnes Fumantes near Cransac are beds of coal which have been burning for centuries, and to which belongs a legend that the English fired them out of spite when they abandoned Guienne. Mr. Barker is announced as being engaged on a further volume of Wanderings in the country extending from Auvergne to the Gironde. Two other books, not quite so recent, dealing with adjoining districts of France, *The Roof of France*, by M. Betham Edwards, and *Our Home in Aveyron*, by G. C. Davies and Mrs. Broughton, are almost equally interesting, and there is in *Harper*, for September last, a well illustrated article on "Rocamadour, Albert Durer Town."

Our Wherry in Wendish Lands, by H. M. Doughty. A pleasant cruise in a Norfolk Wherry through the canals and lakes of Northern Germany. Starting from Leuwardein, he went by way of Emden to Wilhelmshaven and Bremerhaven and thence to Hamburg, he particularly enjoyed his sail on the Mecklenburg Lakes little known to Englishmen, and he penetrated into Saxon Switzerland and Bohemia by the help of the Elbe; here again are plenty of good illustrations by some of the party.

Wild Spain, by Abel Chapman and Walter J. Buck. A most interesting book by thorough-going indefatigable sportsmen—naturalists. Mr. Chapman was the first Englishman who sketched a flamingo on her nest, and solved the problem whether she "sits standing," as the old writers thought she does. Though there is much about "sport" in it, this is not one of those books of interminable and senseless

killing, which almost make one wish that the game could have a turn with the gun now and then (as the hare had in Struwwelpeter), and there are many observations of the habits of both birds and beasts—bustards, marsh birds nesting in the "marisma," eagles and vultures nesting among rocks, storks, ibex, feral camels imported from the Canary Islands and suffered to run wild, red deer, lynx and wild boar; also notices of the peasants and their ways.

Japan as we saw it, by Miss M. Bickersteth. In 1891 The Bishop of Exeter accompanied by Miss Bickersteth went to Japan for two months, to visit his son the Bishop of Japan. This is an admirable account of Japan from the missionary point of view, and there is a full description of the great earthquake of October, 1891, and among other illustrations two views of the destruction caused by the earthquake.

Life with Trans-Siberian Savages, by Douglas Howard. Is the story of a sojourn in Saghalien "the final destination of the unshot, the unhanged, the convicts and the exiles, who by frequent escapes or repeated murders have graduated perhaps from other prison stations throughout the vast territories of Russia and Siberia." Here the author became interested in the Ainu, the hairy aborigines. He lived for some weeks in an Ainu village, and describes their customs and mode of life, and his account of the Ainu under Russian government may be contrasted with that of the Rev. J. Batchelor, a missionary in Yezo, in *The Ainu of Japan*. In one respect at all events the subjects of Russia have the best of it, for no alcohol is allowed, but the Ainu of Japan are terrible drunkards.

In Savage Isles and Settled Lands, by B. F. S. Baden-Powell. Lieutenant Baden-Powell went out to Queensland as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Anthony Musgrave, and afterwards served in the same capacity with Sir Henry Norman; he visited Western Australia and also New Guinea, Borneo, Java, New Zealand, Samoa and many of the smaller and less known islands of the Pacific. Australia as a field for emigration is summed up shortly: "The labouring man will find it a paradise; the professional man will find his profession overstocked; and the man with money to invest will probably be ruined." Since Lieutenant Baden-Powell left the colony, even the labourer has ceased to regard the prospect as altogether Elysian.

(To be continued.)

GREETINGS.

By the Editor.

The *Parents' Review* carries loving Christmas greetings to all the families, scattered widely over the world, where it is a welcome visitor. It is rather overpowering to think of the thousands of beautiful English homes where these words will be read and accepted with more than Christmas goodwill. For we of the *Parents' Review*, we who write and we who read, are beginning to feel a more and more close bond of fellowship. Some of us have met in the flesh, and the meeting is always unusually cordial and intimate. Some of us as yet are only *en rapport* in the spirit, but the relation between us is none the less real and vital for that. There is a sort of freemasonry among us. We recognise each other by certain indubitable signs. At once we plunge into real heart-talk, and the weather and the gossip of the day are passed by as topics foreign to our thought. A zealous young ex-student of the House of Education listened, involuntarily, to the talk of two ladies at the door of the compartment in which she was travelling. Her heart burned within her, for they talked of Education, and, *on our lines*. She laid little plans as to whether she would be able to get into conversation with the lady who was to be her fellow traveller, and tell her all about the *Parents' National Educational Union*, but, behold, before she had mustered courage to speak, the familiar red cover was produced by the lady, and it proved an open sesame. There was no difficulty about mutual outpourings after that. Perhaps we all feel that what a dear little girl calls the "Angel Book" (from the figure on the cover) is a sufficient letter of introduction. We know something, at any rate, of the aspirations of any chance acquaintance in whose hands we find it. It is a badge of membership.

This is all very pleasant and very helpful, but, like most pleasant things, it brings its own responsibilities. The discovery of every new relation in life is also the discovery of new responsibilities, and it is time that the thousands of "us," who are in the van of educational thought, should perceive that we carry in our hands a gospel for the world, that gospel of Education, in the wide sense of the formation of character, which is, perhaps, the special evolution belonging to our day of the Gospel of Christ. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" is the attitude proper for that beneficent angel whom men call Education, and the time is coming when the world will recognise that our Lord's binding precepts for the up-bringing of children are among the first of His commandments.

Another glorious society* has made it its business to see that no child shall be maltreated bodily. The report of this society is heart-sickening as shewing the fearful and horrible cruelty possible to the hearts of parents: the piteous unnameable distresses inflicted upon children. Already, 85,000 little ones have been brought under the sheltering and healing wing of the society, and Mr. Benjamin Waugh, the true "Children's Man," has succeeded in carrying, what he rightly calls, the Children's Charter, giving to the children all the rights of legal protection which hitherto, strange to say, have been enjoyed solely by the adult; the law of the land, having, no doubt, been framed under the somewhat sentimental notion, that a parent is naturally and necessarily a wise and loving person, devoted to the interests of his children, instructed too by nature in all manner of knowledge and moral rectitude proper for their well-being. Alas, we find that we have been living in a fool's paradise, that there is no degree of fiendish cruelty which is not possible to parents even in the so-called educated and wealthy classes. The records in the newspapers (and not a tithe or a hundredth of the cruelties discovered by this society find their way into the papers) fill us with shame and an awful sense that anything is possible. "Lord, is it I," we say within ourselves, and an overwhelming conviction that we are not wholly free

* Report of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 1893, entitled *The World of Forgotten Children*, Central Office, 7, Harpur Street, London, W.C.

from blame in this matter comes home to us all in proportion as our minds are awakened to the possibilities of education and to our own responsibility.

It is well for us all that a strong and noble society should have taken off our shoulders the anxious physical care of the "world of forgotten children," asking only for the funds for a campaign which many of us are only too glad to help forward in this way. But there are ways of despising, offending, and hindering, the children which have not yet come under the world's category as cruelties. As yet the world does not think that the child who is suffered to grow up greedy, sullen, wilful, disobedient, is cruelly treated, so long as he is well-fed, well-clothed, and sheltered in a luxurious home; and yet there is more hope for one of these rescued little ones, however emaciated and forlorn, than there is for the spoiled child; spoiled, as an article of dress or ornament is spoiled, never to be of its full use and beauty any more. Mr. Waugh finds that the thing to do, in a given town, is to awaken public sentiment, correct public opinion, by forming a branch of his society there. The strength of public opinion is well-illustrated by the agonised cry of the wretched woman who found herself in the dock the other day "Oh my God, they look worse than they did yesterday," she cried, when the unhappy little beings who call her mother were brought into court: *i.e.*, her eyes were opened by the force of public opinion, and she saw her work as others see it.

Now this is precisely the work that the *Parents' National Educational Union* is divinely called to do. It is not for nothing that we are in the van of educational thought. 'How the world is to be peopled is not my concern and needs not to be yours,' says the prince in *Rasselas*. But such sublime indifference to 'those others' is neither lawful nor expedient. It is most absolutely and certainly our business to see that the light we possess ourselves shall not be hid under a bushel but set on a candlestick. Now, in the nature of the case, we cannot go about holding up our light in this matter as private individuals. We may indeed show the world a family of well brought up children, and, no doubt, that is an illuminating influence; but to see that beautiful and delightful product of many efforts and many prayers, a good and simple child, no more shows other parents how to do

likewise than would the display of a watch instruct us how to make one. Here is a case where we can do little or nothing for our neighbours individually, but, with the Society at our back, whose principles we can proclaim, whose methods we can advocate without any risk of being offensive to our neighbours, there is simply no limit to the help we can give. The full comprehension of our principles is necessarily slow work, because this is, in itself, a very advanced and liberal education; but, sympathy with our efforts, desire to follow our principles and unite with us in our labours, why, we have only to try, to learn how extraordinary is the response we shall meet with if we make ever so slight efforts in this direction. For example, a fortnight ago a lady offered her services to help in forming a Branch, expressing her willingness to act as secretary should her services be acceptable. Her offer was gladly hailed. She seized an opportunity to gather a few friends to hear an address from one of our most active and inspiring members. She could only give a day's notice; some of the people she asked were engaged, some were shut up by the damp, some were selling at a great bazaar. Only thirteen came, but out of the thirteen, ten joined at once. This is the sort of encouragement that awaits any who will give themselves heart and soul to this great work. There should be a Branch in every town in England, and every county should have its own honorary secretary. Will any offer themselves for the work of secretary either for town or county? There is probably no good work quite so easy, quite so delightful, or quite so wholesome in its effects on one's own personal character. Nothing is easier than to begin the work. Write to either of the Hon. Secretaries, Mr. Perrin*, or the Editor*, or to our most earnest and able Chairman of Committee, Dr. Schofield*, for instructions, papers, &c. Get up a drawing-room meeting, large or small. Get some friend of the work to speak, or, failing that, some lady or gentleman of local weight to read the more inspiring and instructive parts of our reports, and to speak to the resolution—"That a Branch of the Parents' National Educational Union shall be formed at ———." At the close of the

* H. Perrin, Esq., 8, Carlton Hill, London, N.W. Miss Mason, House of Education, Ambleside. A. T. Schofield, Esq., M.D., 141, Westbourne Terrace, S.W.

meeting, invite members to join. Form a little committee, etc., according to instructions, and with surprisingly little effort and in a very short time a branch of the Union will be in full swing, and every year will mark some new departure of great use and interest to both parents and children. We have not space for more now than an urgent appeal to our friends to take heed to our entreaties in this matter, unless it be to beg all subscribers to the *Parents' Review* to send in their names and subscription (5*s*.) to Mr. Perrin, and thus to become members of the Union, pledged to advocate its principles, whether or no they are able immediately to form or join a branch.

What these principles are *in extenso* all our readers know pretty well, but we hope to print them in a short form in next month's issue. In the meantime Mr. Henry Perrin will, we know, be delighted to send copies of our rules and principles to any who write to him for them (with stamped envelope.)

Let us end as we began, with loving Christmas greetings to the parents and the children in all the homes which the *Parents' Review* reaches. May you have indeed a "Happy Christmas." "It is a comely fashion to be glad." May we venture to add that gaiety of heart is not merely a wayside weed that springs of its own accord, where it is not even wanted; but is a choice plant, not quite easy to rear, tender and delicate as it is lovely; a plant one must strike with the psalmist's hearty resolution "I *will* be glad," and then must shelter assiduously from the damp chill of every self-regardful feeling. Gaiety (not of occasion, but of heart) thrives only in an atmosphere of light and love. Farewell, dear friends, keep us and our work in remembrance on your "Happy Christmas."

NOTES ON THE SUSSEX BRANCH OF THE JUNIOR ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EMERSON says that the world exists for the education of each man, and that we sympathize in the great moments of history, because the "law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow struck *for us.*" Each of us is, in truth, an "heir of the Ages" inheriting the results of the lives and struggles, and the accumulated treasures of knowledge, experience and skill of those that have gone before us.

The old buildings that are connected with the history of our country are not the least part of our inheritance. If we take the trouble to learn what we can about them, we shall be astonished to find how much the study of even one place will teach us, and how much more living and interesting the study of history becomes, when we have seen the places where the events took place, and heard them explained to us on the spot.

The object of the Sussex Branch of the Junior Archæological Society is to give to young people a taste for such studies, and, in the expeditions which take place twice in the year, to provide an opportunity for learning something definitely about some place of interest in the county to which the members belong. A lecture is given at each meeting, and those members that wish it, can write answers from memory to questions supplied by the lecturer three days after each meeting. Two prizes, a senior and a junior, are offered to those who give the best answers. It is possible that essays may sometimes be substituted for the questions and answers. This year letters were written to the Editor.

The Society was only started this year, but already numbers 73 members, and more have promised to join. It is in connection with the P.N.E.U., members of which can belong to the S.J.A.S. without paying a subscription. For others,

the subscription is 2*s.* 6*d.* annually, and members are admitted between the ages of 8 and 20, each of whom may bring two friends senior to the age of membership to the meetings. There is a Council of Reference consisting of a secretary and treasurer and eighteen ladies and gentlemen from different parts of the county, who help in the arrangement of meetings held in their own neighbourhood, and who admit members and decide questions connected with the Society.

Our first expedition was to have been to Battle Abbey, but shortly before it should have taken place, an outbreak of diphtheria there made it necessary to alter our plans. There was no time to arrange for a meeting elsewhere in June, consequently this year both took place in August; the first at Lewes on the 14th, and the second at Cowdray, a fortnight later. Both were well attended and most enjoyable. The weather was very hot on the day of the Lewes meeting, and our party were glad of the shady tennis court kindly lent us for tea. The distances were short, so no conveyances were needed. Lewes is very quaint and picturesque, with the Castle beautifully situated above the town. S. Michael's schoolroom was lent us for the lecture and was crowded. Mr. Phillips, Curator of the Museum of the Sussex Archæological Society, gave a most graphic and interesting lecture on the Battle of Lewes. We were extremely fortunate in obtaining his kind help, as he has made a study of Lewes and its history, and has a most complete knowledge of his subject, and power of interesting his hearers. He was commissioned by the Sussex Archæological Society to give us a message of welcome and encouragement.

The following letters from some of our members will give further particulars of the Lewes meeting and lecture. The writers were limited to 300 words.

SENIOR PRIZE LETTER.

Boreham, Hailsham, *August 28th.*

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving an account of the pleasant Meeting held by the Sussex Branch of the Junior Archæological Society at Lewes, on Monday, 14th August, 1893. At St. Michael's Schoolroom we heard a very interesting lecture by Mr. Phillips, on the Battle of Lewes, which was fought on May 14th, 1264. The Royal army was commanded by Henry III., his son Edward, Richard, King of the Romans, with his son Henry, and the Earl of Warenne.

The Barons were under the leadership of Simon, Count de Montfort, Guy de Lusignan, and Gilbert de Clare. The Baronial army (among which were many Londoners,) consisted of 5,000, and that of the King of 6,000 men. The two armies having spent the evening before the battle very differently, met on the South Downs, on the 14th of May.

Prince Edward first attacked the Londoners; these, not much accustomed to fighting, soon fled; the Prince, in his ardour, pursued them for a long distance. When he returned he found all was lost, and both he and his father were taken prisoners. The Earl of Warenne, with a few followers, escaped, and afterwards embarked for the continent. By this victory the Barons regained their rights.

After the lecture we went to the Castle, where Mr. Phillips explained the battle-field and many other interesting points. He showed us some beautiful tapestry in the barbican, and drew our attention to many interesting antiquities in the museum. Then we adjourned to tea in a field, to which, I assure you, we did ample justice. Finally we went to the Church of St. Pancras, Southover, where the remains of William, Earl of Warenne, and his wife Gundrad, daughter of William the Conqueror, are interred.

And thus passed one of the most enjoyable days I have ever spent.

I remain, Yours truly,

MABEL BARNES (Aged 15).

SECOND LETTER, SENIOR.

Sussex Junior Archæological Society Meeting at Lewes,

August 14th, 1893.

DEAR EDITOR,—I send you a short account of what we saw, heard, and did at the first meeting of the Sussex Junior Archæological Society at Lewes.

Mr. Phillips, in his lecture on the Battle of Lewes, explained that the Royalists were headed by Henry, Edward, and Richard, King of the Romans. Simon de Montfort, or "the Righteous" Earl of Leicester, Henry and Guy headed the Barons. The chief cause of the rebellion (1258-1265) was the teaching of St. Francis.* Simon reached Fletching, nine miles from Lewes, on May 12th, 1264, and encamped. Next day he sent an embassy to Henry, offering him £33,000 to withdraw, but he refused. Each soldier of the Barons wore a white cross. Next day Simon marched to within sight of St. Pancras, where he prayed—"Give us, O Lord, fulfilment of our wish and victory." The forces were, Royalists 60,000, Barons 50,000. Edward first charged the Londoners, who had insulted his mother, overcame and pursued them, and captured Simon's chariot. Gilbert advanced and overcame Richard, who fled to a windmill, on the present site of the "Black Horse" Inn. Henry fought, shouting—"Simon, je vous defye." When overcome, he retired, and finally surrendered to de Montfort. In 1795 and in 1810, four pits were found, each containing the remains of 500 men.

*The writer seems to be referring to the influence exerted by the Friars, as to which see Green's "Short History of the English People," chap. iii. section vi.

After the lecture we visited the Castle, where Mr. Phillips pointed ou the grooves, through which the portcullis was drawn into the apartment above. We then mounted the Castle, where there are two alabaster statues of Hercules and Minerva, also two old British canoes and some stocks. Next we visited the museum, went on the leads, where the battle-field was pointed out; then we crossed a narrow bridge into the tapestry room. Tea brought a very pleasant day to an end.

Brede Rectory, Yours truly,
Northiam, Sussex. G. DELAMARK FREWER.

(The writer of the above letter had to leave before the Meeting was over.)

JUNIOR PRIZE LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR—I am giving a short account of the day spent at Lewes by the S.J.A S., beginning with the lecture.

The battle was fought between Henry III. and his Barons. The leaders were—Royalists: Henry, Prince Edward, and Richard, King of the Romans. Barons: Simon de Montfort, his sons, Gilbert de Clare, and Guy de Lusignan.

The King resided at the Priory, Edward at the Castle. The night of the 13th was spent in prayer by the Baronial forces, and in carousing and drinking by the Royalists. Edward was first in the field, defeated the Londoners, was delayed returning, and arrived at eight; and was told of the defeat. Henry was very brave; two horses were killed under him. The King of the Romans was taken prisoner. On the 15th, a council was held called the Mise of Lewes. The battle was a decisive and constitutional one.

After the lecture we went to the Castle. The first archway was not built at this time. Under the second Edward passed on his way back from pursuing the Londoners. Next was the shell keep, this used to be walled-in. A fireplace is cut in the bricks. From the leads the site of the battle was shown. In the museum there were several old things. The tapestry came next; the subjects are not known. The coronet and treasure bag of the de Warennes were seen, and other interesting objects. After this we had tea in Southover Priory; tea finished, we visited the church of St. Pancras. We saw the memorial chapel of the de Warennes. The architecture is Norman. The bodies of William, first Earl of Warenne, and Gundrada, his wife, are buried there.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH FANNY WILLANS,
(Age 13 years and 9 months).

1, Hatch Gate Villas,
Cuckfield, Sussex.

SECOND LETTER, JUNIOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On the 14th of August I went to the meeting of the Junior Archæological Society, at Lewes. First we went to the school, where Mr. Phillips gave us a lecture on "The Battle of Lewes." The battle was fought on May 14th, 1264. The leaders on the Royal side

were Henry III., Prince Edward, and the King of the Romans, and on the other side Simon de Montfort. Each side was divided into three bodies, and King Henry, full of hope, exclaimed, "Simon, je vous defie." The Londoners fled, and were pursued by Edward with great slaughter. When he was coming back he saw, to his surprise, the Barons' troops round the Castle. The King of the Romans took shelter in a windmill (about where the Black Horse Inn now stands), but was made to surrender. Prince Edward retired to the Priory, pursued by the Barons, who set fire to the church. The Monks put out the fire, and the Prince surrendered to the Barons.

The gateway of the Castle, a strong old building, has two arches, and the hooks for the door still remain. We went up a narrow, winding path to the Castle. In the courtyard are two Anglo-Saxon canoes, and stocks and the whipping-post. In the Museum there are some old weapons and cups By the gateway there is a tower, with some beautiful tapestry. We then had tea, and afterwards went to a church where there was a little old Norman room. In the middle of the floor there is a tomb containing the bones of a Lord of the Castle and his wife. In a recess in the wall is a box with the skull and cowl of a monk, which is so old it is almost falling to dust.

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE NAYLOR,

(Aged 9 years 10 months).

We were fortunate in our weather also on August 28th, the day of the Cowdray expedition. Our party met at Midhurst, and proceeded thence to Cowdray, where Canon Stephens, son-in-law and biographer of Dean Hook, was so good as to show them all that remains to be seen of the great house, and gave a very interesting lecture on the place and its history.

Cowdray is situated a little to the east of Midhurst. We first hear of it in the possession of the Bohuns, in the time of Henry VIII. passing to Lord Southampton, who was allowed to add to the park, and rebuild or add a castle of stone. He must be considered the founder of the *modern* Cowdray House; additions were made to it by his successors. He left Cowdray to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, who was succeeded by his son, another Sir Anthony, created Viscount Montague by Queen Mary. The place belonged to eight Lords Montague in succession, and was a magnificent building full of treasures in the way of paintings, carving and old manuscripts.

It was built in the form of a quadrangle, the principal entrance being a lofty archway with the Browne arms and

motto "*Suivez raison*" above it. Through this archway is a spacious court, in the centre of which was once a fountain. Opposite are the walls that formerly enclosed the great Hall, 60 feet long, known as the Buck Hall, from the eleven figures of bucks in different attitudes, carved in brown wood, with which it was decorated. The carved roof is said to have been magnificent, and some of the stonework that supported it remains on the walls to this day.

There are still traces of the great staircase at the east of the hall. In the dining room were valuable frescoes of which drawings were made that were purchased by the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved, so they have been in a way preserved. They represented the military exploits of Henry VIII., in which Lord Southampton and Sir Anthony Browne took part. Holbein stayed at Cowdray for a time, and painted several portraits for Sir A. Browne.

The chapel was at the east of the hall, and of this there is a drawing by Grimm. Its famous altar-piece, representing the Resurrection, was preserved in the great fire. Part of the paintings on the walls and the tracery of five windows still remain.

Edward VI. paid a visit to Cowdray, and it is recorded that he was "marvelously, yea rather excessively banketed" there. Queen Elizabeth stayed there for six days, and was entertained with all manner of pageants and feasting. The Sunday's *breakfast* included three oxen and a hundred and forty geese—one sighs for the powers of digestion of the good old times!

Sir Anthony's grandson and successor, the second Lord Montague, wrote, in 1595, a "Booke of Orders and Rules" for the management of his household, the original M.S. of which is preserved at Easebourne Priory. It gives us an idea of the extraordinary pomp and ceremony of those days, and Lord Montague must have had a wonderful mind for details. The minuteness of his directions for his officers and servants in charge of the various departments of his household make one think what a dreadful fidget he must have been, and what a trial to his two wives! Here is one example, out of many, of his ceremoniousness, taken from the directions for "the Clarke of my Kytchin:" "I will that he suffer none to stande unseemely with his backe towarde

my meate while itt is att the raunge." "The Yeoman of myne Ewrye" is, among other things, to take the table cloth on both his arms, and "goe together, with the Yeoman Usher, with due reverence to the table of my dyett, makeinge two curteseys thereto, the one about the middest of the chamber, the other when he cometh to ytt, and there kissinge ytt shall lay ytt on the same place where the said Yeoman Usher with his hand appoynteth."

One duty of the Yeoman Usher is to "have a vigillant eye to the meate, to the entente that ytt be not ymbezeled or conveighed to corners." A minor office of the Almoner is to "avoyde out of the hall raunters" (*rant*, to drink or riot) "and dogges."

I regret that I cannot do more than give these few "specimen" extracts from this very attractive "Booke;" it is printed in Vol. VII. of the Collections of the Sussex Archæological Society. This "Booke of Orders and Rules" was one of the few things saved in the great fire in 1793. The fire was supposed to have been caused by the carelessness of some workmen, and occurred at a time when all the family were away. A few weeks afterwards the last Lord Montague was drowned while attempting to shoot the falls at Laufenburg. The letters bringing the news of the fire crossed those telling of Lord Montague's death. The two sons of Mrs. Poyntz, sister of Lord Montague, and next owner of Cowdray, were also drowned, while on a boating excursion near Bognor.

The evils that befel the Montague family were by some thought to be a punishment for holding Church lands—a punishment long delayed, if that were so! The story is that a Monk appeared at a grand festival in the Hall of Battle Abbey, on the occasion of Sir Anthony Browne taking possession of the estate given him by the king, and pronounced a curse on the family of Browne, and a prophecy that they should perish by fire and water; a prophecy fulfilled in the destruction of all but the ruined remains of the old house of Cowdray, and in the death by drowning of the last of the family. The estate now belongs to the Earl of Egmont, whose house, Cowdray Lodge, is a mile away from the old building.

My paper is becoming so long that I must only add a few

words that I should like to say to our younger members. As Coleridge says, "We receive but what we give," and if we are to really profit by our Archæological meetings and lectures, we must come not merely to amuse ourselves, but in a reverent and teachable spirit. The good we get out of anything depends on ourselves, and on the state of mind we bring to bear upon it. Every place of historic interest, church or castle, ruined abbey or ancient house, is full of many solemn memories, and has deep lessons to teach, which cannot be understood except by those who come in a frame of mind and feeling fitted to receive them.

Knowledge and reverence should always go hand in hand, and of the two the latter is the more important, for without it the higher kind of knowledge is unattainable; a truth which has been recognised by our own great poet in the lines

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell."

The design of our Society is to foster and increase reverence as well as knowledge, by helping those who may belong to it to fulfil the apostolic precept: "Whatsoever things are venerable . . . Think on these things." *(Phil.* iv., 8. *Auth. Vers. Marg.)*

What do the angels sing of Thee?

H. Mary Wilson. (A Christmas Carol for Children.) J. W. Wilson, Jun

Slow. *rall.* *dim.*

1. What do the an - gels sing of Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
2. What did the wise men of - fer Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
3. What did the shepherds bring to Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
4. What may the chil-dren of - fer Thee, Ho - ly Babe?

Quicker.

Car - ol - ling in glad ac- cord, They an end - less
Won - drous faith their gifts en- twine, For they gave the
Crowd- ing through the low - ly door, Rea - dy there to
May they too bring will - ing-ly? Yea, like these their

rall.

love re - cord, And the birth - day of the Lord,
Child di - vine Wealth that told His prince- ly line,
trust, a - dore, Brought they love in rich - est store,
gifts may be, Praise and faith and cha - ri - ty,

tempo. *cres.* *rall.* *dim.*

And they sang to Thee, Gen - tle Babe.
Hom - age deep for Thee, King - ly Babe.
All their best for Thee, Sin - less Babe.
Hearts and lives for Thee, Heav'n - ly Babe.

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.*

By Mrs. F. Steinthal.

My Dear Children,—You know, of course, that only at Christmas time are you allowed to have any secrets from your mother and father. For a few weeks before Christmas day, you are allowed to keep the nursery door shut, so that mother cannot hear what is going on, and if she does, by chance, get into the room she won't ask you why you so quickly jump up and cover something up with a newspaper or a table cloth. Why should this be? Why may you have secrets to keep this month, and no other? Is it not because you want to surprise your parents, who do so much for you?

Of course, aunties are allowed to know all you are doing, so we will have a little chat together about what little hands can make, and you had better ask mother not even to read this letter, so that we can really give her a big surprise. Now, children, do not *buy* your presents. Mother and father like, above everything else, to receive something you have made yourself. They are so clever that they can see all the love you put into a present when it is your own work. I will suppose that little boys or girls of four or five want to know what they can do. You might make mother a pincushion. Ask a big sister to cut out two circles of thin cardboard, about two inches in width, make a hole in the centre and draw lines from it nearly to the edge, rather close together. Then thread your needle with any coloured silk, bring it up through the hole, and put it back again through the end of one of the lines, up through the end of the next line, down through the

* We hope the grown-ups will not mind a great share of the Christmas Number being devoted to the chicks and their editor.—Ed.

hole, and so on, until you have worked a star on the cardboard. Work the second card in the same way. If you do three lines every day, you will have it ready for Christmas Day. Then cut out three circles of cloth and bind them round the edge, all together, with a string of plush or velvet, the colour of the sewing silk. Fasten this with gum or bull dog paste, but don't get it on your fingers or clothes. When this is quite dry, gum the pieces of board on both sides. A pincushion that was made last Christmas by a little boy of four has been in constant use ever since.

A child of six might make a cat penwiper for his father. First draw a cat sitting up, about three inches high on a piece of cardboard about three inches high, then cut out a piece of dark cloth over the pattern; make the eyes with two beads and put a red dot for the nose and mouth, and put white cotton whiskers with the ends sticking out, and which make pussy look very life like. Cut out three pieces of cloth the same shape, and stitch them on to the cat round the neck. Tie a narrow piece of red ribbon round the stitches, and leave the bow standing out at one side. Penwipers the shape of a tall hat can also be made, and a hat band fastened on, with the conventional bow sewn on the front. Girls of nine could make bedroom slippers. One little girl a year or two since, saved her pennies to buy warm lamb's wool soles, and then knitted the tops, and greatly surprised her mother, who did not know her little daughter could knit. Boys could paint a flower or a little picture, and make frames for their works of art.

But you must all be tired of reading such a long letter, so if you want any more help write to me and I will try to help you. Now, my dear children, I wish you *all* a very, very Merry Christmas.

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY MISS F. HANSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY.
SANTA CLAUS.
ELSIE.
PHILIP.
DICK : Elsie's Canary.
ROYAL : Philip's Dog.
THE NURSE.

(In the First Scene the parts of Dick and Royal may be taken by a real bird and dog, or by toy ones. In the Second Scene they must be represented by children dressed in a way that will suggest the characters.)

SCENE I.—THE NURSERY.

(A cage containing the canary hanging near the windows, toys scattered about and broken. Enter the Xmas Fairy and Santa Claus.)

FAIRY : Dear Santa Claus, our task is nearly done.
From house to house we've wandered ; one by one
We've looked upon each home, ourselves unseen,
Observed the children's words and acts and mien
Before you left your gifts. Each child we test
Ere we bestow what will, for it, be best—
(looks round) No children here—we'll wait till they return.
SANTA CL. : But something of their nature we may learn,
While they are absent, if we look around—
These broken toys, discarded, on the ground—
Are surely signs of carelessness, neglect ?
FAIRY : Alas, you're right. We cannot but suspect
They do not value what they have. Ah, here
Is something worse than carelessness, I fear,
(goes up to cage) The cage uncleaned, no food, no water ! Oh,
'Tis *cruelty* to treat a creature so !
Poor little bird—in vain you peck the wire.

SANTA CL.: I hear them coming now—we must retire.
(They go out of sight, as Elsie and Philip rush in, chasing a dog with a tin pail tied to his tail. Dog escapes.)
PHIL.: Oh dear, he's gone—it is too bad! I vow
We have no fun at all with Royal now.
ELSIE: It isn't fun to him perhaps. But dear!
There's nothing else to do—it's stupid here.
PHIL: Oh, *stupid's* not the word—it's deadly *slow*.
I do want something new. I'd like to know
What we shall get this Christmas?
ELSIE: Why, you see,
Last Christmas you had Royal. Goodness me,
How pleased you were with him—and all your toys.
And now you hate them all. That's so like boys!
PHIL.: *You* need'nt talk, for you are quite as bad.
Just look at all the pretty things you had—
All broken up. And there is Dicky there,
Your last year's pet, and now you never care
To see he gets his food or water.
ELSIE: Well;
I can't remember everything, I tell
The servants, but they never notice me.
I'll get him some just now—at once—you'll see—
(Goes up to cage, glances out of window and stops).
Oh look! Some mummers, Phil, upon my word!
PHIL: *(starting forward.)* Not really, Elsie?
ELSIE Don't they look absurd?
(Both look out of window. Enter nurse.)
PHIL: Oh, can't we go?
NURSE: To bed? Of course you can.
PHIL: No, in the street! Just see that funny man!
NURSE: Dear child, what stuff you talk!
Go out to-night?
You'll go to bed!
ELSIE: It really isn't right
To send us yet—it's Christmas Eve!
NURSE: It's late,
You usually go to bed at eight,
And now, it's nearly nine o'clock. And then
Your Christmas Day will come the sooner when
You're fast asleep. And you know what it brings!

ELSIE: I hope some really nice new sorts of things,
I'm tired of all the old ones—
PHIL: I am, too.
NURSE: Well, run along to bed—the pair of you.
(Exeunt nurse and children.—Fairy and Santa Claus come forward.)
FAIRY: Alas, poor bird. Your mistress gone to bed,
All thoughts of you are driven from her head,
And selfish fancies fill it.
SANTA CLAUS: Something new
They're asking for!
FAIRY: And they shall have it, too
SANTA CLAUS: No! No new toys or gifts for them, dear friend,
We see from these their joy will quickly end
And turn to carelessness and scorn. To such
I give no Christmas treasures. Far too much
They have already. Better take away
The pets they tease and torture every day.
FAIRY: No gifts you shall bestow of common kind;
And yet I would that we could leave behind
A better spirit. Let it be our parts
To touch and waken these poor children's hearts.
It is but want of thought. They do not feel
The wrong they do; but if we could reveal
Their actions to themselves without disguise,
And let them see themselves with others' eyes,
Could we not make them better, wiser?
SANTA CLAUS: True,
'Twould surely be the kindest deed to do!
A better gift than any I can give,
From out my store, and lasting while they live.
But how accomplish it?
FAIRY: You doubt my power?
Come with me now. I'll summon to my bower
These children we would teach true wisdom's laws,
With them their living pets to plead their cause,
Transformed to mortal shape; and when that's done
One lesson more, a last but bitter one,
Shall follow and complete our task ere day.
They'll wake with kindlier hearts. Now come away!

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.—THE FAIRY'S BOWER.

(*Fairy seated on her throne. Santa Claus standing near. Royal and Dick behind the Fairy's throne.*)

FAIRY (*waves wand*) : Come Elsie! Philip! come, obey my call!
Come from your slumbers to the Fairy's hall.

(*Enter Elsie and Philip in night dresses. They stare about.*)

ELSIE : Where *can* we be, and pray how have we come?
We can't have walked barefooted, Phil, from home?

PHIL : I cannot think. Oh, who are these? (*pointing to Fairy and Santa Claus.*)

ELSIE (*going towards Santa Claus*) : *I* know; (*clapping her hands with delight*) : It's Santa Claus!

PHIL : This *is* a jolly go!
We'll ask for what we want just right away.
(*to Santa Claus*) : I want—I want (*putting his hand to his forehead and pausing.*
I don't know *what* to say!
I want a heap of things, but yet—somehow
I can't think what they are—at least not now.
Perhaps you'll let me look, sir, at your store,
Is it all here, or have you something more?

ELSIE (*as Santa Claus remains silent, looking at them*) :
He doesn't answer you—you're not polite,
And so he'll give you nothing—serves you right!
(*to S. C.*) : Dear Santa Claus, I know you'll not refuse
To let *me* look a little—just to choose
My Christmas gifts.

SANTA CL. (*sternly*) :
No, no, you are not here
For Christmas gifts or play—We shall, I fear,
Much disappoint you both. We know you well,
Have visited your nursery—Could tell
Sad tales of how you treat your playthings—How
They're tossed aside and broken up. Well now
Those who ill-treat the things they have—from me
Get nothing!

ELSIE : Nothing! What a shame to be
Treated like this. I'm sure we've always been
As good as other children I have seen.

We're just as careful with our toys—in fact
I think we're rather better.
FAIRY: So you act
Quite to your satisfaction I suppose?
PHIL. *(sulkily)*: We're well enough.
FAIRY: You think that no one knows
The way you treat your faithful dog, poor Roy?
PHIL: I guess I act like any other boy,
I only tease him now and then a bit;
It doesn't hurt him.
FAIRY: Dear me, doesn't it?
And you? *(to Elsie)*.
ELSIE: *I* haven't got a dog at all.
FAIRY: No, but your bird, poor thing, may feebly call
All day for food and water—and in vain.
ELSIE: Oh dear, why I've forgotten him again!
But then he doesn't mind it as *we* should.
FAIRY: You're sure of that?
ELSIE: It's surely understood
A bird is different from a child. Of course
He doesn't like it, but it would be worse
If he were free; he gets some food you see,
And wild birds starve quite often—
FAIRY: But are free,
And therefore happy. Well, it's very true,
That birds and dogs are not like Phil and you,
Not altogether. But that you may hear
Just what they think and feel, I've called them here,
To let you know their side.
PHIL *(laughing)*: *They* cannot speak,
Why, Roy can only bark.
ELSIE: And Dicky squeak.
FAIRY: Come forward, Roy and Dicky.
(The two come from behind the throne.)
PHIL: Who are these?
FAIRY: This is poor Dick—this Royal, if you please.
ELSIE: Can this be Dick? The *colour's* right, I own.
PHIL: And Royal's altered—I should not have known
The dog again. And yet he's got the thing
I fastened to his tail.
ELSIE: And Dicky's wing

Has lost the feather that he dropped. Why, yes,
It must be so. I really cannot guess
How they have altered in this way, and yet
I feel they are themselves.

PHIL.: They don't forget
Us either, I can see, they're staring so.
I wish we hadn't come.

ELSIE: Well, let us go.

FAIRY: Oh, no, not yet. Come, Dicky, tell us true,
What does your little mistress do to you?

DICK: She never gives me anything to eat,
She never makes my prison clean and neat,
She never gives me water. There I stay,
And long for her to notice me each day.
And now and then a kindly servant comes
And fills my water-glass and scatters crumbs.
Or else I should have died. Such cruel pain
I suffer, and I cry and cry in vain.
'Tis hard to be deprived of liberty.
But harder still to pine away and die—
Ah, *once* my mistress loved me—long ago.
But now, I am forgotten—quite!

ELSIE: No! No!
Oh, Dicky, dear, I never meant—you see,
I never thought you cared and felt like *me*.

DICK: I've suffered hunger, and I've suffered thirst.
But ah, to lose my mistress' love was worst.
To feel forlorn, neglected—no caress
Is lavished on me now. I used to bless
The loving hand that fed me, and the voice
That spoke endearing words to me—rejoice
When Elsie's step I heard—

ELSIE (*interrupting*): Oh, Dicky, *dear*,
Don't say another word, and never fear
I'll treat you so again. Poor little bird,
And so you cried and Elsie never heard!
(*Begins to pet Dick*).

FAIRY: Now, Royal, tell what tortures you endure.

ROY.: Alas, kind Fairy, I am very sure
Your heart will break to hear them. I've no peace,
Hunted and dragged about without release!

And such indignities—why, look at *that*,
(*pointing to the pan fastened to his clothing*)
I can't think anyone would treat a *cat*
In such a manner.

PHIL.: Nonsense, Roy—dear me,
It doesn't hurt you!

ROY.: Doesn't it? You'd see
If you had pans and kettles tied to *you!*

PHIL.: Well, well, perhaps—but still, it isn't true
I'm *always* teasing you. It's only fun.
You know I never mean to hurt. No one
Could be a better master on the whole.

ROY.: I'd like to see a worse! My friends condole
With me and pity me. A year ago
When I first came to you, it was not so—
You fondled me and praised me—for my part
I loved you from the bottom of my heart—
What have I done to change you?

PHIL: Nothing!

ROY: Well,
Why you should treat me so I cannot tell.

PHIL: It's just because I've nothing else to do,
And so, poor dog, I take to teasing you.
Yes, it is mean, I own it. Never mind,
If you'll forgive me, I'll be just as kind
As I know how to be.

ROY: Forgive you? Yes,
All is forgotten with one kind caress. (*Phil pets Roy.*)

SANTA CLAUS:
Forgiving creatures! Will this really last,
And will the children not repeat the past?
Sometimes they may forget and once again
Poor Roy and Dicky suffer want and pain.
Once more that creatures feel they may forget.

FAIRY: Too true, I fear. We have not finished yet.
No, they must feel themselves in very fact
The pain that others suffered by their act,
And by experiencing the self-same case,
They'll learn to put themselves in others' place.
(*To Elsie*) Sleep! And in dreams a helpless bird
you'll pine.

(To Philip) Sleep! In your dreams a wretched dog you'll whine.

(The children fall asleep. Fairy advances to front and waves her wand.)

FAIRY: Spell-bound they're lying. Visions of the night
Hover around and haunt them till the light.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.—THE NURSERY.

Christmas morning. Canary in cage. Enter Fairy and Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS: Now, e'er I leave the world another year,
I fain would hope I'd left behind good cheer,
And happy loving hearts. Is it too late
To give these children something?

FAIRY: Stay—we'll wait
And listen to their words. I wish to know
If they have really laid to heart or no
The lesson we would teach them. Here they are,
Let us go back and watch them from afar.

(Retire as Phil and Elsie enter from different doors.)

ELSIE: Oh, Philip, do you know, I've had such dreams!

PHIL: And so have I!

ELSIE: You know it hardly seems
As tho' I'd slept at all. I feel so queer,
Quite tired out—*(going up to cage)* Oh Dicky, are you here?
I dreamt I saw you and you talked—

PHIL: Oh, yes!
And said you starved him.

ELSIE: Why, how did you guess?

PHIL: I must have dreamt it, too.

ELSIE: Well, Roy was there,
And told how you behaved.

PHIL: Well, I declare
We must have dreamt the same. The Fairy Queen
Sat on a throne—

ELSIE: And Santa Claus—
PHIL (*solemnly, looking hard at her*): We've been
In the same place—it can't be dreaming.
ELSIE: No,
It was so strange—they would not let us go
Till we had heard it all.
PHIL: Yes that was it!
ELSIE: And then—I can't remember—stop a bit,
Yes—then I was a bird it seemed.
PHIL: A bird!
ELSIE: Yes, in a cage, I know it sounds absurd.
But, oh, I was so hungry and so sad!
PHIL: *I* was a dog and that was just as bad;
I had a horrid time—they gave me blows,
And did all kinds of things. Oh, no one knows
All that I suffered.
ELSIE: Well, I never knew
Or heard such things. I wonder was it *true*
Or only dreaming?
PHIL: There's one thing at least,
Never again will I ill-treat a beast
The way I used, because, you see, I know
Just what it's like. I think I'd better go
And find poor Royal, shall I?
ELSIE: Yes, poor thing,
And I'll take Dicky. He'll begin to sing
When I have fed him, I daresay. Poor dear—
He hasn't got a grain of seed—I fear.
(taking down the cage) Oh, cheer up Dicky, I'll be good, I vow,
And never, never treat you badly now.
(Exeunt Phil. and Elsie—the latter carrying the cage. Fairy and Santa Claus advance to the front.)
SANTA CL.: This *is* success—we'll hope that they will keep
Their resolutions bravely. Shall I seek
Some Christmas gifts for them within my pack
And leave them waiting here till they come back?
FAIRY: No, Santa Claus; the gift we leave behind
Is surely something of a better kind
Than anything you carry. This one night
Has taught these children something—to do right
To those dependent on them—to be good

And kind to all, for they have understood
That others feel as well as they. We leave
A better spirit, kinder hearts, which grieve
For all the past. And let us leave them so.

SANTA CL.: Agreed—we'll only say farewell and go.

(They retreat as the children enter and gaze at them in astonishment. Fairy and Santa Claus wave their hands and go as the curtain falls.)

FINIS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas presents are not always a source of unalloyed bliss to the giver, and occasionally, when the donor has chosen a gift because he would have liked it, not to the recipient. To receive such a gift with a smile and blush of pleasure, when disappointment is the dominant feeling, is a heroic effort worthy the days of the Spartan boy who carried the fox under his cloak.

I write on behalf of the children whose shelves and cupboards groan under the weight (if they are careful children) of their many toys. In many cases familiarity has bred contempt, and the cart and horse of last Christmas is ruthlessly destroyed to provide firewood for Guy Fawkes, or the doll and clown beheaded because Lady Jane Grey and Charles I. were, and the drum is broken on a younger brother's head, and for these children with their misplaced energy I also write. They are as *blasé* in their world as the oldest man about town is in his.

An intelligent mother of our acquaintance always considers first whether any toy under consideration is suggestive or not. A dredger which was largely sold last Christmas, which the child can only turn and turn, and watch innumerable buckets re-fill themselves with sand and patiently pour it out again, belongs to the non-suggestive class. The jolly marble game also comes under this head. The child is amused at first when the clowns bend over as the

marble falls into their cups, and then pass it on to the clown below, but only one part of his brain is attracted, and that soon becomes weary of the repetition because there is nothing for the child to do himself, no skill to try for. He is looking at something he has no personal interest in, and very soon the toy is broken or put up on the shelf, and the parent is surprised and disappointed because the child has ceased to care for it.

These toys resemble a finite verb, viz., a verb *limited* to some particular subject. A list might be drawn up by educationalists which might alleviate to some extent the agonies of choosing presents for the children. Last Christmas a child of five, who had just received seven or eight beautiful toys from the Christmas tree, was discovered playing with a cushion wrapped in a shawl as a doll half an hour later, the presents, which included a very fashionable wax doll, lying on the floor untouched. Set in practise temperance even in the giving of toys, and give *suggestive* not *finite* toys.

A writer in a contemporary magazine mentions the fact that Noah's arks are considered old-fashioned at the present time. In 1870 all children loved them, but now they lie on the highest shelves in the toy shops, covered with dust. What is the reason? The writer solves it thus: They are hardly likely to return to favour until each animal is made to wind up and walk into the ark of its own accord.

Another sad sign of the times is a play-thing that has just come out, which ought to shock all right thinking parents so much that it is very quickly relegated to the things that have been. It is a miniature bar with bottles, glasses, and engines complete. Who could buy such a toy for little children? Imagine a child being taught in the nursery to draw beer and mix drinks. What are we coming to when the Noah's arks are replaced by toy drinking saloons? I am glad to have seen in a lady's newspaper that the attention of other people has been drawn to such an ill-conceived toy. This writer adds sarcastically, "I shall not be surprised next year if I see toy abattoirs or model scaffolds, upon the approved Newgate pattern, on sale in our bazaars."

I will append a list of a few toys which belong to the

two classes, so that parents may clearly comprehend what is meant by the terms :—

Finite.	*Suggestive.*
Fire Engine.	Cooking Stove (for girls).
Dredger.	Printing Press (for boys).
Bicycle Men to Wind up.	Dolls.
Toys that Wind up.	Tools.
Water Cart.	Paint Boxes.
	Noah's Arks.
	Anchor Box Bricks.

—These are but few examples out of many.

Great difficulty is often felt in choosing presents for girls from thirteen to sixteen. They have got work-boxes, writing-desks, and various knick-knacks, and are too old for dolls, toys, etc. They have put away childish things, but have not sufficiently put on the "old man" to receive expensive pieces of jewelry.

They have each of them a bedroom which is their special sanctum, and I think nothing gives them more pleasure than to receive something that will beautify and decorate their own room, sacred to their treasure and their dreams.

I will give a list of casts, copies of old masters' works. They are all very beautiful, and would be of the greatest artistic educational value. To live for years with a small cast of the Venus Milo, and learn to love every line and position, and then to go and see the original in the Louvre marks an epoch in one's life. The point is that you have not to *begin at the beginning* when you see the original as it came from the master's touch; but the eye has got accustomed and the heart devoted to her beforehand; and so you begin with Knowledge, and Art reveals more of her hidden secrets to you, than she would have had the power to do if you only saw the Venus for the first time against the dark curtain in the Louvre.

The following statuettes, masks, busts, plaques, shields, etc., can be obtained from Mr. Alberti, modeller, 1, Oxford Road, Manchester. The prices are for the plaster casts; but Mr. Alberti can stain them so that they will wash and keep for ever, for very little more. Busts :—Apollo, 14 inches, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 30 in., 12*s.* 6*d.*; Diana, 14 in., 2*s.* 6*d.*, 28 in., 12*s.* 6*d.*; Homer, 22 in., 7*s.* 6*d.*; Venus de Milo, 20 in., 5*s.*, 30 in., 10*s.* 6*d.*; Hebe, Thorwaldsen, 22 in., 5*s.*; Wagner, 8 in., 2*s.*;

Madam Recamier, 7*s.* 6*d.*; St. John, Michael Angelo, 5*s.* Madam Recamier has a sad but interesting history. She was modelled by a poor sculptor in Rome many years ago. He considered it his finest work, but could induce no one to buy it. So at last, broken-hearted, he placed the bust on a shelf in his studio and worked lifelessly at other models. He got poorer and poorer. One day a dealer from Paris came to see him, and when going round the studio, caught sight of Madam Recamier looking charming and sweet on the shelf, even through the dust which had settled on her. He at once offered to buy her for a mere song. The sculptor agreed, so near was he to starvation. The dealer carried her off, had casts taken, and to-day it is the most popular bust in Italy, and the dealer has made his fortune through her. The artist died without knowing that his work had at last found appreciation. Masks:—Dante, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Homer, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Venus Milo, 2*s.* 6*d.*, original size; St. Jerome, 5*s.*, French; St. Jerome, 3*s.* 6*d.*, M. Angelo; Slave, 2*s.* 6*d.*, M. Angelo; Madonna, 2*s.* 6*d.*, by M. Angelo; Cupids (4), 1*s.* 6*d.* each, Flamingo, very good. Statuettes:—Venus de Milo, 3 ft. 9 in., 15*s.*; Venus de Milo, 2 ft. 9 in., 7*s.* 6*d.*; Venus de Milo, 1 ft. 4 in., 2*s.*; Discobolon, 2 ft. 3 in., 5*s.*; Fighting Gladiator, 2 ft. 3 in., 5*s.*; David, M. Angelo, 2 ft. 6 in.. 7*s.* 6*d.*; Perseus, Cellini, 3 ft. 6 in., £1; David and Goliath's Head, 3 ft., 15*s.* Plaques, Shields, etc.:—Bunyan Shield, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Milton Shield, 3*s.*; S.S. Peter and Paul, 8 in. by 6 in., 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Head of Christ, bas-relief, 5*s.*, Donatello; Head of St. Cicilia, 5*s.*, Donatello; Head of St. John, 5*s.*, Donatello; Head of Parthenon, 2*s.* each. Mr. Alberti will forward photographs of any of the above before purchasing.

Little Cooks.

Sausage Rolls. 2 ozs. pork; sage, salt and pepper; 1 teaspoonful of gravy; flour. Take 2 ozs. pork and chop it very finely; add to it a little sage, salt and pepper; well mix it, and add 1 teaspoonful of gravy.

Make some pastry, roll it into thin squares, put some meat on each, and wet the edges with water. Roll the paste over,

pinch the edges and ends securely, brush over with a little milk, and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes.

Fried Cod. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cod; salt; piece of lemon; egg; bread crumbs; soft paper; dripping.

Take $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cod, and cut it into pieces the size of a walnut, rub them with salt, and squeeze a little lemon juice over them; then brush them well over with beaten egg, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping.

When you take them out of the dripping, put them on soft paper to absorb the fat; then remove them to the dish you are going to serve them on. Mind the fat is perfectly still, and a blue smoke rising from it before you put the fish in.

Parsley Sauce. $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. butter; $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful parsley; a little salt; 2 tablespoonsful water.

Boil the water in a pan. Mix the flour and butter in a basin; by degrees add the water, making it quite smooth; add the parsley and salt, and stir all together.

EDITH OLLIFF,
Lecturer on Cooking to the County Council.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Winter is fairly on us now, still, if frosts are not severe we can find work to do in the garden.

Pruning can be continued, stray shoots cut off, others nailed or tied up in their proper places. Examine your seedlings, carnations, auriculas, etc., scatter a little fresh earth over them to protect them from frost, and when a thaw comes press the soil firmly round the roots. Kill all the slugs you can, they are most troublesome, especially in a wet season, and do a great deal of damage to young shoots. Dig up any spare ground, after having spread a good layer of rotten manure over it. A wet, heavy soil is improved by a dressing of cinder ashes and road sand.

Continue to sweep up dead leaves, by this time you ought to have a good heap. Some people dig a deep pit for their leaves, and put ashes from burnt weeds and manure altogether. Soot is very useful as manure, but must be used sparingly. If the frost is very severe a thin layer of stable manure will

prove a great protection to the roots of roses and carnations, but as it rather harbours slugs you must be careful.

Protect Christmas roses from frost and slugs. If the buds are forward and any prospect of hard frost, pick the blooms and put them in a moderately warm room. The flowers will open, and be whiter and more perfect than if left out in the cold. The same plan can be followed with out-door chrysanthemums, so it is possible to have flowers indoors even if one does not possess a hot-house.

The early bulbs potted and forced in October, should now be showing for bloom. Do not use the watering pot too freely. Things are so apt to "damp off" and get mouldy.

Pick off all dead leaves and keep the flower pots and shelves of the greenhouse clean and tidy. Admit plenty of fresh air, but do not chill. Examine all cuttings, and pull up any that have rotted, as they are apt to infect the others.

M. HOYSTED.

THE FLOWER ELF.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy, so wild and mischievous, that his friends all called him Pickles. To be lively is not a bad thing, but alas! sometimes Pickles' energy led him into naughty ways. When he went into the garden, for instance, and walked between the beds, he couldn't see a flower without wishing to pluck it, in order to first look at it, then smell it and then throw it away; a violet or any other flower he would take roughly from its stalk, without any pity for it, and throw it away directly into the yard or on the drive.

As you may imagine, the gardener, who took a great deal of trouble with his plants, got angry every day with the naughty child. He begged and prayed him to leave the beautiful flowers alone; but in spite of all, the boy tried his patience so often, that at last he complained to Pickles' father, who was very cross, and punished him for being cruel to the poor flowers.

Then the flowers lived a short time in peace, and bloomed luxuriantly in the well-planted beds until, one day, Pickles slipped into the garden, and began to pluck them once again.

A magnificent tulip grew there, so tall that the slightest breath of air caused her to wave hither and thither, and being the only one out, she could not hide herself from the boy's eyes, so he ran up to her, and, snip-snap, she was soon in his cruel hands. He looked at her; he had never in his life seen such a lovely red colour, and the yellow stripes that ornamented the tulip, seemed to glisten like gold. When he had gazed a full minute he began to wish as usual to take off the leaves one by one; but as he took the first between his thumb and finger, he thought he heard a small voice crying. He looked again into the tulip, but could see nobody there; but still he felt so frightened that he dare not pick any more leaves off; so he carried it to his nursery and laid it in a box inside a cupboard that contained his books and toys. He would not have thought again of the flower, if he had not, in the evening, just when his sisters were going to bed, heard a slight noise coming from the desk, as if a fly was fluttering in it. He opened it and listened. The sound evidently came out of the box in which he had put the tulip. He opened it, and sure enough, a red-and-gold fly flew about in it, whose wings were so glistening and transparent that the evening glow which came through the window seemed to play on them. Pickles tried to catch the beautiful creature, but that was not necessary, for it settled at once on the tulip, whose leaves were drooping, and whose head hung lifelessly on the stem. Pickles took the flower up, and took the fly in his hand to look at it more closely. He was surprised it sat so quietly, and still more so, when he saw it was no ordinary fly after all. He took his little microscope to look yet more closely at the wonderful insect.

Wonder of wonders! Instead of a fly sat a little Turk under the magnifying glass. He wore a red and yellow turban, just the colour of tulip leaves; his wide tunic was green, and the under-skirt dark brown, like the scales of a tulip bulb—in short, it was a full-blown, perfect Turk, who had nothing that resembled a fly but the wings and a long, thin body. Pickles let him fall, he was so very, very much astonished, and then he heard a little voice saying "Naughty boy; naughty boy!"

He very quickly picked him up again, and saw the Turk was looking at him with round brown eyes, and that he had

drawn a sword no bigger than the sting of a fly. He cried louder, "Naughty boy; naughty boy!" Pickles could very easily have killed the little man, but he was too curious, and wished to see what would happen next, so he said, "Why am I a naughty boy?"

"Because you have destroyed my home and my food."

"How?" asked Pickles, still more surprised, "You have lived in the tulip?"

"Yes, of course; I am a tulip elf."

"What are elves?" asked Pickles, curiously.

"Little people who live in the flowers, and who are like them. I look, for instance, like a Turk, and my turban resembles the tulip, and has the colours of her leaves. In a larkspur lives a horny knight. The thistle shelters an old lady, whose dress is covered with the points of broken needles, so that everyone is pricked who attempts to pluck it. In the rose sits a lovely queen, dressed in pink silk, and who wears a golden crown on her head; and a tall maiden in a long white veil and dress, with a gold belt, lives in the lily. The night violet contains a very silent elf, who likes to sit on the eye-lids of children, so that they soon fall asleep. In the cornflower a miller grinds a sweet smelling dust, that the elves sprinkle over the cheeks of babies so that they look white and red, and in a flaxflower a busy lady elf spins a fine thread, compared to which a spider's thread looks a thick rope, and millions of these, strung together, float over the fields late in the summer. In every forget-me-not you can see, if you look long enough, a little baby elf, with two lovely blue eyes. In the camomile, an elf with a long beard is constantly brewing a magic drink in a diamond pan. Oh! I cannot really name all the elves. I can only tell you that each little flower over which your foot passes thoughtlessly has its own elf."

"Do you never leave your flowers?" asked Pickles.

"Oh yes!" answered the Turk, "every night when the moon shines bright, we come from the mountains and hedges into the woods and gardens, and dance merrily together. If a man or a woman come near we quickly hide ourselves in a dew drop, which then shines all the brighter. But we take lost children into our special care; we drive away the night fogs from them with the waving of our wings, and sing a little

song into the child's ear, which shows them how to find the right way."

"Where are you in the winter?" asked the boy.

"In the winter we retire into the bulbs of our flowers, and only leave them again when the spring comes and the leaves break out. Then we unfold our wings, which have been rolled up in the root, and let them lie for a time in the sun, where they shine like a rainbow. Men think we are midges or flies."

"What do you eat and drink?" enquired Pickles.

"The bloom and sap of the flower of course. Sometimes we sip a little dewdrop when it rests on our leaves, but it is too strong for us to take often. Oh! you naughty boy! you have taken away all my food. I shall die of hunger. Alas! alas!"

"No, no, not so, my dear Elf," said Pickles, whose heart was quite softened at the sight of the Elf's tears. "I have some sugar plums. I am not allowed to eat them, but I am sure you would like them. I will give you the biggest, so please don't cry any more. See, I will make a hole in this beautiful sugar strawberry, and then you can drink, and if you would like it, I will bring you a dewdrop every morning." He laid the strawberry in a corner of the box, but he saw through the microscope that the little man shook his head sadly, and lay down on the half-faded tulip and shut his eyes. When Pickles saw that he did not wish to speak again, he shut the box and took out the key, so that some air might get in through the keyhole.

"If he had only taken some of the strawberry first," he thought, "he would have been much better, and he would soon get accustomed to new food. I won't let him want for anything. A toy that can talk is much too lovely."

The following morning, he took more sweets and a dewdrop on a tulip leaf to his cupboard, hoping that his little visitor would have finished his strawberry. He was surprised to find it, as he had left it, in the corner. He took his microscope. Alas! the Elf lay sorrowfully on the now faded tulip. "Oh!" said the boy, "dear, dear Elf, you haven't touched the food I left you."

"I found a little sap in the stalk of my flower, and some dust on her calyx, so I am satisfied to-day. Now, it is all

finished, and I know I shall have to die of hunger, unkind boy!"

Pickles begged so hard that the Elf would try to eat some of the sweets; but he only sat on the dead flower, and hid his face in his hands. The boy slipped away, feeling very unhappy, and so sorry he had taken the Tulip, and did not dare to go near his prisoner again until the evening. When he opened the box, he saw at once that part of the strawberry had been taken. "Have you really eaten something I brought you?" he cried.

"Hunger hurts badly," answered the Elf crossly, as he saw Pickles taking away his dear Tulip, and putting some sugar in its place.

After this Pickles brought the little Turk a fresh bon-bon every day, and saw with delight that he objected no more to his sweet food; what also pleased him was, that he began to see him quite clearly without the aid of the magnifying glass. He began after a time to bring him a crumb of bread and a drop of milk; and then his guest got so accustomed to a change, that Pickles fed him from his own plate. He enjoyed the fun so much, that he did not at first notice that this food produced the same effect on the little man that it did on boys and girls, and that he was really growing: until one day he found he was as tall as his little finger. He grew more and more, and at last was too big to remain in the box. So Pickles made a sofa for him out of his silk handkerchief, and placed it in a corner of the cupboard shelf, so that the Turk could sit or lie down as he chose.

Occasionally, Pickles would take the Elf out of the cupboard and let him walk up and down the table, and watch him draw his sword and swing it over his head, which looked very funny.

His step could soon be heard as he marched; but his wings which had been so bright looked broken, and he made no effort to use them. Pickles was more delighted with him than ever, so that he was very sorry indeed when his visitor began to look ill. He grew thinner and thinner, and one day Pickles found him lying on his couch very weak and motionless; his face and hands were covered with wrinkles, and his clothes were torn in many places.

"Poor, poor Elf," said Pickles, "what is the matter with you?"

"I must obey the laws of nature, I suppose," answered the Turk, "Did you not notice that the gardener took the tulip bulbs out of the ground a long time ago? Since then I have wasted away, for my life depends on the root. Now she will soon fade, and I must die with her. Unkind boy, had you not enough joys and pleasures without hurting a beautiful flower? Alas, I die!"

"No," cried Pickles, "you shall not die, see, now is the time the gardener puts the tulip roots again into the garden, and the root of your flower will grow up again, as fresh as ever. I will take you to it, and you shall live again, so don't be sad."

"Foolish boy," answered the little man, "when an Elf is taken from the root, they both wither and die. Leave me, I don't want to speak to you any more."

He turned on his side, and shut his eyes.

Pickles shut the cupboard door, and said softly to himself, "How many elves I must have killed! Oh, if I had known all this before!"

Although the boy saw that he could do no more for the poor Turk, he continued to visit him daily, and always found him lying on the couch looking like a dead old man. The sight troubled him, but still he could not make up his mind to bury him.

He therefore covered him with a white handkerchief and left him for some time.

Christmas drew near, and one day the gardener brought a flower pot into the nursery.

"I can't understand this pot," he said. "All the other tulips have grown up well, with the exception of this one. So I think it must be dead, and I did want to bring your mother all the six in full bloom on Christmas Day. I will put it by the fireplace, perhaps the heat will bring it to life."

A few days after this, Pickles was standing by his cupboard, and suddenly remembered his little Turk. He lifted the handkerchief. Oh! wonder! he lay perfectly still, but his eyes were wide open, and they looked enquiringly at the boy, who uttered a cry of joy; but instantly shut the door as the gardener came into the room the same moment to look at his flower.

"Really," he said. "I can see the tips of a leaf. The pot had better remain here until the flower comes."

Pickles couldn't sleep at all that night, he thought all the time of the Elf, and as soon as daylight appeared he jumped up, and found him sitting up on the couch.

"My own root must be somewhere near me," he murmured, "or I should not have been roused from my sleep."

"It is here," cried Pickles. "As soon as you are stronger I will take you to it."

The Elf looked lovingly at the boy's happy face. "I shall soon be all right again," he said."

So it came to pass, and as the tulip grew higher and higher, he grew stronger, and his wings began to flutter, but he was not as beautiful as he had been formerly; the colours he wore were not so bright, and the tulip bud did not open as it ought to have done.

"Perhaps it will not blossom after all," said the gardener. "It is a pity."

When Pickles again visited the cupboard, the convalescent Elf said to him,

"I have heard the gardener's complaint. Alas, the bud will not open until I am free. If you would be kind to me, do carry me to it. It is something higher than Fate that has brought my own flower to me. You have now a chance of doing me a good turn. Won't you do it, dear boy?"

"But if I take you, I shall never see you any more," answered Pickles; and he began to cry. "I love you so much."

"I will look out of my flower at you, and the memory of the kindness you have done me will always make you feel happy. Oh! do let me go to my house."

Pickles loved the Elf very dearly, but he had begun to feel pity for him, so he took up the little Flower Elf tenderly and placed him by the side of the Tulip bud. The Turk spread out his wings, and flew on to the point of the bud. This movement stirred the leaves, so that they opened, and the flower sprung out.

The astonished eyes of the boy saw the little spirit grow smaller and smaller, until he disappeared in the heart of the flower, and out of its depths came the words, "Good boy, good boy."

The Tulip bloomed more beautiful than before, and when the gardener carried the six pots into the room on Christmas Day, she was the finest of all.

Pickles never pulled a flower thoughtlessly after this, and became a great favourite of the gardener, who always gave him his biggest strawberries and gooseberries and all other fruits.

COMPETITION.

Favourite Pieces of Poetry.—It will surprise many readers to see the varied poems read and cared for by the children of to-day. Not one of the old orthodox poems so dear to the hearts of their mothers when young, have been chosen. The letters are nearly all very neatly written, and every child can clearly state a reason for preferring their favourites—

"The Martyrdom of Marius," by *Mrs. Crewdson*, Jennett R. Backhouse;
"Lucy Gray," by *Wordsworth*, Kathie M. B. Wood;
"Village Blacksmith," by *Longfellow*, Oswald (7);
"Seven Times One," by *Jean Ingelow*, Gertrude Andrews;
"Marmion," by *Scott*, Margery Cudworth (11);
"I wandered lonely as a cloud" by *Wordsworth*, Hilda Spafford;
"Winken, Blinken and Nod," a Dutch lullaby, Doris Robson;
"The Daffodil, by *Wordsworth*, Mary Rees (6½);
"Little White Lily," by *G. Macdonald*, Madge and Sydney Franklin (7 and 5½);
"Horatius," by *Macaulay*, Dora R. A. Torr (10);
"On the Landing," by *Bret Harte*, Hilda Latham;
"The Cow and the Ass," by *Miss Taylor*, Geoffrey Latham;
"Horatius," by *Lord Macaulay*, Robin Rees (8½);
"Dolly and Dick," by *Coxhead*, Harold Rowntree (7);
"John Gilpin," by *Cowper*, May Warren Vernon;
"The Crow's Children," by *Phœbe Cary*, May Wallis (8);
"The Lost Doll," Dora Wallis;
"Seven Times One," by *Jean Ingelow*, Eline Kitching.

CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES.

"The end of man is action, not a thought."—*Carlyle.*
"Noble desires, unless filled up with action,
Are but a shell of gold, hollow within."—*Roscoe.*

IT has been suggested that a list and a short account of some of the leading Children's Leagues or Societies would be useful, both to the children who might be induced to become

members, and to the Societies who all need sympathy and help. As the paper will be continued in January, I should be grateful to anyone who will forward the rules and particulars of any other Societies, so that our list may be as complete and helpful as possible. Many children will probably have already joined one or more; but there may be some parents who have not known of the existence of so many, and who, during this happy Christmas, may be pleased to lead their little ones to think of others not so happy and fortunate as themselves.

THE YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE

Has for its President H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and Vice-president, H.R.H. Princess Victoria May, Duchess of York. It is a voluntary union of boys and girls under 18 years of age, chiefly of the upper and middle classes, who agree to do all they can to help blind, deaf and dumb and sick children of the waif and stray class. Every who becomes a companion will be informed of the ways in which he or she can assist. Over 15,000 boys and girls have already become members. The form of application is as follows :—

DEAR MISS NORTON,—

I desire to become an enrolled companion of the Young Helpers' League, and I enclose you a Postal Order for one shilling as my subscription for 1894. Please send me to the following address, my card of membership and your Young Helper's League Magazine during the year 1894.

I am, etc.

To Miss Rachel Norton, Secretary of the Young Helpers' League,
18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

The Magazine is sent free to all companions of the League who have paid the annual subscription. I would like to record my gratitude to this Society for the help they rendered a few years ago to a case which interested me very much.

A little boy called Willie —— was living in one of our big northern towns. He was deformed and helpless, his legs not having grown since he was a few months old. He was ten years old, and always sat during the day on a square piece of wood on wheels, with his poor little baby legs tucked under him. He had a bright, intelligent face, and was very clever with his fingers, but no school would receive him on account of his deformity, so the boy seemed

likely to grow up perfectly ignorant and, as his father said, "There is nothing for him in the future but to sit in the streets and beg." Willie's mother was very ill in the infirmary, and the doctors gave no hope of her recovery. The poor woman's one cry was, "I cannot die until I know Willie will be looked after."

Several societies and homes were written to to ascertain if they would undertake the boy's education, but his deformity stood in the way, and he was rejected by all. Dr. Barnardo writes constantly, *no child ever refused*, in his books and leaflets. Without hope he was written to, and by return of post a letter came saying Willie must be sent at once to London, and they would receive him, educate him, and teach him a trade. The glad news was taken at once to his mother, whose face lightened up with a beautiful smile as she listened. She died two hours after, her brave mother-heart having found peace. So Willie was sent to London in the guard's van, and was met in London by a kind friend; and now this waif is well and happy, does his lessons well, and is learning the trade of a shoemaker.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

The General Secretary and foundress is the Countess of Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, and the General Organising Secretary, Miss Medhurst, 124, Inverness Terrace, London.

This Society was started in 1885, and has not only taken firm root in the British Isles, but it is also doing good work in the United States and in Canada, where between 200 and 300 branches have been inaugurated.

Its *Objects* are to promote kindness, unselfishness, and the habit of usefulness amongst children, and to create in their minds an earnest desire to help the needy and suffering, and to aid the necessities of the poor by supplying them with warm clothing, etc. The great *Rule* is "Every member of the League must *try* to do *at least* one kind deed every day."

Associates are requested to give an annual subscription of 2*s*.

If anyone desires to establish a Branch of the League in any town, village or district, the first step is to obtain the consent of the clergy. Then write to the M.C.L. Secretary,

83, Lancaster Gate, W., who will be glad to give all information, and supply papers, etc.

Meetings should be held half-yearly or quarterly, so that the interest of the children may be sustained. They should be encouraged to bring to this meeting any work they may have done for poor children during the term. Some definite charitable scheme should be set going, such as the support of an orphan in the M.C.L. Homes, or the maintenance of a cot in a children's hospital. An ailing child might be sent from one of our crowded cities, to the sea-side or to the country for a holiday.

There is a need for the Ministering Children's League. The Countess of Meath writes:—"It is sad to note how many deeds of kindness remain undone, how many hours and days are wasted, and how much misery remains unalleviated because men, women and children have never acquired the habit of making themselves of use to their fellow creatures, and have never learned to appreciate the luxury of doing good. Even self-denying parents have self-indulgent children, and to the former it is a sore trial to see their offspring growing into selfish men and women."

This League has been formed in the hope that, under the Providence of God, it may prove a humble instrument for the diffusion of happiness, and the alleviation of misery, and that it may lead in some small degree to the moral improvement of the rising generation.

THE DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

The pledge of this society runs as follows: I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society.

Every boy or girl is admitted a member on taking the above pledge. Each new member must sign his or her name on the list sent to Uncle Toby, *Weekly Chronicle* Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Every envelope should bear in the corner a drawing or picture of a bird.

The Society was started in 1876, when Uncle Toby began to instil week by week, into the minds of the children that read the *Weekly Chronicle*, the duty of kindness to all living things.

Uncle Toby first told the children a tale. "A wise old bird, once upon a time, used to come and explain his troubles to him. This wise old bird was Father Chirpie. There were two things that made his life very miserable. First of all: "in the snowy weather I cannot get enough to eat; then in the spring-time, when I and my little wife build a small house for our little ones, cruel boys come sometimes and steal it away." So Uncle Toby asked the children if they would form a Society to alter this state of things; and the result is that, even in 1888, there were 140,000 members of the Dicky Bird Society. There are branches all over England; also in Australia, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Africa, and almost all parts of Canada and the United States.

One funny letter is published by Uncle Toby from a lad who was so much in earnest that he and his brother actually thrashed another boy whom they saw torturing a sparrow.

DEAR UNCLE TOBY,—My brother and I have made up our minds to protect all the little birds. We started on Saturday, when the punching my brother Charlie gave Tommy Smith, who lives in our street, was awful. The cruel boy had a sparrow tied by the leg to a bit of string, which was hung over a lamp post, and was dangling the poor bird before his dog, and frightening it nearly to death. I chased the dog with my mother's clothes' prop, while my brother settled Tommy, and has promised to give him more unless he joins your Dicky Bird Society.

Yours truly,—WILLIAM JOSEPH TAIT.

Uncle Toby will give the members, after they have joined, many ideas of work to do.

CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF PITY.

Miss Bolton, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, writes in the first number of the Children's Magazine, which appeared in August of this year.

In this League we seek the help of well-to-do and happy children in the cause of those who are suffering and sorrowful.

To get money, and to give it, is the work we ask our helpers to do. It is a costly thing to make people who are cruel to children to do right, and we need all the help which kind-hearted and unselfish young folks can give us to make all the homes in the country, where little children are unblessed by love, and who are sick, sad, and tearful, as happy as the homes of those who join our Children's League of Pity.

This is the object of the League, and little collectors will receive each month a Magazine to stimulate their interest

and sympathy. I should like to state emphatically that no tales of horror, no painful and harrowing details will ever be given in this Magazine. In the one before me, there is a happy photograph of the children in front of their home, waiting to see the Queen drive past. There is an account of a lame boy who made nets and sold them for Mr. Waugh's children, and a photograph of a little orphan who looks as happy as a king sitting on the back of a donkey.

The Society is open to all boys and girls under 16. Children are not asked to beg from people they do not know. That is absolutely forbidden. They can raise money by sales of work, children's bazaars, sewing parties; and boys can with their tools make many toys to give to little folks who have never had a toy before.

Let us encourage our children to be makers of the happiness of the sad little ones of our beloved country.

The child whose capacity for pity and love is unfolded shall afterwards "read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of His Spirit."

COMPETITIONS.

Riddles.—Connie Brightwen, May Warren Vernon, Colin Evriquiz.

Girls' Competition.—For a darn, Mabel Herring has taken the prize. Hilda Spafford, May Warren Vernon, Dorothy Senior, Emmie Wilson, Dorothy Trevor Roper.

Boys' Competition.—For polishing a piece of wood, Humphrey Garnett and Harold Rowntree divide the prize, Arnold Vernon and Percy Godding also did good work.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

Books For Christmas Gifts.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have sent a delightful collection, tastefully and appropriately got up as the books of this firm usually are, and thoroughly good in tone, literary style, and illustrations. A series of charming little red books, 2*s*. 6*d* each, is particularly attractive. It includes:—

Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays, by Mrs. Oliphant, which tells the story of Agnes from her tenth to her sixteenth year, and shows the mother-training and life-discipline which went to turn out a "gentlewoman" of the old school. A girl must needs be the better for reading it, and a mother would find in *Agnes Hopetoun* many suggestions for the better bringing-up of her own little maidens. We need not say that it is beautifully written, and is quite free from all goody-goody talk and preaching.

When I was a Little Girl, by the author of St. Olaves, is somewhat on the same lines, though suitable for a much younger child. Here, as in *Agnes Hopetoun*, children are taken seriously. It is very bright, pleasant reading, and we can imagine a little party of from ten downwards nestling round "mother" to hear *When I was a Little Girl.*

The Heroes of Asgard, by A. and E. Kearey, is a little book we are particularly delighted to see. The imaginations of our children have long been peopled with the gods and heroes of Greek mythology, but the mythology of the north should on the whole be more congenial to us. It is freer, purer, if less graceful and less beautiful, and the child whose early imaginations are peopled with the heroes of the city of Asgard and their most mighty deeds will have received an impulse towards heroic living. The authoresses have told the stories extremely well, and the illustrations are captivating.

The Population of an old Pear-tree; or, Stories of Insect Life, from the French of E. van Bruyssel, edited by the author of the *Heir of Redcliffe*. This is an old favourite, quite the most fascinating book about insects that has ever been written, and the pictures—were there ever such delightful pictures! No child of any age should be without *The Population of an old Pear-tree.*

Our Year, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. A child's book in prose and verse. The Natural History of the months woven in with family talk and play. A most pleasant book for a child's library.

The Story of Wandering Willie, by the author of *Effie's Friends*, is a beautiful and heartening tale.

Little Sunshine's Holiday, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Little Sunny is a dear little girl of five who goes to Scotland on a visit with "Papa and Mamma," and sees and says and enjoys a great deal, and is a very loveable little companion on the way. Little boys and girls of her age would like very much to hear about her holiday.

Everyone knows the *Adventures of Herr Baby* by Mrs. Molesworth. Those who do not should lose no time in making this fascinating person's acquaintance.

Us, an old fashioned story, is another of Mrs. Molesworth's charming child-stories, too well known to need praise from us.

All of these nice little red books are quite free from the vice of the modern child's book, what we may call the spectacular presentation of children. Throughout, the children are treated respectfully and seriously. The writers see the distinction between limited understanding and limited knowledge, and know how to give the children bright, merry, interesting tale and talk without writing down to them. The children in these books are never made a show of. .

From the same publishers we have:—

True Tales for my Grandsons, by Sir Samuel W. Baker, 3*s*. 6*d*. A perfect gift-book for boys. The author understands a boy's love of adventure, love of truth, appreciation of character, and keen interest in "land and sea." It is a delightful miscellany—tales of adventure, sport, love, travel, altogether wholesome and bright, just the thing for a holiday book for a "boy" of any age.

Ismailia. A narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, organised by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, by the same author, 6*s*., is too well known to require a word from us. Everyone knows *Ismailia*, we only mention it to remind our readers of a book which would make an intensely interesting and delightful gift for a schoolboy.

Cast up by the Sea. A book for thoughtful schoolboys, by Sir S. Baker, 6*s*. We cannot better introduce this capital story than by a few words from the author's preface. "Since the publication of the *Albert Nyanza* and the *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* I have received numerous letters from boys to whom I was entirely unknown, and who are at this moment unknown to me except through their spontaneous correspondence . . . . . As a proof of the value that I attach to these warm expressions of interest taken by the young in our past adventures, I now dedicate to all boys (from eight years old to eighty) a story of fiction, combined with certain facts, that will, I trust, relieve the dreariness of a long Christmas evening."

Walks and Talks of Two Schoolboys, by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, 3*s*. 6*d*. A book written more than thirty years ago, and re-issued at the request of fathers who enjoyed it when they were boys. We agree with those fathers. Few things are more sad than the sudden way in which valuable books go "out of print," and to have rescued one such is a service. The book is full of pleasant nature-teaching.

Speaking Likenesses, by Christina Rossetti, with pictures by Arthur Hughes, 4*s*. 6*d*. A delightful fairy-tale, with a great deal of useful moral,

so nicely hidden away that you need never find it unless you like. Every now and then we get a touch of satire, meant for children of a larger growth, as in the game of "Hunt the Pincushion." This is a very charming little book.

The Little Lame Prince and his Travelling Cloak, by the author of *John Halifax*, 4*s*. 6*d*. A parable for young and old, this is another beautiful fairy-tale with a meaning. Children would enjoy it, and should be the better for reading it.

Truth in Tale, by Bishop Carpenter, 4*s*. 6*d*. The Bishop of Ripon knows how to speak to children, and to throw into the form of a graceful tale, words of inspiration that may fashion a life. We have not space to describe these lovely allegories and parables in detail. This is just the book for the Sunday hour's reading with "mother" which the children love so well.

The Victorian Half Century, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Crown 8vo., 1*s*. 6*d*., sewed 1*s*. This is a little jubilee volume which has doubtless found its way into most book-cases. Every child should hear it *read by his mother*, and learn in the reading the meaning of "Queen and country." It is old enough for the oldest, and young enough for the youngest in a family, and just the book for holiday reading aloud.

Paladin and Saracen; Stories from Ariosto, by Holloway Calthrop, 6*s*. Here is a volume of most delightful reading aloud for the hour 'between the dark and the daylight.' All about Merlin and the Enchanter Atlas and the Hippogrif, and the Six Champions, and the Paladins, and a hundred other matters with a delightful aroma of enchantment and poetry about them, all told in good story-telling style. *Paladin and Saracen* has a double advantage. It is a literary introduction as well as a delightful story book. The pictures are very captivating. We never knew before quite how wondrous a creature the Hippogrif was.

Alice Learmont, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. An enchanting fairy tale for children of a larger growth. A folk tale of the 'gude' people, familiar over the Border. That it is well written we need hardly say.

Anyhow Stories for Children, by Mrs. Clifford, with lovely illustrations by Dorothy Tennant. Cr. 8vo., 1*s*. 6*d*.; paper covers, 1*s*. Another book everybody knows. Quite beautiful stories for girls and boys, standing 'where the brook and river meet,' and peering into life with wistful eyes.

The Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry, 2*s*. 6*d*. Selected and arranged by Francis Turner. Golden Treasury Series. Palgrave.

The Children's Garland from the best Poets, 2*s*. 6*d*. Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. These are two very happy-making poetry books. Either of them should be a great joy to a boy or girl beginning to awake to the delights of poetry.

Gone to Texas: Letters from our boys. Edited by Thomas Hughes, 4*s*. 6*d*. Another book that everybody knows. We only remind our readers that here we have a true tale of delightful boy pluck, enterprise, and adventure by one who knows what boys and young men are made of. Delightful holiday reading for schoolboys.

Some Eminent Women of Our Time, by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, 2*s*. 6*d*.

An inspiring book for thoughtful girls. The eminent women are exceedingly well-chosen and most sympathetically treated.

Gordon, by Sir W. Butler; *Livingstone*, by Thomas Hughes. "English Men of Action" Series, 2*s*. 6*d*. each. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the authors of these two books. Each has caught what we have elsewhere called 'the heroic impulse' in the glorious life he treats of. Every page is inspiring. No boy or girl should grow up without an intimate heart knowledge of these two heroes of our century, and for the purpose of inspiration to noble living, probably the two biographies under review are quite the best that have been issued.

A York and Lancaster Rose, by Annie Keary, 3*s*. 6*d*. A pretty story on more present day lines than those we have hitherto noticed. The Roses are a rich little girl with a rosy face and a poor little girl with a white face, who train each other in Christian character, and are brought into touch with each other by the Sisters of Consolation.

From the S.P.C.K. we have received:—

Little Lady Maria, by the author of "A Fellow of Trinity," etc., 3*s*. Illustrations by Gordon Brown. A really capital story; an interesting plot which keeps the reader on the *qui vive* to the end of the book; much careful character study; no child display.

Of High and Low Degree, by Helen Milman, 1*s*. 6*d*. A bright interesting study of child life and character, but not precisely a book for children. It belongs to a considerable class of charming story-books whose tendency is perhaps to make children self-conscious.

A Bunch of Roses and their Thorrs, by Cecilia Selby Lownes, 1*s*. 6*d*. A pretty and wholesome story. The roses being a posy of little girls, and the thorns, the faults they are cured of. Suitable for children of ten or so.

The Old House, by Katherine Mary MacSorley, 1*s*. A pretty touching little tale of the old and of the new, the modern school girl and the old maid with her memories.

The Uttermost Farthing, by Helen Shipton, 2*s*. 6*d*. A powerfully written tale, of which the moral is given in a sentence from Emmerson. It is the sort of tale to make boys think, and should be useful in a parish library.

Fritz and his Friends, by Lady Dunboyne, 2*s*. A pleasant chronicle of rich little folk in touch with poor little folk.

The Thirteen Little Black Pigs and other stories, by Mrs Molesworth, 2*s*. 6*d*. Perfectly delightful stories. The "Thirteen Little Black Pigs" and "Pansy's Pansy" are gems. The auntie who takes this book with her for a Christmas present will be sure of giving pleasure to the nursery folk.

Messrs. Longman and Sons have sent:—

A Child's Garland of Song. Words by R. L. Stevenson and music by Dr. C. V. Stanford, 2*s*. A delicious treasure-trove of Christmas joy.

The True Story Book. Edited by Andrew Lang, 6*s*. This most delightful story book is, to our mind, *almost* the best possession Mr. Andrew Lang has made over to the children. The illustrations are ravishing, and a few words from the Editor's introduction will give our readers some idea of the manner of stories that are told. "It is not without diffidence that the Editor offers *The True Story Book* to children.

We have now given them three fairy books, and their very kind and flattering letters to the Editor prove, not only that they like the three fairy books, but that they clamour for more. What disappointment, then, to receive a volume full of adventures which actually happened to real people! But the Editor vows that he does not mean to teach anybody, and he has tried to mix the stories up so much that no clear and consecutive view of history can possibly be obtained from them; moreover, when history does come in, it is not the kind of history favoured most by examiners. They seldom set questions on the Conquest of Mexico, for example. That is a very long story, but, to the Editor's taste, it is simply the best true story in the world, the most unlikely, and the most romantic.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have sent the following:—

Alexina Mackay Ruthquist, by the author of *A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary to Uganda*, 6*s*. A bright and readable account of missionary work among the women of India, done loyally and lovingly by one who has a claim on our interest as a cousin of the famous Mackay of Uganda.

The Newberry Bible, 6*s*., is an exceedingly pleasant Bible to use. The paper is good, the type clear, and wide, not over-crowded margins are a great advantage. The Authorised Version is followed, but with certain features in common with the Revised, as, for example, the arrangement of the poetic books. The arrangement into chapter and verse is as in the Authorised Version, but instead of the old headings we have a clearly-printed, thoughtful, simple and clear analysis of each chapter given in the margin. This should be a very great help to the young student. The references, again, are not merely verbal, but are of the kind to assist the student. An effort is made to place the student in possession of the nicest grammatical differences in the original by a system of marks which, for the comfort of the ordinary reader, let us say, are by no means obtrusive. No doubt this attempt to give as far as possible by means of appropriate and simple signs, the accuracy, precision, and certainty of the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, should be very valuable to the student, but we recommend the *Newberry Bible* rather as an inviting copy of the Scriptures for a Christmas gift for boys and girls approaching confirmation age. The maps are capital.

Fergus Mactavish: or, A Boy's Will. A story of the Far North West, by J. Macdonald Oxley, 5*s*. A pleasant story of York Factory with the Indians, the Factors, a boy's temptations and a boy's conquests.

Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth, by Sir William Dawson, 7*s*. 6*d*. This is a very delightful book, and we can imagine few gifts more valuable to young people of scientific tastes. It is important to put these in possession of the last word on the subject, and when a veteran geologist like Sir William Dawson writes in clear and simple English, interesting as a tale and inspiring as a poem, what he offers as the closing deliverance of a veteran worker, we seize on the work with eagerness, and are only too thankful to get a book within the compass of the general reader who has not made a study of geology. It is a comfort, too, to place ourselves in the hands of an acknowledged authority on this deeply interesting subject who writes from a profoundly religious standpoint.

Bible History for Children; or, A Short History of Christianity

after the Days of the Apostles, by Lady Kennett-Barrington. The simple and reverent way in which the Bible narratives are given, as closely as possible in the Bible words, should commend this little book to mothers. The authoress states that "In the selection and narration of the events in the Bible, while following the text of the authorised version, I have by permission largely made use of an excellent Danish manual compiled by Bishop Bacaley."

Edward Stanford has sent:—

Plays for my Pupils, by E. Maude Jackson, 2*s*. There is a pretty floral birthday greeting to parents at the end of the volume. The plays are perhaps a little too *modern* (shall we call it) in tone for our taste. Children will enjoy them greatly.

Fisher Unwin has sent:—

God's Will and other Stories, Ilse Frapan, translated by Helen A. Macdonell, Pseudonym Library, 1*s*. 6*d*. As wholesome and pleasant as Miss Wilkin's stories, though perhaps not quite so racy. But, like hers, these Danish Tales are of sweet sound human nature in the "common people." Not quite suitable for children, but quite good for the young folk home for the holidays.

Kegan Paul and Co. have sent:—

A Child's Religion, by the author of *Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth*. This little book has some beautiful thoughts and helpful suggestions, but it is doubtful whether the little book is not, on the whole, too metaphysical and analytic for a child's religion. A child's religion is necessarily anthropological. From the "Father" he sees and knows, he rises to the conception of the Heavenly Father. This sort of teaching is rather out of the range of children:—"We call the sun 'he' when we say 'He shines upon the hills,' but we do not mean that the sun is a man. So we call our Heavenly Father 'He,' although we do not mean that God is a great and glorious man, and yet calling Him 'He' has encouraged people to think of him as in appearance like a man. But, as I have told you, we must guard against thinking of Him in that way." Parents will, however, find many invaluable suggestions.

Messrs. Griffith & Farran have sent their books too late for detailed notice, but we must name them for the children's sake. There are four exquisitely illustrated and altogether sound and wholesome picture-books for the nursery folk, and all issued at a marvellously cheap rate:—

Ten Tales by Edith Carrington, who knows so well how to make us love our fellow creatures who cannot speak.

The quite delightful *Old Corner Annual*, edited by Uncle Charlie, full of old rhymes, deliciously illustrated.

Uncle Charlie's Book of Nursery Songs, the songs we have all grown up upon, with most pleasant pictures; and, *Some Sweet Stories of Old* quite exquisitely illustrated.

A few capital books for boys are:—*True Stories of Australasian History*, 2*s*. 6*d*., by A. Patchett Martin. Stirring tales of heroism and adventure.

Men of the Backwoods, by Ascot Hope, 5*s*., who knows how to write for boys and about Indians.

A book about railways, *The Flying Horse*, by Henry Frith, which should be very interesting to boys of a mechanical turn, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Blue Jackets, 5*s*., by Manville Fenn, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the book is after a boy's heart.

For girls we have:—*When we two parted*, by Sarah Doudney; a favourite writer with girls, 5*s*.

DEAR EDITOR,—In a new magazine which is at present selling largely at railway stations, there are papers for children I would like to call your attention to. A tale is commenced each month containing a mystery, and children are requested to find the solution and send it up to the Editress. The tale of this month is a most ghastly and horrible one, and that our children are ordered to turn such a mischievous and fearful tale over and over in their minds, and dwell on it, is pernicious and hurtful to their nerves and literary taste in the highest degree. A girl of 16 lives in a house with a forbidden room. There are stealthy turnings of the handle of her door in the dead of night; and once it slowly opens, and in the moonlight she saw her governess standing in the entrance gazing at her bed. She longs to open the door of the forbidden room. I will quote in full in the hope that some influence will be brought to bear on the Editress of the magazine, and that greater care will be taken in future to give our girls only that which is wholesome and elevating. . . . "Before I had time for further conjecture, a ghastly white light sprang into being, that terrible room was illuminated from floor to ceiling, and, pausing half dead with fright on the threshold, I saw swathed in white and seated at a table at the far end a form that was not that of my governess, or of anyone I had ever seen before. . . . Never to my dying day shall I forget the freezing stare of contempt with which it uttered in a clear stern voice these awful words: "Could you not leave me in peace for awhile? If you would escape my wrath, hasten hence speedily; remain, and your blood be on your own head." . . . As the being ceased its menacing utterance, I tottered back, pulling the door after me," etc. The tale may turn out very mild and innocent. The awful being may be an aged grand-parent or a father of the governess, and the narrative may end happily; but that it should stop here, and that children must brood over this gruesome drama for a whole month is, to say the least of it, pernicious. Feeling that we can show what is bad as well as what is beneficial in your pages, I venture to send you my opinion.

Yours truly,

MATER.

I forgot to say that the competition is open only to children under 15, and prizes of one guinea and half a guinea are offered for the best solution.

[We must postpone 'Pater Junior's' important letter about public questions, to make room for Christmas books.—ED.]

OUR WORK.

House of Education Naturalist Club. Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—This month, instead of my usual notes, I intend to give a short list of useful Natural History books suitable for our work, at the request of one of the members of our club—

The Out-door World, by W. Furneau, F.R.G.S., 7*s.* 6*d.* (Longmans, Green & Co.), with 16 coloured plates and over 500 illustrations. This book contains much useful information for collectors, giving good methods of collecting and preserving specimens of every kind, animal, vegetable and mineral. It forms a capital reference book for beginners, as everything is very clearly described, and the illustrations are excellent. Some of the chapters are brief, but they will be found most useful, especially those on preserving plants, fungi, mosses, etc. I should recommend all our members to procure this book, but at the same time I would warn them not to go in for indiscriminate collecting, because the book makes it seem so easy and delightful.

Workers without Wage, 2 vols., by Edith Carrington, 2*s.* 6*d.* each (Griffiths & Co.) These are both charming books, and we gladly recommend them to our teachers, they can only do good to all who study them, and the quality of mercy to all things is beautifully taught. I know you will all thoroughly appreciate the easy and pleasant manner in which they are written. They are especially useful in pointing out the use of the creatures described, in the economy of nature. One volume has already been adopted into our P.R. School; the second volume is quite as delightful as the one we some of us know very well.

The Industries of Animals, by Frédéric Houssay, 3*s.* 6*d.* (W. Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, Lane), with 44 illustrations. Here we have a vast amount of information on the marvellous doings of birds and beasts at home and abroad. This book contains the result of many years of careful study and observation, by our leading naturalists. It is difficult to give you any part of the book as being specially good, but I may mention that I am sure you will like the "Methods of Defence" and "Dwellings" very much indeed, and I strongly advise you to read this book at the first opportunity.

Out of Doors. J. G. Wood, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Longmans, Green and Co.) is another interesting book, it contains articles selected from various periodicals, on practical natural history, it is delightful reading and many curious facts may be learned from it.

I will now give a short list of useful books without any comment beyond saying that I have used them for a long time and always found them of great assistance.

Flowers of the Field, C. A. Johns, 7*s.* 6*d.* S.P.C.K.
Ponds and Ditches, 2*s.* 6*d.* S.P.C.K.
Underground, 2*s.* 6d. S.P.C.K.
The Woodlands, 2*s.* 6*d.* S.P.C.K.
The Sea Shore, 2*s.* 6*d.* S.P.C.K.
Lessons from the Animal World (Little children), 4*s.* S.P.C.K.
Nature and Her Servants, J. G. Wood, 5*s.* S.P.C.K.

Our Insect Allies, Theodore Wood, 5*s*. S.P.C.K.

The Animal Creation, Thomas Rymer Jones, 488 wood cuts, 7*s*. 6*d*. S.P.C.K.

Common Objects of the Country, J. G. Wood, 3*s*. 6*d*. Routledge.

Common Shells of the Sea Shore, F. Warne and Co., 1*s*.

A Fern Book for Everybody ,, ,, 1*s*.

British Insects. Groombridge and Sons, 3*s*. 6*d*. ?

Fésole Club.—In order that members may take their opportunities of sketching animals when convenient, the subjects for the remaining months of the club year are now announced:—

For this month, December, the subject is "Cats."

For January, the subject will be "Dogs."

For February, in which, as the closing month of our year, members compete for a prize, the subject is left open, in order that each may do whatever is most convenient and suitable to his or her style or fancy. The competition drawings must be *bonâ fide* the member's own unaided work from nature, and sent in before the end of February, 1894.

Next year, if the club continues in existence, it is proposed to go through a course of Figures: in the first half of the year studying Figures in Landscape, and when the summer sketching season is over, going into more detailed study of the face, in order, by the end of next winter's course, to produce a portrait in water colour.

As to this month's subject—Cats; those members who have followed instructions upon texture, in the studies of feathers and woolly-bear caterpillars, will have little difficulty with the cat's fur. And those who have tried to get the true proportions of cows and horses will more easily master these simpler forms. They must remember that Pussy has a backbone and shoulders, but that she hides them under her fur cloak. If they remember that, they will represent her neither as a fuzzy caterpillar, nor as a skinned rabbit; but suggest the forms and proportions without parading the anatomy. Students who know Mme. Ronner's cat pictures will get hints for posing their models, and for treating the subject with breadth: most engravings of cats are too cut up, and the fur is usually drawn too like a superannuated tooth-brush. Keep it soft and strokable, and send it by the end of the month to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston Lake.

St. George of Merrie Englonde.—We have received some very interesting interpretations of the allegory. Una Theodora Chase, aged 14, of St. Minver Vicarage, Wadebridge, Cornwall, wins the prize, a beautiful copy of the whole of the *Faerie Queene*, as we might expect she would, considering her name. We wish "Una" well, and hope that many a perplexed and troubled soul will, in later days, be helped by her gentle guidance. She has indeed a name to live up to. Maud Blackwell, Pakyn Manor, Hurstpierpoint, aged 15, follows close with some original and real thought; and Loïs Foot Egelund, Hövik, Christiania, Norway, aged 15, also deserves honourable mention for an earnest, thoughtful interpretation. We hope to give Mr. Ruskin's rendering of the allegory in next month's issue, possibly also the prize-version.

[Further notice of *Our Work* and a very interesting *P.R. Letter Bag* postponed till next month.—ED.]

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Hampstead Branch.—October 25th, at Twyford House, King Henry's Road, Dr. Pidcock in the chair, R. Somervell, Esq., M.A., Assistant Master at Harrow, read a paper upon "Lessons before School, or How, and What, to teach a child as a preparation for School." Miss Eva Young, Miss Patteson and others took part in the discussion which followed.—November 24th, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., read a paper upon "Children's Books," Professor Sully in the chair. Fuller report for next issue. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Braidwood, 2, Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.

Belgravia and Westminster Branch.—November 14th, a meeting was held at 21, Eccleston Square, by kind permission of Mrs. Markham. Mr. Howard Swan, who is the translator of M. Gouin's works, gave an address on the "Series Method of Learning Languages."—Training Lessons: Mr. Howard Swan is giving a course on "How to teach children Foreign Languages," on consecutive Wednesdays, beginning November 22nd, at 11.30 a.m., at 21, Eccleston Square. Fee for course, £1 1*s*. Apply to Hon. Secretary.—Mrs. Senior will give four lectures on "The Light thrown on the Biblical Narrative by Recent Discoveries in Egypt," at Holy Trinity Parish Room, Sloane Square, by kind permission of the Rev. R. Eyton, at 5 p.m., on Wednesdays, beginning Nov. 22nd. Tickets for course, 4*s*. Mrs. Senior has lectured on this subject at the British Museum. Apply to the Hon. Secretary.—Mr. Cooke, pupil of Mr. Ruskin, who is so well known as having worked out the "Natural Method" of teaching children to draw with brush and pencil, gives eight lessons in Drawing and Painting to children between the ages of six and twelve, on Mondays 2.30 p.m., at 52, Cadogan Place, by kind permission of Mrs. Macmillan. Fee £1 1*s*. for each child. Apply Hon. Secretary. — Natural History Club: An Exhibition of Natural History collections, made by members and by children taught by them, was held, November 14th, at the High School, Graham Street, Eaton Square. Hon. Sec., Lady Isabel Margesson, 63, St. George's road, London, N.W.

Woodford and Wanstead Branch.—Mr. Cooke was the speaker at our second meeting of the session on the 7th, the subject, "Inventive and Imitative Colouring for Children." After the paper a discussion took place as to inherited tendency or early training with regard to drawing and colour-blindness. Mr. Cooke held that education was of more importance than hereditary tendency. The next lecture will be December 6th, by Mrs. Spencer Curwen. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Spedding Curwen, Bywell, Woodford, E.

Sheffield Branch.—A meeting was held on November 1st, at Mrs. George Rodgers'. Miss Helen Wilson, M.B., read a paper upon "The Food and Clothing of Children from the ages of two to fourteen years." The paper was an exceedingly practical one, and all members present must have gained many useful hints as to the necessity of judicious management of both the food and clothing of our little ones. Mr. Perrin from the Hampstead Branch was present, and very kindly told us something about the work the other branches are doing. The January address will be given by the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttleton, Head Master of Haileybury. We hope to arrange a meeting in December which will embrace the members of Parents' Unions other than our own, in addition to our members. This will be a new departure, not easy to arrange, as parents in very different ranks of life will be present, but we wish to try if the idea will work. Hon. Secs., Mrs. Newton Coombe, Brocco Bank, and Miss Walmsley, the High School.

Leeds Branch.—Nov. An address on "Stupidity," by Mrs. Miall. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. J. Barron, Weetwood.

Reading Branch.—Nov. 18th, Mrs. Hart Davies gave an address on "Family Life," H. Sutton, Esq., in the chair. Hon. Secretary, Wm. Salmon, Esq., 56, London Street.

Streatham Branch.—Nov. 29th, Miss Wallis, Head Mistress of the Richmond High School for Girls, read a paper on "Children's Home Work." The chair was taken by Rev. J. H. Mallinson, Head Master of the Dulwich College Preparatory School. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Higham Court Road, S.W.

Sussex.—There is much activity in Sussex. (Mrs. William Borrer, Hurstpierpoint, Reference Secretary). Reports of the meetings have arrived too late for press.

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

FAMILY LIFE.

FAMILY life may be said to be the test of Home Education, the great Problem that all parents are trying to solve, the training ground of each new generation—and as such it is one of the most comprehensive titles under which such an address as you ask me to give to-day, can be announced.

But just for that reason it is a little difficult to select those portions of the subject on which anything useful can be said.

One is in doubt whether to deal with it from the theoretical or the practical side.

We hear sometimes complaints that P.N.E.U. addresses and writings are not practical enough. But there is a certain danger in being strictly practical, one may bring about unintentionally, great confusion. I heard of a mother once who came to an experienced old friend for advice as to how to bring up her child. The friend recommended a mild corporal punishment for an oft repeated offence. Next day the mother came again and said "I took your advice; I went straight home and whipped my child, but I am still as puzzled as ever, it did no good, she is just the same to day."

I met two young parents travelling with a child of three. They had been taught in a lecture to change the course of a fractious child's thoughts, so when he wanted to stand upon the floor, they told him there was a mouse under the seat, forgetting that mice do not frequent railway carriages!

When one hears things like this, one becomes a little alarmed at trying to be too practical, and feels inclined to take refuge in generalities, in order to escape being responsible for such serious calamities. Much of what I have to say to you deals with First Principles, without which we get no clearness in our aims, and no sure foundation to our work:—but I will try presently to deal with the more practical side of the question, and to express the sympathy I have for the daily difficulties we meet with in Family Life.

The Founder of our Society has over and over again said—"I have unbounded faith in Parents," and every day I feel that to a great extent her words are justified. I am sure all those who have had anything to do with starting Branches of her Society, must agree that there is much cause for encouragement. Parents are often most responsive to the smallest word of sympathy and advice, and more than that, most willing to cast aside old prejudices, and to realise how much there is yet to be learnt in Home Education. They are willing to believe that we are come to a time when there is a great spread of new ideas, a vista of new possibilities, new hopes, new aspirations. Since I have given serious thought to the subject, I seem to meet continually with parents mentally outstretching their arms to the light. What a cause for rejoicing that it is so! We are living in an age of great changes. We all acknowledge this, though some of us are like the West Country-man who found himself in the Strand waiting to cross the street. When they asked him why he stood still on the pavement, he said "I am waiting for the "dring"* to go by—and I suppose he stands there still!

Those of us who have to do with education, especially the education of Women, are brought face to face very closely with one of the most rapid changes of our time. The girls of our day are being prepared for great things, and all round them thickly strewn are large opportunities, and openings of every sort. The possibilities of their education are equal to those of boys. Colleges for women are multiplying, and their doors are thronged. The standard of work rises every year. It is not worth while now even to discuss the question whether the higher education of women is desirable, it is a fact daily

* From "dringen," meaning "throng."

becoming more universal. And with it comes another fact also most significant. The place of woman in the world is undergoing a change. Her influence and position are enlarging very rapidly. She is claiming her share in the work of the world, and has in some measure secured it. In countless ways we can see that every year her opportunities will be multiplied, her influence will extend, and nothing great in the world will be done without her having a hand in it. She will inspire thought, as she is more carefully trained to think, she will overcome difficulties as she learns to use her gifts of intuition, she will find utterance as she acquires the cultivated power of expression, and the ability to move the hearts of men. This progress is increasing, it is around us on every side, we cannot shut our eyes to it, treat it how we may. But alongside of these greater opportunities for our young people, and especially for young women, must surely be greater responsibilities for Parents. The atmosphere of family life, the measure of culture which is found there, the quality of the conversation, was always of the greatest importance, but it becomes infinitely more so now. The allegiance of the young people may yet be kept true to the Home, but it must be done by supplying them with abundant sympathy, and a ready welcome for all their fresh ideas; and by showing them too that as *they* expand, the Home view is still wide enough to receive them, and to go along with them. The mature experience of Parents is of as great value as it ever was, but it must be tempered with knowledge, understanding, and willingness to move on, and to hear everything, and to encourage progress and improvement. There is no other way to retain their willing loyalty. The awakening of a wider and more influential life before the younger generation, should not be held to have in any way distorted the relations of Family Life. It cannot destroy the influence of Parents, except by the faults of the Parents themselves, and it never will lessen it if they will but admit the importance of growth and expansion for themselves as much as for their children.

Let it once for all be acknowledged, that while the actual acquisition of knowledge must be handed over to the School and the trained Teacher, the Culture must go on at home, the Culture not only of the mind and heart, but of voice, manner, movement, and of all that composes the individuality. Year

by year as they advance, the young people must be taught and encouraged to use what they know, not merely in conversing in their own circle but among strangers. Let also another great truth be added, that example is the great motive power in education, that it is not what you *do* so much as what you *are* which tells, and it must be admitted that by the side of the vast and rapid growth of the children there should be progress and growth in the Parents. We cannot afford to stand still. We must establish a higher education of Parents, we must make an effort to widen our own knowledge, and to increase our hold on the interests which make life really worth living, and especially to inform ourselves upon the great social questions which everyone is thinking about, and for which so many are working. Moments of keen trial may come in dealing with religious difficulties, but for these Coleridge's words may re-enforce us :—

"Be honest; fear nothing; trust God."

The young people themselves are our salvation. Their eager inquisitiveness, their perpetual questions, their enormous power of acquiring new ideas of all sorts; this, if our eyes and ears are not closed, affords us a large scope. Then there is all that they bring in from their school-time to follow up—they tax a good reference library pretty hard sometimes—if we will get up out of our arm chairs and fetch down the books. I need hardly touch on the importance of reading aloud with them; whole books in some cases, selections in others. The joy of it is known to all those who have tried it; but I may just mention, in passing, that the easiest way to touch on some of the most delicate but most important questions of life between mother and daughter, will be found in reading together the best great novels of our English literature. Conversations on difficult matters of love and romance start naturally from the discussion of the characters of the great heroines in fiction, and valuable help for life may be given, and difficulties drawn out which perhaps might for ever have lain hidden from a mother's eye.

One of the difficulties in which parents desire to be of most use to their children is in the *choice of friends*, and much of the foundation for this can be laid by discussing characters in books. In these days when everyone is talking about the

evils of "mixture" of classes in schools, is not this question of much greater importance than it ever was? Exclusive barriers and thick walls of partition are liable to fail. What other foundation have we to rest on than that which can be gradually built up by teaching our children the true principles on which friendship should rest, by leading them to perceive the qualities which form a sterling character, and by quickening their perception of true refinement and good breeding. When clear views on these points are fully learnt we need fear no "mixtures"; loyalty to the Home Standard will be an unerring and trustworthy guide, and beside that guide I know no other in which we may have confidence.

But to return to the education of Parents themselves, we have in the mother's education course and the establishment of Parents' education libraries most encouraging signs that the need of wider reading is being felt.

We may hope that many of our younger Parents may have an attraction in these suggestive movements which shall prove an effective rival to the absorbing claims of first experiments in housekeeping, first introduction to independent social cares, or even the first baby. It is freely acknowledged that the best work of a man's life in point of intellectual power is done between the ages of 40 and 50. Are women, then, to submit to a theory that their development and growth ends with girlhood? They acknowledge the need of growth readily enough with regard to the spiritual world. How common an assertion in a sermon it is, "we cannot stand still; if we make no progress we must surely go back." Concentration of thought, habits of patient study, even the power to read so as to take in what we read, these are soon lost unless we acknowledge culture of the intellectual powers as a lifelong duty.

Speaking especially as a mother to mothers, I think if we could have this ideal before us, we might maintain a calmer attitude as we grow older, as life is fuller, richer, more expanded, and more and more responsibility falls upon us. Many of us are struggling and fretting, and trying to do an impossible thing—trying to teach our children to learn great lessons of self-control, when for very want of physical power our own control over our actions, our own power to be always temperate and self-contained, is simply slipping away from

us. I said physical power, but it is not *that* so much as nerve power that is going, and against this wicked and terrible waste of one of the most precious things in the world—the mature part of a mother's life—I want, in the next place, to enter an earnest protest. Some people are perfectly aware of what is going on. They know that their lives are unliveable, but they live in constant hope of running away from them. The perpetual longing to have a holiday seems to me to make matters only worse. Because there is some hope of a change they will live at a greater rate while they can, and not take the whole matter seriously in hand. The question of health underlies the matter very often, no doubt—far more than we think, perhaps—but into that I cannot enter now. I will only quote, in passing, two remarks on health I lately met with. The Head Mistress of a high school told her girls "no one ought to expect to keep her temper through the day who does not thoroughly cleanse her skin all over once in 24 hours." The Master of a large house for boys—a man of 25 years' experience—said, "Sometimes my house seems to be in a desperate condition, and all my efforts to put things right appear to fail; when I am completely puzzled and utterly at a loss to arrive at the cause, I take a pill." Common sense of this kind is very valuable. The rest of the medical side of the question I leave aside, but there is much that may be said which, while not intruding on the physician's province, may tend to the prevention of the "break-downs" of mothers, which they tell us are growing more frequent every day. Is it not true that instead of taking our lives and shaping them so that they *can* be carried on safely, many of us seem to have drifted into them by what we think necessity, when it is not necessity at all, and we are fast tending to the condition of that historical personage whom "all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put together again"? We have let ourselves get into such a condition that the details of life are like a horde of midges on a summer evening, pricking us in unexpected places, and by dint of their number and importunity altogether upsetting the calm peace we might be enjoying as the halo of sunset surrounds us. We feel as if what was best in us got gradually frittered away, little by little, and the chipping away bit by bit of the energy we possess, and of the self-control we used to depend on, makes

the loss of it seem a sin, whereas it is the natural result of the life we are allowing ourselves to live; and yet how small, after all, is our sphere. I asked a great doctor once this question, "Women preside for years over great institutions, hospitals, high schools, colleges, and preserve their force intact. Why do we mothers break down in ruling a small household, or educating two or three children, as we so frequently do?" His answer gave me a clue to a large part of the reason, "Your affections are every moment drawn upon, maternal responsibility is a totally different thing from official responsibility. The work of the women you speak of is reduced to a system—it is mechanical to some extent—and the success of it depends on reducing the system to perfection."

I think we have here two thoughts worth remembering. The mother's work is unlike any other in the whole world, it entails the constant drawing out of the very depths of her nature, and keeps it on the stretch often for hours together. It is from morning till night, and often does not end with night. But different calls are made on her at different times, that is where the difficulty and the need of adaptation arise. She must, like a musician on a rich toned organ, frequently, at a moment's notice, pull out a new stop and push in all the others—thus only can she supply the harmony of family life. She must be ready to meet these sudden, rapid changes, these calls on her love and her sympathy on all sides. She must go from the anxiety of a sick room to a cheerful meal, without casting sorrow around her; from the practical and troublesome study of economies to join the intellectual joys which have no price on earth. She may come in from visits to her poorer neighbours, and while her heart aches at leaving some terrible sight—a burnt child, it may be, or a dying old friend—she must at once devote her whole attention to something her children have been waiting for, the rehearsal of a play, perhaps, in which they cannot do without her, and in which all her best powers must be used. In these rapid changes she must shew no dismay, no surprise; they are her life. She must reckon herself as rightly the servant of all while she is mistress of all, and must take smallest details as not only "all in the day's work," but as her own special province and one of her joys in life, as that about which it

warms her heart to think that she, and she alone, is the one who can in the end order and arrange them for the comfort and well-being of the little community under her charge.

In order to succeed in this she must bring all her powers to bear on it with definite intention, just as the skilful musician would. Details, interruptions, perplexities, all must be, as it were, part of one great whole, must minister to the efficiency of the one great work, the fulfilment of the one ideal. This ideal is the same for the woman of high rank, with her large household and her heavy social responsibilities, as for the quiet "home-maker" who has but one little maid of-all-work to direct. Both alike have husband and children to care for, and of the two the second has perhaps the making of her own life most entirely in her own hands. To be Queen over her little kingdom, serene in every family emergency, capable to direct all things with calmness, cheerfulness, and decision, is an ambition sufficient to tax the powers of the most skilful amongst us, and a vocation equal to the highest God has appointed on this earth.

The other idea which I got from that reply was the need we have of order and regularity. Wherever we go, and whatever other large or difficult undertakings we see carried out efficiently, we may learn lessons of simplifying and systematizing our work. I remember a bright young officer in the Rifle Brigade saying, as he described his men's work while making earth-works and fortifications in Canada, "You have no idea how splendid it is to get a hundred barrows to run without a check." I have often thought of his hundred barrows, and the delight he took in them. That is the sort of spirit that gives a feeling of victory over the minor ills of life, and gives a due sense of proportion to our anxieties. It banishes the baffled and hopeless tone of voice, the assumed attitude of self-imposed martyrdom, the fretful refusal to be bothered, and the wilful resistance to attend to petty trifles. And it reminds us that each of the details might be disposed of in a few minutes, if only we would deal with them patiently one by one, and had faith to *believe*, and the courage and the will to *act*.

There is no possibility of saying how important is, in family life, the tone of a mother's voice. It is the sound the youngest child is most quick to estimate. It is music to the

father's ear. It is the barometer of the family peace. I remember one who all my life has been my ideal of a wife, a mother, and a friend. What most comes back to me now, next to her smile, is the perfect control she had over her voice. I will tell you two little words she often used. As she sat amidst her many children I have watched her when her husband came in. He was a man of many schemes, who felt keenly whatever opposition he met with. She would patiently wait as he recounted his day, till the tale of his woes was exhausted and a turn came in his descriptions; something, at least, had happened a little better than all the rest. Then was her opportunity. "That's well," she would say, and though 20 years have passed I hear the tone of them still. Sympathy, gentle rebuke, and a restorative of calm, all were felt as a magnetic influence. One more thing I will tell you about her. When I visited her on her death-bed she drew from under her pillow a volume of poems, then just published, and repeated to me one of them which she had just learnt by heart; so that I may quote her as one re-enforced even to the end by the principle of self-culture and growth.

And now lest it should be thought that I wish to add to your lives yet greater and heavier duties, I would say a few words about selection. We cannot *all* do *everything*, and yet this seems to be the aim of some people, and they wonder that they fail. Life is like a drawer that will not shut, and never can be orderly; it is too full. Suppose that you had such a drawer representing your life. At the bottom of it would lie a few things which should have been done a month ago. Then a layer of letters and bills; bundles with india-rubber rings which are breaking; in one corner your Bible; in another your account book; a bit of a child's work you promised to finish; on the top of all the baby's broken toy. Every time you touch the drawer you make hay of it, and further confusion ensues. The fairy of old childhood days, whose wand puts all in order, passes by. You look at her with imploring eyes. "Yes! I will do it, but only in my own way." You stand and watch. She takes the drawer right out, and, while you shudder, she turns the contents all on the floor. She puts the drawer back clean and fresh, and, just as you expect she will replace the contents, she leaves the room, saying, "Oh! no, *you* only know what should be in

it; pick up all you can use, and I will come back, and sweep away the rubbish."

I have spoken of the importance of self culture, of method and of selection; I would add one more point which is too often neglected, and that is *Rest.* If mothers are valuable and worth preserving in this hurrying world, the strain we require of them must be balanced by a due proportion of rest. New strength through repose. This is part of the duty of making life liveable, and it re-acts on the whole family. Sometimes the strong support of a few firm words from the father would greatly mend matters; sometimes a friend can influence elder children, and point out to them the duty of unselfishness which their mother's courage and love leaves them in blind forgetfulness of. But very often there is at fault the whole theory of life which *women make for themselves.* I knew a mother once who led a most complicated life as the wife of a master in a school house. After a partial recovery from influenza, I heard her say "I was so tired out that I crept up to my room when they thought I was out. No one knew I was there till Bobby found me out." This is an attitude which one cannot but condemn; it is folly dressed up in a mask of unselfishness. While on the other hand where a definite understanding exists that rest is a mother's rightful privilege, I have known a child go himself on tip-toe and tie a handkerchief on the outside handle of the door, as a sign no one was to go in.

There are many different ways of resting. Everyone must work out their own system. Where quiet can be ensured, combined with fresh air, the conditions are the best for restoring tired nerves. There is something also very restful in the mere physical act of walking, putting one foot before another and resting the eyes by contact with nature. Where it is possible I have great faith in taking a meal in the open air, I have had my breakfast in the sun as late as September. It is not a bad plan to invite one child alone to such a meal. He considers himself highly honoured, and becomes the little messenger to fetch and carry; or I have seen both table and chair decorated with flowers by the little ones as a surprise. Some people get overworked because they think that others cannot do without them. They must always be at every meal, always carry out every detail with their own hands; but the

very essence of organisation is to find out what you need *not* do, and what others *can* do for you—and this especially the case where families are growing up—and the elder ones are longing to be trusted. Although I enlarge upon the necessity of method and regularity, it is quite as important to be able to adapt ourselves quickly to change and variety; to take advantage of specially fine days and make the most of them; to put in use with but little alteration some empty room in the holiday time, where peace can be secured for the day's necessary writing; to arrange life with the definite intention of being as restful, and as comfortable for the time being as circumstances permit. Speaking of writing, I am often astonished at the discomfort in which many very busy people write. Nothing ready to their hand. No fresh ink, pens and paper. They lose thereby far more than they know, most valuable training for the young people as well as comfort for themselves. Under rather exceptional circumstances I had charge of my father's stationery before I was ten years old, and I have never forgotten the training it gave me. And again, how many things in daily life can be disposed of in writing. I have a great belief in the economy of shopping by post. I have no belief in the economy of shopping at sales. The backs of my envelopes are often made into square tablets for messages to the servants. It is a great relief to leave the orders to your maids on your dressing table, and find them clearly understood and smoothly carried out. All this I put under the category of Rest; it is the relief of friction, the saving of nerve worry, the oiling of the wheels of life. But it needs to be done deliberately, and of set purpose; and the small expenses of parcel post and other little things to be set down as cheaper than doctor's bills, or lodgings at the sea side. We do not all see these things early in our lives, or understand what are the real causes of our break downs. We learn wisdom too late, by painful experience. When we are ourselves converted we long to "strengthen our brethren." One of the most irritating forms of our folly lies in ridiculous small economies. We all talk economy, even the richest of us—broad lands and fine houses certainly bring no exemption from this topic. While some of us say "I cannot afford a cab," another says "I can't have a moor in Scotland," and it comes to exactly the same thing, only varied in degree. It

has been wisely said, "To have an over-mastering sense of duty in this direction takes away all feeling of freedom, and induces a spirit as far away from the strong inward compelling of the artist, or the luminous calm of the philosopher, as anything very well can. It distorts and confuses the reason, and rubs down all the sharp edges of the individuality, till life is a sordid, unlovely, and 'dust coloured' affair altogether, with a countenance crystallized by mistaken sacrifices into an habitual expression of resigned discomfort." † There was a little boy once, wearied with school tasks, who sighed "Oh, if all the world would but agree to *know* a little less!" Impossible of course and retrograde—but, "if all the world would but agree to *spend* a little less;" if we could reverse the old proverb, and take care of the pounds and have the pennies to play with, what a relief of friction and lengthening of youthfulness there would be! There is a vast difference between parsimony and economy, it is the fixing of the boundaries that matter—fixing them so that we can live within them with a margin to spare. True happiness lies not in the abundance of possessions, but on making the most of those we have, and extracting pleasure and brightness out of little things. Unhappiness lies in desiring something more. In family life there are many and many very small expenses which should be incurred without scruple, while the large ones can be done without, perhaps with advantage. There is much also in education that may be absolutely crippled for want of small sums. How many school-rooms are wearying out a starved existence because the demand for books and apparatus is refused or grudgingly met. Is it not true as Ruskin says that people will look many and many times at a book, and scruple to spend on it the price of a turbot? Collections of exquisite poems can now be had for the price of a few herrings! Besides books there are many small gifts which supply most valuable educational atmosphere to intelligent children; how much arithmetic in dominoes; training for the fingers in a bundle of sticklaying sticks; food for the imagination in a lump of clay; how much hunger for knowledge in a magnifying glass or small microscope! I have sometimes wished I could make a list of the small treasures

† Lucas Malet.

of this kind which I have seen of priceless value in home education.

Then again many a matter of family friction arises from poverty of invention, and want of supply of sufficient material. Incessantly having to pass things at table is a great worry to children. It does not cost more in the end to *double* the dishes and *halve* the contents. Anything is better than to live in a condition typified by a sentence my mother vouched for on good authority:—"Sister, have you done with the tooth-brush?"

When we have thus striven to bring up the level of our life to a liveable point, to clench our nettle, and bend our circumstances to our best ends, there is still one thing wanting, and that is what an old housekeeper of ours calls "the blessed gift of tact." Real tact is a gift—that is what makes it very difficult to say anything useful about it. There always will be to the end of the chapter people who want to do the right thing, but in the wrong way, who, all their lives are like a bull in a china shop, the wonder is that they do not do more harm than they do. The provoking thing is when people who are really intelligent and full of other good points thus mar their good work by thoughtlessness and want of insight. Tact, after all, chiefly means consideration for other people's feelings—doing as you would be done by, and to mothers it should come naturally enough. How easy it is to get your will obeyed by a child, if you take the trouble to seize a quiet moment beforehand for explanation; or, failing that, to call him close up to you and make him your special confidant in a friendly whisper. But, pounce upon him without having first put yourself in his place and thought the matter out, and you deserve to be beaten. I sat once beside a mother on a sunny tennis ground. She was a woman of great capacity—one of the leaders among women who care about great social questions and modern reforms. She was busily writing on her knee. Suddenly she looked up from her letters, and called to her daughter across the net to fix a time to come with her to some afternoon engagement. The game was delayed; the man who was playing stood waiting, while the mother and daughter, almost out of earshot of each other, discussed the plans for the day. I was not a bit surprised, and my sympathy, I am afraid, was on the pretty but deter-

mined daughter's side, as she finished up the discussion. "No, I really can't, Mother, I have some letters to write this afternoon; after all, one does *sometimes* want some time to one's self!" I have heard one who has numbers of young girls to deal with, and who strongly upholds the ideas of the past generation say, that her greatest difficulty is to maintain the honour due to parental authority in spite of the terrible errors of parents in matters of tact, which she hears of in her confidential talks with the girls. My sympathy goes out to the young people. They are very naughty, very troublesome, and headstrong, sometimes, no doubt; but parental respect and submission after all cannot be *forced*, it can only be *cherished*; and, when lost, what is left, but at the best, silent toleration?

I might go on to speak of other difficulties in family life, but I think I have said enough. I want to leave on your mind in conclusion the application of the grand old lesson which in the days of "mint, anise, and cummin," was hard to learn as it is now. Look to the weightier matters of the law—"these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." *Character building, physical training—mental and moral culture*, on these spend yourselves—and refuse, by every power you can exert—oh! refuse to be spent, engulfed, bewildered, blinded, by the details, while such large and eternal issues are shaping themselves under your hands, and mainly and primarily by your own actions and deeds. What should we think of the commander of a large vessel who allowed himself to come down off his bridge to fidget about with every little thing that went wrong in his ship? His experienced eye detects what his wrong, but he restores efficiency without leaving his post. He steers straight on, and so must we.

One more illustration, and I have done. A mother who had a large family of boys, at last was the proud possessor of a sweet little girl. Of course all her relations and friends joined in one chorus—"The child will be spoilt." "No," said she, "it will be loved and treasured—that *must* be, it would be absurd to pretend it will not—but if it is brought up to be thoroughly obedient and thoroughly unselfish it cannot be spoilt." And her words were verified by the results. This is what I mean by looking at the larger issues

and keeping our heads above water so that the details of life shall not blind our eyes—we must keep a calm mastery over them, they must range themselves in order, and succumb to our will as we have power and time to deal with them. Some will be done with and dismissed at once; some, as they say in the House of Commons, "advanced a stage;" some kept out of sight, or lightly passed over as of no importance, in view of mightier issues and more serious principles towards which we have set our course.

While that mother pursued her quiet way, always saying to herself "My child shall not be ruined, it shall only be loved," she was steering steadily towards principles which were clear enough and definite enough to enable her to be calm and untroubled at the prospect before her. Difficult and dangerous may have been her path, perplexing beyond all doubt, but as she put restraint upon herself, and as she insisted on all around her—indulgent father, adoring brothers, foolish and thoughtless servants, working towards one end, and as she saw unfolding before her the character loved but not spoilt, how bright, how blessed must have been her reward! She started with courage, knowing what was possible to be done, she must have looked back with untold thankfulness.

It is this courage and this confidence that I would hope I may be the means of inspiring by the few ideas I have put before you.

Hold fast to the vast importance of family life and the great issues that flow from it—remember that your fitness for guiding and ruling it depends greatly on your maintaining in yourself the principle of growth and progress in your own life; upon reasonable management of details and fair proportion of real rest; and believe that the calm peace and cheerful brightness which it is your special work to cultivate in your little kingdom, cannot be maintained in any other way. And is it not worth some effort, some careful thought to preserve the brightness and joy of home? The result of your work may be very well summed up in some words in an essay by a well-known preacher.‡

"The home that you have thus made will be to the children

‡ R. F. Horton.

you bring up within its doors the very dearest place on earth. In after years they will look back upon it as the most beautiful place that imagination can conceive. It will seem to them that it was a little sanctuary—a heaven upon earth. Their ideal of enjoyment all their life will be those homely scenes, the love and tenderness which used to greet them at breakfast in the morning, and the hush of the family worship when all knelt down in prayer to God; the duties of the day, laborious and painful, with the sweet back-ground of the home always in sight; the evening and the twilight with the romps of the children, the loud peals of laughter around the fire, the tales that were told, the games that were played, the growing seriousness of the discussions as childhood passed into young manhood and young womanhood, and the time came for launching upon life; the father's thought, the mother's tears, when they sent the boys out to the great city; and again the solemn hush of the gathering for worship as the day closed in, the hovering presence of angels that seemed to fly white-winged over the little bed, and never quite to leave us in the dark, and that half-revealed face of God which used to look out upon us from our mother's and our father's face—these will be the abiding memory which no chance or change of life can tear away. These homes of yours may be poor or rich, they may be large or small, the family may be one or two, or a large circle, but they are the great places of possibility. You may bring the curse down upon them and ruin them; or you may bring the highest blessing upon them for evermore."

DRAWING IN INFANT SCHOOLS.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By T. G. Rooper.

Children who have never handled a pencil before behave quite differently from those whose work has just been described. "I placed," says M. Passy, "a vase before a little girl of six years, a daughter of a peasant, who had never drawn before. It was difficult to get her to set to work. She took up her pencil, but instead of using it put it into her mouth, bent her head over the paper, shifted uneasily on her chair, twisted her feet round the bars and displayed every sign of embarrassment; then she took a long look at the model and seemed to address herself as to a task of great difficulty. At last she brings it so far as to put her pencil on the paper, but even then she could not make up her mind to begin. In order to make her understand what I want, I hold her hand and guide it so that she makes the outline of the vase. Then she makes an attempt of her own, although not without much hesitation and embarrassment. The result is quite formless, and I am obliged to ask her to explain the different parts which are to me incomprehensible. It was, however, some compensation to find that a second attempt, made some days afterwards, without any remark having been made about the first, displayed a striking advance.

"There was a most striking contrast in respect of capacity for improvement in the peasant child, who had never drawn before, and the little Paul and Octavius, who were experienced nursery artists."

M. Passy finds that, as compared with the children of wealthier people, the little peasant boys and girls are more conscientious in their drawings, bring to bear more power of attention and make more sensible progress.

It would appear that the habit of seeing and imitating ready-drawn representations of objects blunts the edge of personal effort even in dealing with fresh objects. A very few experiments are sufficient to convince the observer of the facility with which the hand and eye fall into routine. The tendency to repetition manifests itself sometimes after even a single drawing, and this is specially the case when the drawing is left in the child's hands. In this case the child almost always copies himself. In making experiments, therefore, of this kind care must be taken (1) to avoid objects which the child has drawn, and (2) to avoid objects which he has seen other children draw, and (3) to attend to those mistakes chiefly which recur with a certain persistency.

It will, I think, be clear that the rude representations of objects which the children make are often not taken by their authors to be true pictures of the objects, but rather conventional ways of representing them, whether designed by themselves or copied from other sources. Nevertheless, in spite of this mental reservation, there is a tendency for these pictures to act injuriously in two ways. In the first place, they soon become deeply engraven on the memory and supplant the more accurate mental images formed by the contemplation of the object; and secondly, they form a kind of mould into which all fresh observations are run, and thus prevent the child from gaining new knowledge, even by a prolonged study of the object. The imperfect mental image hinders the acquisition of knowledge, partly by preventing any attention being paid to special features, or features not previously observed; and partly because, through mental laziness, the familiar mental and conventional image of the object supplants the fresh image, before it has had any permanent effect. Rapidly recognizing the object from a superficial glance, the child refers it to the type already existing in his mind, and is at no pains to acquire additional details beyond those which are already contained in that type. The child looks and learns nothing. Eyes he has,

but he cannot see. The senses, which are the foundation of knowledge, are here a hindrance to it.

I have now, however, to revert to the drawing of the face and the mug with misplaced nose and handle respectively.

Some little time ago I asked a little girl to write an account of one of the pictures in her school. "In our school," she began, "there is a picture of a horse. It looks you straight in the face. I think the artist must be very clever, for anyone can draw a horse sideways; I can do that. But I cannot draw the horse when he stands so that his head is in front of his tail."

Now, one of the first results which appear from a comparison of several drawings, especially if you arrange them in tables of two columns, one of which shows the actual position of the object and the other the position drawn by the child, is this—Things which are correctly drawn in one position are hopelessly incorrect in another. Moreover, different children attempting the same object err in precisely the same way.

What is the law of error?

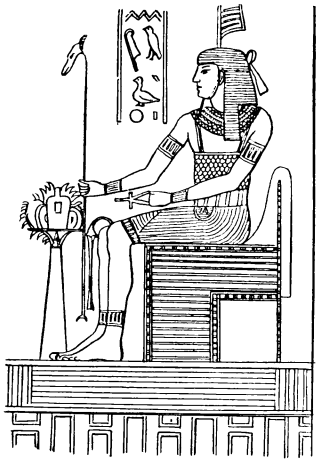
It seems to be as follows: the drawing is correct or not, according as the visual impression is or is not in accord with the idea of the form of the object which is in the mind of the child before commencing.

The child's prepossessions are the chief source of error.

The great difficulty is the third dimension of space. The child has at his disposal only two dimensions on his paper, and he does not know how to indicate the third, which his previous knowledge acquaints him with in the object which he is trying to draw.

When, for instance, the cup was set up so that the handle stood out at the side the child drew it correctly. In the case where the handle projected towards him, and was seen, therefore, in relief, his drawing was erroneous. His action in trying to draw the cup in this position was important to note. He leaned himself sideways, forcing himself into an attitude in which he could see the object as it appeared to him in his mind. In other words, he adjusted the model to the existing mental image instead of acquiring a new mental image. In the end he drew the handle, not as he saw it, but as he knew it to be.

It is now easier to understand how it is that in drawing a face the child is apt to put the nose at the side when the face looks full at him. It is in accordance with a sort of law that the child sets foreshortened parts of objects at the edge of the figure, making them full size. In some cases the child omits the nose altogether when the face is full. The child's treatment of the eye is very interesting. Seen in profile, the eye is foreshortened, but the child draws it as if he saw it in full face. The child only sees a part of the eye. He restores the other part as he knows it is. Curiously enough, this error is seen in the work of savages, in the quaint relics of the Mexicans, and even in the much more advanced art of the Egyptians.



In drawing the full face, it will be observed that the child makes the ears as he sees them when the head is in profile. He does not foreshorten them. Here, again, he is reproducing an old mental image, and not one formed at the time of drawing.

I noticed one curious variation in which the child drew the sideface the same as a full face, except that he made the chin point the way the face was directed. Experiments in the child's drawing of perspective produce similar results. Placing a simple box before a child full front, he drew rightly enough a rectangle. On changing the position so that he saw two sides in perspective, I got a curious drawing. He drew two separate and disconnected figures; the one a rectangle as before, and the other a square drawn a little distance from it, intended to be a representation of the shorter side of the box. In another case, the child drew the two sides of the box in position, but did not make the more distant line smaller than the nearer one, so that perspective was omitted altogether. Of course, here again the child drew, not the object which he saw before him, but some image which he had already in his mind which was called up by a glance at the object. His eye, if he attended to what it told him, would give him the image of receding lines as smaller

than nearer ones. He is, however so accustomed to make corrections in the gifts of his senses that he cannot grasp the object as it presents itself to him in nature, but sees only the corrected image of it. The mind falsifies the impression which it receives through the sense of sight.

As might perhaps be expected, it is very hard to convince a child as to what he really does see. The previously acquired mental image overpowers the present impression altogether, and nothing is learnt from the latter.

Mons. Passy tested the matter by showing the children a photograph of a funnel with the neck foreshortened; they think it is a nosegay. A flat-iron with the handle turned to the front they pronounce to be a bell. Yet drawings of these same objects, however rudely executed by one child, are recognized with ease by another.

(*To be continued*).

HISTORY:

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.

IN the endeavour to discover a rational and satisfactory method for the teaching of history, the enquiry first suggests itself: What are the advantages to be gained, and which men seek to gain, from the study of history?

First may be mentioned as motives impelling us towards the study of history, the love of story and the satisfaction of inquisitiveness—both appetites deeply seated in human nature. These appetites might at first sight appear to be wholly of an æsthetic order; but in common with all other æsthetic instincts, on analysis they will be found to assume a distinctly utilitarian aspect, and to have more or less close relations with the affairs of practical life.

History has been defined as the description of man's activities: it might assist us in our present enquiry were we to reconsider this definition, and further to characterise history as being a fixed and widened form of experience, while on the other hand experience or memory is but a fugitive form of history. In all the paths of life men act, consciously or instinctively, directly or indirectly, under the guidance of experience. In human affairs for the most part individual experience, eked out by some unmethodised and casual knowledge of the past, and with the important addition of a certain modicum of technical knowledge, is no doubt sufficient for the direction of the individual activities. But our individual activities do not sum up the whole life of man, we are members of a social organism, and, in order to the adequate fulfilling of our duties and relations in this capacity, a social experience must be added to the individual. This social experience is to be found in history.

History forms the experimental basis of all the various branches of social science; and consciously or unconsciously, mediately or directly, mankind have at all times based their

action in Religion, Ethics, Economics, and Politics on the teachings and warnings of history. Whig and Tory, Conservative and Radical, Collectivist and Anarchist, have each in opposite senses appealed to history in support of their proposals; and doubtless the universal appetite for the knowledge of the past already alluded to, may be accounted for as an instinctive recognition of the value of such an enlargement of experience. But to return to the point from which we started, it is the interest no less than the duty of every member of the social organism, to furnish himself to the extent that may be within his power, with the knowledge necessary to render him a capable and useful citizen—an upholder of light and sanity in the midst of his social surroundings, however limited. It might perhaps be objected that the knowledge of historical facts is in itself useless, as a means of furnishing the ordinary learner with the equipment needful for this purpose; that what is really required is a system of inductions from historic facts providing us with the scientific laws on which society rests, and the knowledge of which, entirely apart from the knowledge of particular facts, is alone necessary to guide us in our social relations. It may be pointed out, however, that in all our teaching it is becoming more and more recognised that knowledge, to be fully assimilated, must necessarily be presented to us not as abstract generalisations but in the form of concrete facts, to be handled, to be examined, tested and criticised, to be synthesised at first hand by the intelligent activity of the learner himself. The mere enunciation and explanation of scientific laws, however well authenticated, is of comparatively little value. When the facts are known, tested and assimilated by our own active intelligence, the laws of history have become as weapons that are wielded by a trained and practised hand.

Before considering the methods of teaching history it will be well to examine rapidly the genesis of history as a subject of conscious human interest, and its gradual assumption of a scientific status; from this examination doubtless some light upon method will be thrown.

The earliest dawn of civilization witnessed also the dawn of history. There exists upon the earth no tribe so intellectually dead as not to preserve some memory of the past;

some tale of brave endurance; of danger overcome; some reminiscence of tribal origin. Even the Dyak records his victories by the treasured skulls of his enemies; the Red Indian preserves his victim's scalp as a memorial of his prowess.

Story is the mother of history. The aged father hands onward to his son the story of adventure, of strenuous deed performed, in which perhaps he himself has borne a part, or he hands on the secret of an improvement in art or agriculture; and from the son the narrative is passed on to succeeding generations; its definition is lost; it speedily becomes tradition and passes into legend. In the tribe, in like manner as in the family, the same process goes on; the recent story of notable achievement, authenticated it may be by relics—weapon or amulet—passes rapidly into tradition, into legend; the hero is transformed to demigod. So with the beginnings of literature, a prime element in which is always historical, we find the metrical recitation, orally handed on from bard to bard, ever varying and evolving until at length it assumes the loftier form of epic.

In the simple tale, in the legendary song, in the *Homeric Epic* we find the germ of history. With the growth of self-consciousness, however, with the introduction of letters, the records of personal and national achievement become permanent and definite. The tendency of fact to lose itself in legend is abated; history becomes differentiated from the song of the bard; it becomes methodised and the chronicle is brought to birth.

In the chronicle we find the most elementary form of methodised history; it arises obviously and naturally through successive additions to the royal or national records; here we find set down the accession and the death of kings, their deeds of fame, the spoils and trophies of the battle-field. The chronicle indeed is little beside an amplification of the family tree.

Thus far in the genesis of history man's self consciousness has hardly yet been aroused; the inquisitive spirit of philosophy has hardly yet been awakened. Men as yet are too intent on the problems of practical life, and perhaps on half-waking dreams of metaphysical speculation, seriously to concern themselves with the hows and whys of social conditions; to

seek a deeper, a universal meaning in the affairs that are daily passing before their eyes; to compare age with age, country with country, and to note their differences.

With Herodotus, "the Father of History," however, a new era dawned. Travelling as he did in many lands, he enquired with curiosity and with diligence into all the social phenomena, into the history, into the traditions of the countries which he visited. These he examined and compared, these he carefully recorded and thus prepared the way for that synthetic view of human life, which onwards from his day has been gradually taking root in the thoughts of men. From Herodotus the science of history may be said to have taken birth.

As a means towards the more efficient teaching of history chronological tables, family trees and historical charts have for long more or less been made use of. In most cases, however, it may be said such aids have proved of comparatively small value, inasmuch as they have been largely artificial in their character. Lately there has been conceived the idea of constructing history charts, upon a system more accordant with the elementary conditions of visual historic representation as laid down in the previous paper; and it will here be convenient to explain briefly the nature of these charts and the principles upon which they are constructed.

The ideal form of the history chart, as has already been pointed out, is a space of three dimensions, of which one dimension represents time, and the other two the length and breadth of geographical surface. Within this three dimensioned space the historic details are to be inscribed. This chart then, in order to fulfil the purpose of its existence by rendering historical detail continuously visible in all directions, must as its most essential condition, be transparent and unobstructive to the eye throughout its whole substance, so that the inscribed details may be everywhere visible, in all their relations, in one single comprehensive view; but in contravention of this essential condition, these details by their very visibility, by their very existence, cannot in the very nature of things, fail utterly to confuse and to obstruct each other.

The ideal chart, conceivable and even useful as a purely intellectual idea, thus becomes incapable of being rendered practically available. It appears then that to construct a chart that shall represent simultaneously and in approximate fulness

of perfection, both the chronological and geographical relations of history, is a practical impossibility. This ideal chart, however, which we have been compelled so cavalierly to dismiss, leaves us one legacy of practical value, namely, its cross section, which resolves itself simply into the familiar historic map, of which, as capable of representing in complete perfection contemporary historico-geographic relations at any particular moment of time, we shall gladly avail ourselves. In default, however, of any completely adequate representation combining a comprehensive view of history at once in its chronological and its geographical relations, which as we have seen appears to be absolutely unattainable, we must be content to substitute some more or less imperfect form of diagrammatic chart—the best we can devise.

On experiment it will probably be found that the most practical form our History Chart can assume will consist of the "Time-stream" represented by a lengthened roll of paper crossed by lines, the spaces between which shall represent a definite cycle of time—probably a year or ten years will be the period selected—while the geographical relations will be represented by roughly parallel longitudinal bands, expressing—inadequately it must be confessed—the definite divisions of geographical surface, to which the events to be inscribed belong.

Such a chart as have been above suggested is capable of representing graphically, and also to a large extent quantitively, any one of the sub-divisions into which, as has been before noted, history has been divided ; and it is also capable of representing them in combination. Thus all the facts usually taken notice of in general history may be displayed, so as to exhibit to the eye, with some measure of accuracy, their mutual relations of time and place. To present historical events to the eye even thus imperfectly, as will be evident to every educationist, is a large step towards rendering history something more than a mere loose chain of isolated events, and to make it more easy to introduce something of organic life into the often somewhat vague and mechanical conception produced in the mind of the learner, by the ordinary teaching of elementary history.

H. B.

THE RISE AND AIMS OF MODERN BOTANY

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

(*Continued from page* 743.)

Physiology was meanwhile travelling more slowly upon the same road, descending through similar stages. For plants this took place with exceeding slowness and difficulty, owing to the prevailing systematic and anatomical bias. This may be well evidenced by the fact that even now we have only a single English treatise, and that a recent one; without going into such a melancholy story as how long Hales' classical researches on the circulation of the sap were left undeveloped, or Sprengel's "Discovered Secret of Nature" totally ignored. The full and final establishment of the physiological standpoint, instead of the merely anatomical one, has, however, been effected by Darwin. We must, therefore, think of him, for the present at any rate, not so much in connection with the famous conception of natural selection (itself an application of current philosophy) of which he made such comprehensive use; nor even in connection with the establishment of the doctrine of descent, in which he played such a leading part; but primarily as concerned with the reconcentration of all these various planes of specialism into a general view of organic (that is to say, living) nature. The science no longer centres round the dried herbarium specimen of it, as had been the case since Linnæus's day: it has become again a living being—moving, breathing, digestive, sensitive. In a word, the Dryad of old poetry has been recalled to life by modern science—our second, and let us hope more enduring Renaissance.

This, then, brings us up to our own day and its progress. We shall soon find that each week's botanical newspaper (from Strasburg still, it is worth noting) introduces us to new masses of botanical literature, which threaten to smother us.

Hence the use of this simple record of the stages of our deepening analysis, which may now be viewed as a bookcase, or rather a couple of bookcases, respectively devoted to the literature of morphology and physiology. On each shelf we have the literature of a particular stage of our deepening study: and it will be seen that the morphological and physiological stages are parallel, although their shelves for the most part have been filled up quite independently by writers approaching from quite different sides and points of view; indeed, far too often in the dark as to the general plan and aspects of the science. At the beginning of each shelf we have the fundamental work from which a whole department of modern literature arises, and of which it may be considered as essentially a continuation (the minor predecessors leading up to each great work being also indicated). In this way all floras and enumerations of species generally, are continuations of Linnæus' *Systema Naturæ;* all histological study of the cell a continuation of Schleiden and Schwann; and so on.* In physiology and in morphology we have thus as it were a kind of pentateuch, to which all our subsequent literature must be referred—and this for the most part as of the nature of appendices, or at most of revised editions.

Hence the use of this simple historic classification. It enables us to dive into the literature of any branch of the subject at will. Guidance to each department of literature is also provided by the industry of bibliographers. Happily, too, good sectional manuals are forthcoming, but a good general text-book is still wanting—*i.e.*, one which shall set out with the conception of physiology and evolution, instead of at best concluding with a dogmatic treatment of these, after the whole anatomical analysis has been empirically gone through. The student should be taught to handle these principles from the outset, and to interpret the facts of form by their aid: this, however, is the problem of a course of lectures such as the present. For a special field of the subject treated in this way, perhaps no book is more conveniently typical than Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants." Kerner's new

* See the writer's "Synthetic Outline of the History of Biology."—*Proc. Roy. Soc., Edin.* 1886-7.—Also BIOLOGY and BOTANY—*Chambers' Encyclopædia* (*New Edition* 1888).

"*Pflanzenleben*" (*Leipzig* 1887), deserves of all general books the greatest praise, for making clear, from the very outset, the idea that the plant is really and thoroughly alive, and for maintaining that view throughout.

I had hoped to trace this history in fuller detail, and interpret it more completely in the light of that general historic evolution of which it has formed a part. We might, for instance, take special instances like that of the famous naturalist, Abbé Bonnet, a century ago, and look at him classifying all living beings into a regular unbroken scale or hierarchy (*échelle des êtres*), which no one any longer supposes to correspond to the facts of nature. How, then, is it to be explained? Essentially as the naive projection upon nature of that regular gradation from sexton to pope in which his mind was formed, and from the "bas peuple" up to the "Grand Monarque." Nor is it otherwise in our own day, with Schwendener applying (albeit more profitably) his personal acquaintance with engineering to explain the problems of vegetable mechanics; for the scientific process is always and everywhere the same. Consciously or unconsciously, "the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing." Hence each contribution to science, even Darwin's own, is no completed truth, but at best such portion of the truth of nature as our general mode and theory of life (of course together with our particular stage of personal evolution) enable us to see. The whole matter is well summed by the poet and thinker whom this very day we are specially mourning—summed up for the history of our science as for the whole River of Time:—

> "As is the world on its banks,
> So is the mind of the man.
> . . . . only the thoughts
> Raised by the objects he passes are his."

We pluck new flowers on the banks as we float, and look at these through eyes which are only childishly and slowly opening towards full intelligence. At the great drama of evolution the naturalist is but the awakening spectator.

"I observe" said a wise pope long ago, "that every generation of men is characterised by a different habit of thinking." Hence, so long as we do not finally anchor ourselves at the spot whence Dioscorides, or Linnæus, or even Darwin last looked, but sail on with the general stream of human culture

and progress, there will await us not only new discoveries, but ever-freshening points of view.

We have been a long time in getting the literature of the science into this scheme of progressively deepening analysis; but you see it is at the same time a set of pigeon-holes for present work. The study of the development of science does help us to deal with its present state. In our historic bookcase Linnæus marshals all the Linneans; Jussieu and his direct pupil Cuvier, the anatomists; and so on, similarly too, with the schools of physiologists.

The aims of our science also are becoming obvious. The simplest and commonest way for a young investigator to go to work, especially in Germany—where nowadays investigators are manufactured wholesale—is to enlist in some one school or other, which may happen to be his teacher's, or his teacher's teacher's again in turn, and work there all one's life as in a mill, often half-unconscious, or three-parts indifferent, to all the work going on around—a scientific millworker, in short. This has, of course, its useful side; but larger possibilities are becoming obvious. In the first place, we have that of being a more skilled worker, ready to turn oneself to different lines and levels; and a good monograph, like one of those of the *Challenger* expedition, does this more or less completely. Again, we may seek to sum up and generalise any one plane of research, as most simply that of species, into a classification, a genealogical tree: or similarly sum up knowledge of the function or structure of organs and tissues, of cell and protoplasm. These are, in fact, so many questions which you have to ask—but which will need separate lectures to answer. Thirdly, we can see higher possibilities beyond these. Our studies and generalisations have been so far descriptive and empirical. Can we not see a possibility of a return wave which should combine and unify all these separate generalisations, and so rationalise them; thus reaching the goal of all our separate studies, a proximate conception of the entire phenomena of life? We have now to put together our cells into tissues, these into organs, and thus rebuild the organism. Thus, then, our mental image of the plant is no longer the mere corpse of the anatomical side of things, but has become a *working thought-model* in short. Our Biology would thus have passed from the mere separate analysis of all things

dead, to the synthetic view of all things living. The naturalist is thus again like Adam in his Paradise garden—nay, happier—for he now tastes the fruits of both life and knowledge.

The deepening anatomical analysis showed us the parts of the engine, but it is for this rising physiological synthesis to put them together, to make them work. Or to use another metaphor, which also is more than a metaphor, the anatomist gives us the architectural details of the house of life; but with the physiologist we see these all put together, and in the service of the inhabitant.

You see the advantage of this library arrangement. The student can find anything, once he has this type-library in his head, and no longer needs to cram his memory to weariness, since he knows how to turn anything up in these shelves of dictionaries as it happens to be wanted. Teaching by help of a type library of this kind puts a man from the first into a rational position; it is like a small scale map beside a pile of fragmentary detailed ones—all the main things are in the first, and you can go to the others all the more easily and intelligently when you need them.

Shall we, then, collect these books and get them up? Certainly we must. That will be part of our detailed business. These books, or their modern representatives, are at once the working tools and dictionaries of the science; and familiarity with them comes far more easily than you would suppose when you take them in this rational way.

But science is not in books. No, certainly, as little as is music, for both give but the notation of a high mental state. From these bookshelves we have to gather the results of the science, and apply them practically in the actual garden: to see our flowers in all their fulness of living detail—functions and structures united into one single imaginative picture, the working thought-model aforesaid.

No sooner, then, have we collected our library and mastered its principle, than we begin to see how to escape its overmastering weight, its wholly unreadable mass. If we try to master even a single plane—the whole Linnæan, the whole Cuvierian one—the task is hopeless, and we only fall back into our narrow places as specialists once more. What is to be done?

Leave for a moment each shelf of books, close every

appalling dictionary of information, and ask, What is Linnæus' secret, what Cuvier's, Gœthe's, Von Baer's? Their results are infinite, are endless; but their method simple. Each opened a treasure-house of new ideas too vast for any man to carry; but this with the very simplest key, which is henceforth at the service of each and all. In all Linnæus, what is the secret—the logical principle—the key? Only this—isolate your organism, observe its outward form, describe and name it, catalogue and index it; as far as possible also preserve and draw. But practice upon our common flora is all we need to do this, right through the world.

Would we next descend to Cuvier's plane? What have we? First, the Linnæan secret over again applied to the parts of the organism instead of the whole—isolate, observe, describe, and record as before, but now with the addition, *compare* as well. This, too, can be soon adequately learned in practice, and we are henceforth comparative anatomists in a special group or field.

Next, we have to widen our conception of resemblances in structure, and unify with Gœthe the parts of the flower with the leaf, or the strangely modified jaws of an insect with its walking limbs. Thus we have built up the whole intellectual key with which Owen, for instance, has unlocked so many secrets; while, when we add to this the embryological conception of Von Baer, we are modern comparative anatomists complete.

(To be continued.)

THE FOOD AND CLOTHING OF CHILDREN BEYOND INFANCY.

By Helen M. Wilson, M.B.

So much has been said and written about babies that there is now no excuse for ignorance about them; but there is, perhaps, rather a tendency to think that as soon as the child can speak and make known its wants, its bringing up is a very simple matter. The age I am going to refer to (roughly, from 2 to 14) needs just as careful and thoughtful watching as babyhood; mistakes do not always bring such swift and evident punishment as they do at an earlier age; but they are at least as pernicious, and their fruits may show themselves throughout life. Everyone knows how immensely important these years are in the moral development, but, physically, they are even more momentous. A mistake in moral training now may possibly be corrected later, for moral growth and development go on through the whole life; but most of the physical growth is concentrated in these years, and any organ which is starved or cramped now will never make it up, but will be a source of weakness through life.

I shall not attempt to cover the whole ground of hygiene during this period. Exercise, fresh air, sleep, are of the utmost importance, but somehow or other children do usually manage to take care of these matters for themselves. For food and clothing, they are absolutely dependent on their elders, and there seems in these departments more scope for mistakes.

Beginning with Food, the chief question is how best to supply material to meet the expenditure of energy so evident in the constant mental and bodily activity of a young child, and to build up the different parts of the growing organism. At the same time, every thoughtful mother must recognise that here moral training cannot be neglected: this is the first appetite that develops, and it cannot too soon be brought

under control. On this aspect I shall say little—only dealing with it so far as it comes within the physician's province.

In the first place, the food must contain the right elements; there must be carbonaceous food—that is fat, sugar, and starch—for supplying heat and energy; and there must be nitrogenous food—as in meat or eggs—for repairing waste, and for building up the body.

Next, these must be approximately in the right proportions. If there is not enough of the nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, the child becomes fat, perhaps—but flabby; the bones and internal organs are imperfectly developed. If, on the other hand, there is not enough of the carbonaceous food the child becomes thin, the whole organism is deranged, and the nervous system especially becomes unduly excitable.

There is, as you know, one food which contains all that is necessary for life, and in early months for growth, and that is *Milk*. For the first six years of life, milk should constitute *the* most important article of diet, though of course it needs to be supplemented. In some form it should appear at every meal, and, except pure water, it should be the only beverage allowed. I sometimes hear that a child cannot or will not take milk. In the majority of such cases it is the discipline rather than the digestion that is at fault, and the mother should persevere till she finds some means of administering it, for it is far too important a food to be lightly given up. To make it palatable, instead of adding sugar, it often answers better to add salt—this gives a relish as it does to meat.

If milk seems really to disagree, it should be diluted with hot water or barley water—or it may be scalded—or in any case it may be given cooked, in the form of milk puddings.

Next to milk come farinaceous foods—grains of various sorts. Of these the best is oatmeal. But in order to be digestible, oatmeal needs more cooking than it usually gets. Good porridge should be boiled for 2½ or 3 hours. Oats are especially valuable for promoting muscular development. May I repeat the familiar story of the definition given in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary? "Oats," he said, "are a grain eaten in England by horses, and in Scotland by men." This gave offence to some Scots, till one of them wittily rejoined, "Yes, and where will you see *such* horses or *such* men?"

With reference to oats and to whole wheat meal, it must not be forgotten that they contain many particles of indigestible husk. For this reason they act as laxatives, and are useful in constipation; but for the same reason sometimes they are too irritant and have to be left off.

Macaroni and vermicelli are excellent foods, with nearly as much flesh forming value as mutton.

I need not enumerate the other grains; they are all useful, and give variety to the diet, though their food value varies a good deal.

Eggs are an excellent food for children, a useful substitute for, and addition to meat.

Meat may be given from the age of two years, but in strict moderation; if a child thrives without it, there is no need to be in haste to begin it. Till seven years it should never be given more than once a day, and it need not be given oftener till the age of 10 or 11. Too much meat means so much less of more needed and useful foods, and besides, in excess, it is an irritant to the bowels and kidneys. It is a great mistake to give meat to puny children in the hope that it will fatten them. Meat is never a fattening food, and especially not in children.

This applies particularly to nervous excitable children, who very often have nervous excitable parents. I want to say a few words specially about these cases. Such children need the most careful watching if they are to grow up sane healthy men and women, with sound minds in sound bodies. Care is all the more needed, because the nervous parent is inherently likely, unless warned and watchful, to give the worst possible education to the nervous child. Such children are usually precocious, thin, and great meat eaters, and these are the things to be fought against. Fatten them by giving plenty of milk, of fat, and of farinaceous food; see that they have plenty of sleep; and keep back their precocity by a healthy open air life, and by constant watchfulness against over study and over excitement. The later they learn to read the better; they will do it fast enough when they begin. And remember that it is not only at school the mind is exercised; be careful about the stories and fairy tales the child gets hold of. Some there must be; the child will invent his own romances if he gets no others, but let them be

mild and not terrifying. Encourage rather gardening, natural history pursuits and companionship with more stolid children. If the physical culture of precocious and nervous children were more assiduously attended to, we should not hear much about "over pressure" at school, or about breakdown at college.

Meat broths and plain gravy are of course excellent for children. They may occasionally replace *meat*, but do not let them replace *milk*.

Fat is the next item and a very important one. The more of it the better, especially in cold weather, and for children with a tubercular tendency—that is to say, those who may have inherited a predisposition to consumption or bone disease. Children should be taught to eat fat with their meat, but often those who need it most have a great dislike to it. So we must circumvent them, remembering that there are many forms of fat. Children will eat butter or dripping, and will enjoy fresh cream with their porridge or stewed fruit. For older ones fat bacon and the gravy of bacon are excellent, and so are sardines in oil. Milk with a little finely chopped suet boiled in it makes a nourishing beverage that few children object to. One very clever but rather startling writer says he knows of many delicate children whose lives have been saved by toffee—made in the old way, as it used to be in the days when sugar was dear and butter was cheap.

Sugar is an equally necessary part of the food, and nearly all children have an instinctive love of it. But sweets should only be given with or immediately after meals. If eaten in large quantities at all times they set up acid fermentation and seriously disturb digestion. When the digestion is impaired and the appetite poor, it is a great mistake to allow sweets, and yet this is just when they are often given—to tempt the appetite!

Fruit is an excellent article of diet for children and adults, and supplies a real want of the system. If plenty of good ripe fruit, raw or cooked, is supplied, children are much less likely to be tempted by the sour green fruit which causes so much trouble in summer. As a laxative in habitual constipation, a little fruit should be eaten first thing in the morning—either an orange or other fresh fruit, or some stewed prunes or figs.

Vegetables well cooked are also very necessary and useful, but good cooking is all important, for making them both attractive and digestible.

Now for the things that should *not* be eaten. Salted and preserved meats and pastry are to be avoided. No highly seasoned or stimulating food should ever be given. In this I include pickles, pepper, mustard and spices of all sorts. These things are apt to derange digestion, but they do more mischief than appears at the time. They pervert the appetite, create a distaste for simple food, and accustom the stomach to crave for stimulants. There are competent observers who consider that the use of stimulating food in childhood and youth leads directly to intemperance in later life. Certainly no one will question that those who can relish simple food have a better start in life's race, and it should be a distinct aim to keep children as long as possible content with perfectly simple food.

Tea and coffee come under the same condemnation. That they have a distinct effect on the nervous system we all know by personal experience. The young, growing nervous system is easily affected and it is very much better left undisturbed by all such stimulants: girls will learn the virtues of a cup of tea quite soon enough; if you teach it them too soon, they will, it is to be feared, learn to lean on it as an indispensable support, to the detriment both of brain and stomach.

Children under ten ought never to touch tea or coffee: it is better that they should be kept from these beverages till they are fourteen.

Of course no sort of alcoholic drink should ever be given to children without express medical orders.

To sum up, in feeding children we must aim at simplicity combined with variety. It can hardly be necessary to warn this audience against giving the child "just what we have ourselves,"—a phrase which is a bugbear to doctors when dealing with the children of the less educated classes. If the diets are to be made alike, it would be very much better for the elders to take just what the children have.

All this is very easy with some children, but what about those who have decided views of their own as to what they will and will not eat? Is a child's own inclination to be

taken as a safe guide? The answer is that the rules always hold, and the child is no more to be allowed to follow its fancy in this respect than it is to be allowed to play with matches or to stand in the rain, amusements for which some children have a distinct natural taste. True, you may see children who seem to thrive on what we must pronounce most unsuitable diet. But remember first, that mischief may be done now which will not be revealed till after many years, when some important organ, owing to its defective nourishment now, will give way before its time. Or the evil results may be shown earlier, when illness comes, and the unwisely indulged appetite may easily turn the balance between life and death: a child who has taken what he chose when well, will probably when ill demand apples or cakes, and refuse all suitable food, which can only be given after an exhausting struggle. Altogether a spoilt child has an infinitely worse chance in illness than one who has been well trained. Over-indulgent parents would do well to remember that judicious discipline is not only necessary for their darling's happiness and moral welfare, but for its very life.

There is of course a great difference between refusing to give a child the unwholesome things it cries for, and forcing it to take the wholesome food it dislikes; by the latter much harm may be done. Each case must be considered by itself. Children, like their elders, have idiosyncrasies, and occasionally *cannot* eat certain articles. If it is some unimportant thing that is disliked, not much notice need be taken. But before admitting that a child cannot take some really useful and important food, like milk, every possible means should be tried.

Usually a taste may be cultivated for any article of diet. The best way is to put only one or two tea spoonfuls on a plate, and get that taken, either by exercise of authority or gentle bribery. If this is repeated occasionally,—never offering a large helping,—a taste will probably in time be acquired.

(To be continued.)

SOME BOOKS TO READ IN THE HOLIDAYS.

BY HERBERT D. GELDART.

(*Continued from page* 746.)

Travels and Adventure in South East Africa, by F. C. Selous. This is a sequel to *A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa*, which was published in 1881, and which dealt with nine years of a sportsman's life. This book describes the pioneer march to Mashonaland, which led to the annexation of that country. Mr. Selous says, "Not only has the occupation of the country by the British South African Company been effected without wronging the native races, but it has very likely saved some of them from absolute destruction at the hands of the Matabili." Mr. Selous' account is of immense interest just now, when this very day has come the news of the defeat of the Matabili by the British. There are no end of adventures with lions, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, giraffes and all sorts of antelopes. Once the lions tried to storm the camp, and very nearly succeeded, "for a hungry lion is a true devil and fears nothing in this world."

The Partition of Africa, by Scott Keltie. Here we learn up to date (1893) what portion of the "dark continent" each European Power has appropriated in the scramble for territory, and also what there still remains to be fought or intrigued for. There are many Maps, one of which shows the Annexations and Protectorates at a glance.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople, by Frances Elliot. An interesting account of Constantinople as the authoress saw it, from which a great deal may be learnt about the present condition both of the city and its inhabitants, and their manners. It is very pleasant reading.

Recollections of an Egyptian Princess by her English Governess, being a record of Five Years' Residence at the Court of Ismael Pasha, Khedive. Miss Chennells was for some time governess, and then companion to, and friend of, the Princess Zeyneb, daughter of the Khedive; and much of her time was spent within the walls of the harem in intimate association with the ladies of the viceregal family. No one could have enjoyed better opportunities for studying the Mohammedan social system in the highest circles, and few could have used them more discreetly. Miss Chennells did not live in the harem at first, her pupil coming to her for instruction; but from the time when the Princess was "shut up" at the age of thirteen she visited the harem daily, and from the time of the marriage of the Princess at the age of fifteen, she resided in the harem entirely, the only free woman, except the Princess there; all the rest, both whites and blacks, were slaves, and "wheels within wheels," some of the head slaves had slaves of their own.

Idle Days in Patagonia, by W. H. Hudson, author of *The Naturalist in La Plata*. The *Naturalist* was one of the most agreeable—almost fascinating—records of observation of the habits of animals I ever met with, and *Idle Days* is not far behind it. Mr. Hudson was shipwrecked on the coast of Patagonia, and had a weary tramp to El Carmen. Afterwards, when on a visit to a friend, he met with a revolver accident, and whilst his friend was gone for help he remained all night by himself; but not alone, for he had a bed-fellow "with a broad arrow-shaped head, set with round listless eyes like polished yellow pebbles, and a long smooth limbless body, strangely segmented and vaguely written all over with mystic characters in some dusky tint on an indeterminate greyish tawny ground:—'The Venomous Serpent with a cross.'" The snake escaped unhurt, and Mr. Hudson rejoices, feeling that he should have suffered from a vicarious kind of remorse ever afterwards had it been killed. There is a curious chapter on "Sight in Savages," showing that the savage only observes things that concern him, and becomes very acute at distinguishing them; but in other things he is not so sharp sighted as a white man. Mr. Hudson has since published *Birds in a Village*, which I have not yet seen.

Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life. Though

published last this treats of an earlier period, chiefly between 1859 and 1869, than the first *Recollections* did, and shows Miss North as a younger livelier person. Here is the Arab pilot's opinion of her, "This Bint was unlike most other English Bints, being firstly, white and lovely; secondly, she was gracious in her manner and of kind disposition; thirdly, she attended constantly to her father, whose days went in rejoicing that he had such a Bint; fourthly, she represented all things on paper, she drew all the Temples of Nubia, all the Sakkiah, and all the men and women and most of the palm trees; she was a valuable and remarkable Bint." Do you want a better summary of Miss North's character?

There are several Books of Travels, either very recently published or announced, which promise well, among them *My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories*, by H. M. Stanley; *Eskimo Life*, by Fridtjof Nansen; *Chinese Central Asia*, by Dr. Lansdell.

Biography next claims attention.

Life of Sir Richard F. Burton, by his wife, Isabel Burton. The biography of the Pilgrim to Mecca, and the discoverer of Lake Tanganyika's connection with the Nile, cannot fail to be one of the most interesting of our time. Written by Lady Burton, his devoted wife for thirty years, it runs the inevitable risk of being perhaps a little too long and a shade too eulogistic.

Life and Work of John Ruskin, by W. G. Collingwood, adds a good deal to what we know of the facts of Mr. Ruskin's life as given by himself in *Præterita*, but is it not a pity that such a memoir as this, which is very introspective and analytical, should have been published during Mr. Ruskin's life? Still it is very instructive and interesting.

Life of John Linnell, by A. F. Story. Linnell began life as son of a carver and gilder, in Bloomsbury, in by no means wealthy circumstances; by force of his own sturdiness and perseverance he achieved a high reputation as an artist, and died in his ninetieth year, worth it is said a quarter of a million. His uncompromising ruggedness was a disadvantage to him, and he himself seems to have attributed his exclusion from the Royal Academy to jealousy.

Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke. "Bob Lowe," as *Punch* called him, was a most

successful "coach" at Oxford; went out to New South Wales and remained there eight years—returned and became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and got much laughed at for his proposed "match-tax." Here is what he got by his Chancellorship—

> "Twelve millions of taxes I took off,
> Left behind me six millions of gains;
> Of debt forty millions I shook off;
> And got well abused for my pains."

Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D., by H. P. Liddon, D.D., vols 1 and 2. These two volumes (out of four) were left unfinished at the time of Canon Liddon's death. Whatever view we may take of Dr. Pusey's influence on the English Church, there is no denying the immense importance of that influence, or the interest of learning by what means it was acquired. Well acquainted with the "New Criticism," for he went to Germany to study it in its home, we know what impression it made on him by his "Daniel the Prophet." Had he left nothing else behind him, we should still be deeply indebted to him for that work alone.

There are several other biographies, either just out or promised shortly, which I have not seen or been able to get any definite account of, but which are sure to be worth watching for, amongst them *Life and Letters of Sir R. Owen; Autobiography of Theobald Wolf Tone; Life and Times of the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith*; *Landmarks of a Literary Career*, by Mrs. Newton Crosland, "Camilla Toulmin."

Of scientific books which are likely to interest those who do not care to read dry science, there are *The Great Barrier Reef of Australia*, by W. Saville Kent. From this splendid book we may almost realize what a Coral Reef really looks like, and for the first time (so far as I know) photography has been employed to show the Coral Polypes expanded under water; there are also gorgeous chromo lithographs of sea anemones, corals, sea slugs and fish which are so brightly coloured that a gold fish is dowdy beside them. *A History of Crustacea*, by Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing, International Science Series. It is difficult to speak too highly of this excellent popular resumé of what is known about crabs, lobsters, shrimps and other Crustacea, brought up to date,

and profusely illustrated with woodcuts. *Modern Microscopy*, by M. L. Cross and M. I. Cole, a manual in two parts—Use of the Microscope, and Preparation of Objects, recommended by Dr. Dallinger, whose word is quite sufficient voucher for the first part, and those who know the slides with the bull's head and the motto "Cole Deum" will not doubt the value of the second part.

Books in Manuscript, by Falconer Madan, with eight illustrations. Deals with materials used in writing—forms of MSS.—the history of handwriting—"scribes and their ways"—history of illumination—blunders of scribes—outline of principles which guide textual criticism—libraries—famous MSS.—literary forgeries—books of all sorts before the invention of printing. It also gives lists of books of reference on both writing and illumination. The only fault one feels inclined to find is that one wishes the book were longer.

Two works dealing with social questions follow.

A Colony of Mercy, or Social Christianity at Work. By Julie Sutter. Struck by the misery of epileptics who cannot support themselves, and by the want of any special provision for them, Pastor Von Bodelschwingh began with a small home for such cases in the Teutoberger Forest. Succeeding in this, his first effort, he has added to it other philanthropic schemes, and his Colony, his "Bethel," now includes—I. Bethel proper, Home for Epileptics; 1,400 patients. II. Sarepta, Westphalian Motherhouse for the Training of Deaconesses; this has 600 sisters doing unpaid work. III. Nazareth, Westphalian Brotherhood. IV. Wilhelmsdorf, Labour Colony for Relief of Social Distress. V. Association Workmen's Home. Unless this is a too highly coloured narrative, the Pastor is doing a good work in the alleviation of social distress, and setting a grand example of effort towards solving difficult social problems, whilst some others are only *talking* about them.

National Life and Character, a Forecast. By C. H. Pearson, late Minister of Education in Victoria. Takes a pessimist view of the future of the white races of European origin, and anticipates great progress for the black, brown, and yellow races; in fact, looks forward to a time when Negro, Hindoo, and Chinaman will crowd out white men from the hotter portions of the earth, confining them to the temperate

zones by force of competition. Evidently written from an Australian point of view from whence, as from the United States, the exclusion of the Chinese is a "burning question."

The two following books on the Capital Cities of Great Britain are simply charming:—

Royal Edinburgh. By Mrs. Oliphant, with illustrations by George Reid, R.S.A. As the title of her book implies, Mrs. Oliphant is chiefly concerned with the Royal associations connected with Edinburgh from the time of good Queen Margaret down to that of James I. of England. She also devotes three chapters to the men of letters connected with Modern Athens, selecting Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott as representatives. The illustrations by Sir George Reid are very forcible and picturesque, but some of them rather gloomy.

London. By Walter Besant, with 124 illustrations. The author, in his preface, calls his work an "endeavour to present pictures of the City of London"; it extends from the Roman occupation to the time of George II. "The history of London has been undertaken by many writers; the presentment of the city and the people from age to age has never yet been attempted." The text is embellished with dainty little pictures. Mr. Besant has also published a smaller book, *History of London.* "A history of the City and its institutions, written in the hope that the study of this history will be found helpful in the education of our children, to whom we have at last begun to teach something of their duties and responsibilities as citizens, the privileges of their position, and the meaning of their inheritance."

Of recent Fiction I can say but little, having seen but few new novels, and not much liking those that I have read, and greatly preferring old favourites. Now that one can buy the Waverleys; Charles Kingsley's, Hawthorne's, Dickens' and Charles Reade's best works for from threepence to sixpence each, and Thackeray's for a little more, it is hardly worth while to indulge in "psychological studies" and "risky situations" at a guinea or thirty-one-and-sixpence. One old romance which I did not meet with till very recently, *An Egyptian Princess*, by Georg Ebers, translated by Eleanor Grove—and so well done that one would hardly know it was a translation, can be heartily recommended, and I am told

that *Uarda* by the same author is equally good. Those who admire "The Newcomes" may like to know, if they have not already seen it, that there is in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, an article by Canon Irvine, "A Study for Colonel Newcome," which gives an account of Thackeray's first introduction to the model from whom he drew the Colonel as a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse.

Of course I do not pretend to have read all the books I have noticed, but I have included nothing that I have not seen that has not been well recommended by my own personal friends, and in some cases I have copied criticism from either the *Athenæum* or the *Academy*.

840

HOW ARE THE PRINCIPLES OF THE P.N.E.U. TO BE SPREAD AMONGST THOSE WE DESIGNATE "THE POOR?"

By Isabella Copeland.

All who are awake to the immense importance of the subject of the bringing up and training of children, must long by every means in their power, to help forward any movement that has the awakening and helping of parents for its aim. Many are watching with thankful hearts the success of the P.N.E.U. Begun as it was among some of the highest in our land, it is winding through the circles of society, permeating the thought and writings of more than one of our gifted men and women. But those to whom the subject grows increasingly important—fraught as it is with the weal or woe of coming generations, teeming with possibilities of the highest good—feel that more enthusiasm and earnest work are needed from every individual who has the welfare of young life really at heart. Each section of society has its own special individuality, and any subject or theory to be propagated successfully, must be presented and treated in such a way, as to meet its particular mode of thought and habit of life. To every interested woman quite a large field presents itself among friends and visitors; with very little tact and discretion it is easy to introduce the subject in conversation, and curiosity and interest may be aroused which may lead to happiest results. To lend a copy of the *Parents' Review* will be sure to secure at least a few subscribers among those who read, indeed we little know what a large good may accrue from such simple means; the great thing is to be intensely earnest to do our share in spreading what we know of the P.N.E.U. But this little paper is to deal solely with bringing its principles within grasp of those to whom the *Parents' Review* would be little less than a foreign language. Perhaps the two best agencies are mothers' meetings and cottage visiting. One thing needs to be very distinctly borne in mind, viz. the very different range of knowledge and degrees of intelligence, not to speak of moral differences, to be found among mothers belonging

to the same class. Taking an average meeting we shall find a proportion of those whose homes are neat and well managed, who work hard to keep respectable. Some of these will be narrow in thought and exceedingly shy of a new idea; others like to read a little, seem to have a somewhat wider outlook on life in general, and take an interest in what their children learn at school.

Then we find those who have as little idea of household management and wise expenditure of money as a child; others who are simply indifferent to everything. Some again who are ignorant, but have a desire to know, and would learn gladly if they could. Of course there will be a sprinkling of the bad and coarse, as well as of the good and well meaning.

With many more shades of character than we can specify, we note some whose minds seem an absolute blank; only those who have talked with them can know at all how extremely small is their power of thinking, and how very gently, patiently and brightly, one must put any truth to them if there is to be any impression made. When we understand that, we cease to wonder that gossip has such an attraction, seeing it is the only recreation and enjoyment, almost indeed the only break, in a life most monotonous. Now to take a mothers' meeting composed of such varied and far-apart conditions, we see at a glance how difficult it would be to give the simplest address upon the training of children which should be teaching and helpful to all. Here comes in the necessity and good of the wise and discreet visitor: we say wise and discreet advisedly, for indeed no work requires more tact, greater aptitude, and more real love for our fellow creatures than does that of visiting the homes of our poor, if we are to do any real good. Those who teach, whether by simple addresses at mothers' meetings or influencing individually the mothers they visit, need not only a practical knowledge of children and their needs, but an intimate acquaintance with their homes. To understand the small amount of privacy attainable in a house of two or three rooms by a family of eight or nine,—to know what a different art cooking becomes where utensils are few and fire accommodation small, and often so much out of order that the frying pan does service too frequently with good excuse,—makes all the difference between giving advice well nigh impossible to

carry out, and applying principles in such a way as to suit the circumstances of those who hear. The twenty minutes or half hour devoted to Bible reading and talk is the sheet-anchor of a mothers' meeting. I have been struck with the profound attention given to this when the reader was one who not only loved the Bible, but could read in a voice, and with a rendering, that was in itself an explanation, and then followed it with a few earnest words that went straight to the hearts of those who heard. This will often give an opportunity for hints regarding the children; but it seems to me we want something more,—such as a systematic course. If once a fortnight, or three weeks, a time was given for a simple, plain homely talk about the bringing up of our children, by a lady who is a mother, and who has real sympathy and helpfulness to offer to her less favored sisters, much good might be achieved. Of course much depends on the hold of the speaker upon the affection and esteem of her listeners. A little course marked out, especially if a simple syllabus were given to each mother, would be a help, and tend to waken interest. Few, if any, know the slightest thing about their own bodies, still less do they understand the laws of health. A few large diagrams of different parts of the human frame would be a great assistance, and enable some at least to see why milk is the only proper food for a baby up to a certain age. We want to beget first a reverence for the body, and thus lay the best foundation towards its being regarded and treated sacredly. A mother who has seen correct drawings of some of our wonderful organs, and listened to an understandable explanation of their working, must be more likely to think about the development of the little bodies entrusted to her keeping and care.

Starting from this, we proceed to speak of the soul and mind, and enter the world of morals. Here we must be specially guarded. Language of the simplest must be used, illustrations from the life with which they are familiar. Slowly but surely we want to bring them to feel that the responsibility of their children's life and future is laid upon them by God, that they have it in their power very largely to build healthy bodies, and form a character—the result of constant habit—that shall be a blessing to its owner and to society. A worker here will doubtless have many a heart-

ache, but also many a joy. It is astonishing how attentively women and mothers, even of rather indifferent stamp, will listen to one who they feel really cares for them, and seeks to help them with the very heavy burden life is to numbers of them. And this brings us back to the foundation point. The one aim of mothers' meetings must be nothing less than making the Lord Christ so attractive to them that they shall yield themselves to Him. There is much less difficulty in helping a Christian mother to train her children than one who is not. Once gain their interest, once get women to realize that there are laws of education which if obeyed must lead to success, and if not heeded, to utter failure, and an important step is gained. As in most good work the success may seem small and slow for the thought, time and work given, but if one mother here and another there, shall send out into the world children fitted for their place in life, they in their turn shall spread the good, and the ultimate results be far beyond our ken or thought. If the lady who addresses the meeting cannot visit, the one who does should be present at the meetings, so as to become personally acquainted with the mothers there, and to hear the line of teaching and thought followed by the speaker. Given the right warm-hearted, clear-headed woman, the work of visiting will repay richly, many hidden difficulties will be disclosed, the ideas laid down in general terms adjusted to the peculiar circumstances, disposition or needs of each particular child. Indeed, if only a place in the heart be won, it is impossible to say what may be done, but it is work which, if well done, will repay tenfold.

The world's greatest need to-day is wise, capable mothers. Shall not those whose womanhood has been crowned with God's sweetest earthly gifts, seek to help those who have as a rule so thoroughly missed any right training for their duties as mothers? Some mothers' meetings have apparently little higher aim than helping the sewing and saving the pence good so far as it goes, but not enough. Wherever mothers meet weekly, whether a dozen or a hundred, there is a grand opportunity of teaching and propagating P.N.E.U. principles. Mr. Ruskin says we should feel every ill-dressed woman or child a personal disgrace. Shall we apply the same principle to ill trained children and wretched homes?

ANIMALS AS PLAYMATES.

MUCH has been said and written about pet animals, but I do not know whether many people realise their educational value as well as the pleasure and amusement they afford. Some of the best influences of my life have been through animals, and I believe children may learn unselfishness, obedience and self-control from and with their fourfooted friends. Of the pride and pleasure to a child of possessing "a pet of my very own" no parent will doubt, but I feel very strongly that animals should be more than mere pets to children in the same way (though in a very different degree) as children should be more than mere pets to their parents. The subject seems to divide itself into three chief parts. First, the choice of animals; second, the treatment of the animals; third, the teaching of the children with regard to them.

People are a little apt to accept any pet, furred or feathered, wild or domestic, free or caged, as "such a nice toy for baby," but, at the risk of being thought fanciful, I venture to say that I believe one ought to choose animals with the same sort of care as we choose our servants. When we have found the class of servant we require we go on to ask about his or her antecedents, family, &c. Just so, having decided that you want a dog or a cat for your children, learn something about that animal before you turn it loose in your nursery. A dog whose family has been brought up for generations with children will be a much better playfellow than the dog who comes from grown-up people only, and I have a strong instance of this in my own house in a fox terrier. When I went to choose her, I found a happy family of five puppies and five children, the old dog looking on with pride and confidence as her children were pulled about and kissed and cuffed by their human playfellows. And ever since, the puppy which was then given to me (now grown a middle-aged dog with a family of her own), has shown a marked preference for children; and her daughter (aged two months)

will go much more gladly to my daughter (aged two years) than to me. They seem to understand each other perfectly, and baby is entirely fearless even when the puppy gets a little boisterous. I think there is no companion for a child like a dog, he is so intelligent and so trustworthy. A large dog is a splendid playfellow, and he generally enjoys the romping as much as the children, and is gentle even in the wildest play. I once had a huge Labrador who weighed as much as myself, and in his play he knocked down most of the people in the house, including an enormously fat cook to whom he was devoted, but he never upset a little girl of nine who used to borrow him for walks, and who gave him every opportunity of doing so. A little dog of course can be a more constant companion indoors and out, and of all little dogs I think fox terriers are the best, but that is only my personal opinion, and where all are so charming it is invidious to choose. The only dog I would *not* have for children is a colley. However delightful they are in youth (and they can be exceedingly delightful) I believe they invariably get uncertain in middle or old age, and I have known several who had to be destroyed.

We have cats also, and my little daughter is very fond of them, but they can never be quite the same as a dog, and even the best of them will scratch occasionally, though with cats as with dogs I am sure there is a great deal in hereditary fondness for children. I have a great objection to caged birds for pets, except perhaps in the case of an invalid child who lives in a town, when a canary (necessarily bred in captivity and therefore ignorant of the whole sweetness of liberty) is allowable, and the child and her bird may become very good friends. I had one who spent most of his morning flying about the room, sitting on the dog's back or combing my hair with his beak, but few people could safely let a bird have so much liberty, and to keep a wild bird in captivity seems to me a great cruelty for very little purpose, for a frightened prisoner can never be a real playmate like a dog who knows his duty and does it. Rabbits in hutches are open to the same objection, but if there is room to keep them comfortably, poultry are an unfailing pleasure to children, and they may learn a good many lessons from them. Only the other day I was told of a valuable bantam cock who saved

his own life by his courtesy. As usual he allowed his wives to feed before himself, and they were all killed by some poison. Pigeons are delightful feathered friends, and children can exercise their innate love of giving, as often as the coachman or gardener can be coaxed into providing a handful of food.

Secondly, the treatment of animals. Animals want to be studied individually, for they are as different in their minds as in their bodies, and a round dog in a square hole is as ill matched as his two-legged master in the like position. As a rule a greedy dog is much easier to teach than a dainty one, and if taught kindly and patiently the dog enjoys his lessons, and is very proud of his accomplishments. I have always tried to get him quiet and alone before I begin, and then after explaining to him what I want him to do, and how I shall praise him when he has done it, I give him the order (in one word, if possible), and show him how to obey it. I never allow a dog to be led when he is a puppy. It takes away his intelligence, and he will never learn to follow properly afterwards, but if he is taken on a quiet road and rewarded for every call he obeys, he will learn his duty in a very few days. If a dog has got into the habit of running away, hit him lightly with the longest possible carriage whip *as he is running away.* He does not connect the whip with his master, and will run back to him for protection, whereas if he is whipped when he comes back, he naturally thinks he will have as much fun as possible before the inevitable punishment. A dog can easily be taught to protect his human playfellow, and if possible he should have some old garment of the child's to sleep on, so that he recognises that his greatest comfort is provided by his little mistress.

The third part of my subject is more important from a parents' point of view, because I believe firmly that a child trained from infancy to love animals and to make them his or her companions will grow up to be more pitiful and loving and self-controlled than one who has never known their friendship. Children should be taught from the first to handle animals properly, to coax them in the right direction, to make their bed at night, to take them out walking, and, when they are old enough to do so kindly and patiently, to teach them. I would never allow a young child to see the (sometimes

necessary) punishment of a dog. If a child knows that animals are never to be spoken to or handled roughly they very soon learn to be gentle themselves, and the other day I was very proud of my little daughter's self-control. One of her cats put out her claws and scratched baby pretty sharply. Baby was hurt enough to cry a little, but after a minute she slipped off my knee and ran to the cat, who was evidently ashamed of herself though I had not scolded her, and said, "You mustn't scratch me again Smut, let me kiss you." A child can also be very easily taught to be grateful to the horses who take her drives, the cows who give her milk, the hens who lay her eggs, the sheep who provide her clothes, and so on, and to give them each what they like best to eat.

These minute directions may seem unnecessary and endlessly troublesome, but as our editor tells us in Home Education, it is much easier to form a good habit than to break a bad one, and a little constant patience and perseverance for the first few years will make a child an intelligent lover of animals all his life, and no one who has grown up without that love can tell the pleasure and comfort and relaxation which the faithful companionship of animals affords to the busy man or the weary woman.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

G. G. F.

HOME ALGEBRA AND GEOMETRY.

PARENTS who know ever so little of Algebra and Geometry might forestall many difficulties by familiarizing their child, in play, with certain elementary ideas, months, or even years, before he has to deal with them in connection with the notion of "work." I refer to such ideas as the following:—

If we know a statement must be true about all numbers whatever, it is always legitimate, and often convenient, to express it in a way which does not specify about what number we make it. Such statements are—

a added to $b = b$ added to a;
a multiplied by $b = b$ multiplied by a;
$P + a - b = P - b + a$.

whatever numbers or quantities are represented by a, b and P. In the last instance the child should be led to think of P as a stock in hand; b a sum or amount taken away from that stock; a a sum or amount added to the stock. Point out that, though the process represented by $P + a - b$ is different to that represented by $P - b + a$, yet we can know beforehand that the ultimate result must be the same.

Shew that if $a = b$,
Then $a + c = b + c$
$a - c = b - c$
$ac = bc$

must be true, whatever be the values of a, b, and c, whether numbers or cyphers; whereas if $ac = bc$, a must be $= b$, provided c be a number, but need not be so when c is not a number, but zero (the negation of number). This curious distinction is of fundamental importance to get understood and soaked in before the time when it has to be used in actual work; for it lies at the root of all true comprehension, both of quadratic equations and of the laws of thought, and is too startling to be used efficiently as a working proposition, till it has had time to soak into the consciousness.

Be careful to ascertain whether the child clearly realizes the distinction between zero *as a factor*, and zero written merely to indicate that something *else* is a multiple of ten; between the act of multiplying or dividing by zero, and the act of writing or striking out a zero as a short way of multiplying or dividing by ten. Confusion on such points, once fixed by working in the dark for results, seems hardly ever to be quite cleared away by any subsequent explanations.

Beware of "telling a child how to do a quadratic equation." When he is doing simple equations for "work," give an easy quadratic, *e.g.*

$$x^2 + 6x = 16,$$

and let him grope about at it till he has given it up in despair, and feels sure it cannot be solved by any direct process. Then set him successively these questions:—

"Square $x + 3$;"

"Square the equation $x + 3 = 5$;"

"Find x in the equation $x^2 + 6x + 9 = 25$;"

"Find x in the equation $x^2 + 6x = 16$;"

taking care that they all remain uneffaced, for reference. Let the pupil ponder over this sequence of operations, this solution of the unsolvable by *inverse inference*, till he has soaked in the sense of a new power, of a hitherto unknown intellectual tool.

Before the child has to work at geometry, see that he realizes:—

That there are in nature no lines, except the edges of solids, nor surfaces, except the sides of solids.

That natural movements and growths take place usually in curves, not straight lines.

That axes, diameters and co-ordinates are not parts of any natural figure, but measuring rods introduced for man's convenience. Connect in the pupil's mind these devices with that earlier invention, mentioned in the former paper, of breaking big numbers into tens and hundreds; explain that man extracts no more real instruction out of such devices than a monkey gets by breaking things in bits, unless he completes the cycle of study by the *transcendental* (or *supra-simian*) act of synthesis. The parent will translate these words into such as she finds suit the child; the essential thing is for the parent herself to grasp the idea clearly. If she does not, she should get herself taught to do so by some competent person.

In connection with this idea of synthesis, a child should be taught that if he wants to learn anything about an object by breaking it open, he should not break it till he has taken a good look at it in its original state, so as to be able to reconstruct it in his mind as a whole.

Explain that an ellipse is (not exactly the path of any planet, but) the one among the simpler curves which is most like a planet path, and therefore important to understand.

Then, shew that we cannot draw an ellipse without putting two pins in the two foci; yet nature makes the planet go round with only one sun in one focus, the other being left empty. This is an excellent typical instance of the relation between nature's facts and our devices for analyzing those facts.

Set the child to draw ellipses with the pins nearer and nearer together, till they come into one hole; then, with the pins further and further apart. Tell him that the resulting *circle* and *straight line* are called the *limiting forms* of the ellipse. Call his attention to the difference between a *dead* straight line (*i. e.*, a bit cut from a longer line), and a *living* straight line (*i. e.*, the limiting form of an ellipse, the path traced by a vibrating pencil point).

Shew that, though the distance of the pencil from any one focus is constantly varying, yet the sum of the distances from the two foci is always the same in the same ellipse.

Shew that if a stone has been whirling in a sling, it flies off *straight* from the point where it escapes from the sling. Explain that, though a planet never does escape the pull of the sun's attraction, yet men have imagined the line it would follow if it *did* escape; and have agreed to call that line the *tangent* to the actual path. Shew that the sling itself represents the invisible *line of pull* of the sun on the planet. Ask the child to draw the pull-line, and tangent. If he draws the former to the *centre* of the ellipse, do not correct him, but lead him, by questions, to see that it should go to the focus instead.

Connect early in his mind the name *Finite Differences*, with the idea of men trying to investigate a difficult curve by dividing it into convenient bits; the word *Differential* with the idea of drawing the attention off from the bits themselves, and studying the successive directions which the curve takes at the points of junction; and the word *Integration* with the final act of synthesis, by which we recover the idea of the curve from the study of

successive directions. This will diminish that bewilderment of the imagination which constitutes the main difficulty in grasping the ideas of the Differential and Integral Calculus..

And before the time when he has to deal with problems in maxima and minima, let his finger-tips, and his whole nervous system have been long in tune with the main idea, by the habit of playing with the Indian toy called Bandelore; make him notice the momentary *stillness* of the disk at certain points. The first time a lad comes upon such an equation as $dx = o$ in a text book, it should strike him, not as a mere formula invented by tutors for the puzzlement of the boy-mind, but as a neat expression of something which, ten years ago, his bandalore used to do every time it reached the highest or lowest point of its string.

Professor de Morgan * pointed out that Hindoos are able to solve, without reference to the calculus, problems in maxima and minima, which the European mind had found unsolvable, except by the aid of that artificial intellectual apparatus. I attribute this, in great part, to the fact that Indian toys train the nervous system, through the fingers, into tune with the subtle play of nature's forces. Play can teach no actual mathematics; mathematics can only be learned by severe study, and should be tested by rigorous examinations, conducted by specialists. But such simple precautions as those indicated above might do much to make the future study a living reality, an incessant revelation, to prevent the formation of those vicious thought-habits which are at once the despair of all true mathematical teachers, and the disgrace of the colleges that turn out so many sham ones; and to promote (that most important of all educational desiderata) harmony of feeling between the respective devotees of inspired idealism and of exact science.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

NOTE.—Those who wish to pursue the subject further may refer to Hinton, Life and Letters, chapters xiv and xv; Gratry Logique, vol. ii (Douniol Paris); Babbage, The Influence of Signs (Transactions Cambridge Philosophical Society, 1826); Boole, Laws of Thought; Logic taught by Love (Edwards, High Street, Mary-le-bone.) Symbolical Methods of Study (Edwards).

* Ram Chundra, Maxima and Minima, edited by De Morgan.

A CALENDAR.

IN Mr. Ruskin's scheme for the education of the children of his Society of St. George, he appoints that they are to learn the history of five cities: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. Their teachers are to cultivate in them the feelings of Admiration, Hope and Love, "Admiration is the faculty of giving Honour. It is the best word we have for the various feelings of wonder, reverence, awe and humility, which are needful for all lovely work and which constitute the habitual temper of all noble and clear-sighted persons." As one means of cultivating this admiration, he says that in the history of the five cities he has named, the children are to "learn so far as they can understand, what has been beautifully and bravely done; and they shall know the lives of the heroes and heroines in truth and naturalness; and shall be taught to remember the greatest of them on the days of their birth or death; so that the year shall have its full calendar of reverent Memory. And, on every day, part of their morning service shall be a song in honour of the hero whose birthday it is; and part of their evening service, a song of triumph for the fair death of one whose death-day it is; and in their first learning of notes they shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing that you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way; and they shall never be taught to sing what they don't mean."

As a little attempt to carry out this idea, we have a St. George's Calendar for our family use, but it is very incomplete and wants a great deal of filling up. On the Saints' Days in our Prayer-

book Calendar we sing hymn No. 353 in the Hymnal Companion, tune Paradise.

From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be address'd,
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

[Here we insert the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power and glory ascribe to God alone.

For other saints, I have written suitable rhymes, and as they are chiefly Italians, three of the cities may be considered as fairly represented. I have not seen my way to memory of heroes of ancient Rome and Greece, to whom it is also difficult to assign a special day.

In memory of some English heroes I propose a reading instead of a chanted rhyme; as for instance, of Tennyson's Ode, on the birthday or death-day of the Duke of Wellington.

This paper is a mere suggestion, and this Calendar with its many blanks can be filled up by others, so that each family may have its enthusiasm fostered and its sense of fellowship deepened by recollection of the noble men and women who, in various ways, and under widely differing circumstances of creed, nationality and environment, have blessed the world and deserved the grateful homage of their kind.

(We commend this idea to parents as an excellent method of fixing in the children's minds some knowledge of those men and women whose lives have been of value to the world, that their ambition may be stimulated in the direction of self-denial and noble aims, and of impressing upon their memories the leading events in our history. In working it out readers might consult the early Nos. of the "Review of Reviews" for 1893.)—Ed. P. R.

JANUARY.

1st. Sing "O God of Bethel." Read Gen. xxviii. 10—22.

2nd.

3rd. St. Genevieve of Paris. Add verse to hymn as above.

For Genevieve, the Maid of France, we also praise Thee now,
The shepherd girl who early made a consecrating vow;
Of onward rushing armies she stayed the cruel power,
And used her strength for Christ and peace, and help in sorrow's hour.

4th.

5th.

6th. Epiphany. Sing "As with gladness men of old."

7th.

8th.

9th.

10th.

11th.

12th.

13th.

14th.

15th.

16th.

17th.

18th.

19th.

20th.

21st. St. Agnes. Add verse to hymn as above.

For fair St. Agnes, pure and brave, we praise Thy name to-day,
And ask for grace to lead Thy lambs, "lest they should faint or stray";
With gentle strength and constancy to keep the appointed road,
Which may be rough and yet will lead to Jesus Lamb of God.

22nd.

23rd.

24th.

25th. Conversion of St. Paul. See printed hymn.

26th.

27th.

28th

29th.

30th.

31st.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

By Mrs. F. Steinthal.

My Dear Children,—First of all let me wish you a Happy New Year. When I was a little girl I used to be so glad on the 1st of January that a new year was beginning, and I could make so many good resolutions, such as—that I would not like sugar so much, and would let my sister play oftener with my dolls, and I would like lessons better. Remember this was before the lessons were made as easy and as interesting as they are to you, you lucky children. The old year with all its faults seemed to slip off one's shoulders like Bunyan's pack, and it was so nice to think of beginning again.

This year I want *you* to begin to have system in your work. Not a cap to make one month and a darn the next, and so on. I propose therefore to have two classes of sewers, one for little girls under eleven, and another for girls from eleven to fourteen; but I want all to do the same work. There is a very nice box of patterns for a doll's outfit published. It is called "My Dollie's Wardrobe" (1*s.*), by Madam Goudard, and can be got either at the stationers or at 1, Commercial Buildings, Clapham Junction, S.W. It contains robe, bonnet, cloak, and a complete set of underclothing all made to fit a doll 26 inches high. If you will make one of these each month, I am sure mother will not refuse to provide a lovely dolly to wear them. I should like a little shirt to be made in January, and sent to me before the 30th, and the first in each class shall receive a book.

The boys are allowed to be idle this month, as I want them to go through a course of cardboard sloyd this year, and the book of instruction and diagrams will not be published until the beginning of January.

In February I hope that many boys will take up this subject, and work well in 1894.

Your loving

Auntie Mai.

Our Little Cooks.

Dorothy's Rissoles.—Two oz. scraps of cold meat; 1 table spoon chopped suet; 1 table spoon bread crumbs; ½ table spoon chopped parsley; ½ egg; bread crumbs; salt and pepper; ½ gill of stock; ¼ oz of flour; dripping for frying. Put about a ¼ lb of dripping into a pan, and put it on the fire to heat. Chop up the scraps of cold meat as finely as possible. Take the suet, cut away the skin and chop it. Grate some crumbs of bread on to a piece of paper, until you get one table spoonful and a half. Chop parsley on a board. Mix meat, suet, and bread crumbs in a basin, then add ¼ oz. flour and ½ teaspoonful of salt, then ½ gill of stock, and mix all lightly.

Take a board, flour it, and turn the mixture on to it—also flour the hands. Roll, mix, turn into little balls, and sprinkle flour over them. Break an egg and beat it lightly with a knife. Roll the meat balls into the egg and cover them well. Now roll them in the bread crumbs, but not too much. Put the rissoles into a wire basket and do not let them touch each other. When the fat in the pan is quite hot and smoking, put the frying-pan into it and fry the balls light brown. Put a piece of paper on a plate and turn the rissoles on to it to drain off the grease. Time, half an hour.

Baby's Milk Biscuits.—Half gill of milk; ½ oz. of butter; ¼ lb. of flour; ½ teaspoonful baking powder. Put the milk into a saucepan, add the butter and put it on the fire to warm. Put the flour into a basin with the baking powder. When the milk is hot, pour it into the flour and stir it into a thick smooth paste. Roll it with a rolling-pin into as thin a sheet as possible.

Flour a tin or a glass, and by pressing it on the paste, cut out as many cakes as possible, grease a tin with butter and place the biscuits on it. Put the tin into the oven and bake for twenty minutes. Turn them off the tin and let them cool. Time, half hour. This will make about a dozen biscuits.

January.

The dreariest part of the winter is now over. Even though we may have our deepest snow and most severe cold, yet the

days are lengthening, and there is the prospect of spring to cheer us; Digging, manuring, and transplanting can be carried on, unless the ground is frozen hard or very wet, as just after a thaw. Never dig when snow is on the ground. Snow is a capital fertilizer if allowed to melt as it falls.

There are sure to be many fine dry days when planting can be done. Hardy bulbs that, owing to severe frost, were not put in sooner will, if planted now, bloom late. Winter aconites, snow drops, and late Christmas roses will now be peeping up and making the garden bright. It is wonderful what a few hours of bright sunshine does for the flowers even in January. If the weather is not favourable for outdoor work, there is always plenty to be done in the potting shed—getting soil ready for potting. Well rooted geranium cuttings may now be put singly into Tom Thumb pots, where they will grow well and bloom early.

Always keep flower pots clean and free from slugs, which are terribly destructive to young plants and fern. Dig all spare ground and get ready for spring sowing.

Sweet peas sown two inches deep will bloom early, but must only be sown in the end of the month, if the weather is mild. Look well after cuttings indoors. Protect delicate bulbs from frost by sprinkling some loose soil or cocoa fibre over them to keep the frost from injuring the tender shoots. This is a good month to make a rockery, which is an addition to every garden, and looks well covered with the many alpine and creeping plants and ivies. Old stumps of trees, rubbish in the shape of bricks, stones, and clinkers all help. Place loose litter round the roots of newly planted shrubs and delicate roses.

M. HOYSTED.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY.

Miss Twining, in her Recollections, mentions a very nice occupation for children, which would interest them when staying so much in the nursery during the winter months. Lady Juliane Walker invented it and called it "Bible Scrapbooks." The children should collect pictures or prints taken from advertisements or other sources, and find a suitable text

for each. "It is very useful," continues Miss Twining, "as a pleasant occupation for Sundays, and it is surprising to see the keen interest taken in the scheme by even quite young children, boys as well as girls. The same thing can be done for secular subjects as a help to the teaching of history and geography.

I wonder sometimes if the game of Tiddledy Winks is as much beloved in all nurseries as it is in a certain one I know. It has outlived all other games, and has reigned supreme for three winters. The first set are so worn that they refuse to jump with the elasticity of youth so are carefully treasured in the museum and are supplanted by another box. Every night, for half an hour just before going to bed, the whole family play this fascinating game. It trains both hand and eye, and can be successfully learnt even by children of four or five years of age.

Reading Club.

We have decided to have a Reading Club this year for girls from 15 to 18 years of age. Each month we will give one book of each of the greatest writers of fiction of this century, beginning with Miss Edgeworth. The life of the author or authoress must be studied and four questions will be set on this and books given, so that an intelligent interest in the best of our imaginative literature is aroused. Miss Twining in her most interesting Recollections speaks so strongly and earnestly against the present system of prizes, which are now offered so freely in every magazine, that I have resolved *not* to offer prizes, but only to insert the names of the students who answer the questions in the *Parents' Review*. The idea of offering a prize to induce girls to learn to love good reading is also personally repugnant to my own feelings. Full criticisms will be sent back on each paper so that students will learn their own weaknesses and strength, and will not be deeply concerned to know if they are better or worse than others.

In January, Angelina; or L'amie inconnue, by Miss Edgeworth, is chosen.

I. Write a short account of the life and times of Maria Edgeworth.*

II. Contrast the characters of Lady Diana Chillingworth and Lady Francis Somerset.

III. What is your opinion of Anne Warwick's conduct?

(1). Quote six sentences which show the construction used at the beginning of this century.

(2). Write them in the English of to-day.

Answers must be sent before the 30th.

COMPETITIONS.

History is decidedly the favourite lesson of the little ones, then comes Music, followed by Arithmetic, Geography, and Grammar, which have all obtained the same number of marks. Latin and Drawing are next, and French, German, and Composition have each got one mark.

The following children wrote letters:—Dorothy Senior, R. Lawrence Marsh, Peggy Simon, Hugh Ward, Emmie Wilson, Mary Dowding, May Warren Vernon, May Lewis, Doris Robson, Job MacDonnell, Audrey Stacey, Mary Wallis, Elin Kitching, John Kitching, Dora Wallis, Pansy Webster, Gladys Coulson, Harold Rowntree, Hilda and Geoffrey Latham, Cicely Foster, Bertie and Queenie Wilson.

RIDDLES.

Percy Godding, Lilian and Ryk Van der Byl.

THE STORY OF FANCY.

By NORLEY CHESTER,

Author of Olga's Dream, etc.

THERE was once a little girl called Fancy. She was a child of —— but no, I don't think I will tell you who her mother was at present. Perhaps you may find it out for yourselves before you come to the end of the story. She was really a fairy-child, but she did not know that herself, for she had

* Eminent Women's Series, 3*s.* 6*d.*

been sent to live with some mortals and no one told her of her fairy origin. Fancy was a pretty little thing, with long golden hair which streamed behind her like a wave of the sea touched by the rising sun, and dark blue eyes which shone with a light like that of the evening star, and her laugh was like the silvery peal which blue-bells make in Fairyland when the fairies ring them, or like the sound of the mountain rivulet when the snow first melts, and it tumbles and hurries over its stony bed in its haste to reach the valley below. The mortals, however, did not care much for all these things. They were not used to fairies, and they said that Fancy was very untidy and troublesome. Perhaps they were right, for I am afraid Fancy had brought a good many of her fairy ways to earth, and did not pay as much attention to the rules of ordinary life as she ought to have done. It did seem, well, a little odd, to say the least, you know, to see a small figure dressed in nothing more than a thin white night-gown dancing on the lawn by moonlight. But Fancy said everything looked so pretty, and she was not at all sleepy, so what was the use of staying in bed? Then it is also a little unusual to declare that you cannot eat your dinner seated at table like other people, but must be off in the woods to pick wild fruit and drink the clear water from the running stream. And as for keeping her in order,—no sooner did anyone begin to speak seriously to her, than lo! she was out of the window and across the meadows, away, away with the golden hair streaming in the wind, and her silvery laughter echoing behind her. At last the mortals with whom she lived declared they could stand her ways no longer, and Fancy must have a governess. So they engaged a most estimable person called Miss Instruction, and they told her how Fancy was running wild, and that she must be kept well in hand, and taught to behave herself properly. The next day Miss Instruction came with an armful of books and began to give Fancy some lessons, and what do you think she did? She laughed more gaily than ever, and shook her golden locks, and then she pulled the spectacles off Miss Instruction's nose, so that the poor lady could not see what was going on at all, and she threw the lesson-books out of the window, and spilt the ink all over her new copy-book, and stuffed the seam she was to have sewn into the coal-box, and then she

darted through the window herself, and could not be found anywhere.

But when night came a clear sweet voice, which was never a bird's, was heard from the top of the elm tree in the garden, and there was Miss Fancy swinging to and fro on the topmost branch, with a forest of green leaves below her, and all the golden stars above. And as she would not come down, and no one dared climb the tree to fetch her, she stayed out there all night. After this the mortals said that the only thing to do with Fancy was to send her to boarding-school. The school to which she was sent was very different from the one where any of you are likely to go, for what I am telling you about happened a good many years ago, and I am thankful to say there are not many like it existing now. It was kept by two sisters named Miss Fact and Miss Theory, and I am sorry to say that Fancy hated them both very much. They certainly were not very attractive people, for Miss Fact was very bald and angular, and Miss Theory was very narrow and squeezed in, and her features were very pronounced. But the lessons they gave were what Fancy disliked more. The poor child was well under discipline now; there was no opportunity for jumping out of windows or climbing trees, or singing like a bird all through the glorious summer night. She became subdued and sad, and the Fairyland of her infancy, some faint recollection of which had always been present with her before, receded further and further from her mind. Miss Fact's lessons were very dry and hard, but Miss Theory's were almost worse. She took deportment and superintended the gymnasium and some very cruel things were practised there. Her object was to make all the children as narrow as herself, and she actually had a groove into which she used to try and squeeze them. Can you not imagine how horribly it hurt? It was so silly too, was it not, to want to turn all the children out in the same pattern, when they were as different one from the other as a rose from a daisy, or a foxglove from a violet.

For some time everything went on smoothly and Fancy's teachers nodded their heads with satisfaction, and said she was improving wonderfully and would be quite genteel in time, but at last Fancy's conduct broke down and she fell into terrible disgrace. This was not altogether her own fault

however, a boy who had lately come to school as a day-pupil was quite as much to blame, as you will see. The boy's name was Imagination and he, like Fancy, had a fairy origin. This had attracted the two children to each other from the first though they themselves did not know the reason, and Miss Fact and Miss Theory did everything they could to keep them apart. Indeed, they often regretted having admitted Imagination at all, for they did not understand him and thought him a very troublesome pupil.

One night when poor Fancy had just gone up to bed, feeling very miserable, she heard a voice calling her name from outside, and on looking very cautiously through the window, she saw Imagination below. "Come," he said very softly, "come, dear Fancy, and have a dance with me in the forest. The stars are shining and the moon is up, and the fairies are out in their magic rings. Come, Fancy, come."

Could you have resisted such an invitation? Fancy could not. She nodded her head, sending her golden locks over her shoulders in a shower, and the next moment she was out of the window and away with Imagination. He put his strong young arm round her, and she seemed to be lifted from the earth as he bore her along through the sweet night air right into the forest. The moon sent forth a mystic light, and the stars hung like golden lamps in the sky. The birds all awoke, and flooded the forest with song; and from countless nooks and corners the fairies came frisking and frolicking to greet them. Faster and faster they sped, until the whole world seemed transformed. The moon was below them a great golden lake; the stars could be plucked like flowers; the clouds wore white wings, which fanned them as they passed; the bluebells were ringing, ringing; and the wind swept the trees with sweet unearthly music.

How she arrived back at school Fancy never knew; but suddenly the forest and the fairies, and the bright eager face of young Imagination seemed to vanish, and she found herself back in her bedroom with Miss Fact and Miss Theory awaiting her. Can't you imagine how angry they were? It seemed as if they really did not know how they could punish Fancy enough. They shut her up in a dark room all the next day, and they nipped her—it hurt dreadfully, you may be sure—and they squeezed her into the groove more tightly than

ever. But as for Imagination, they expelled him from the school.

Poor Fancy was very unhappy, of course; but now the fairies, who had been watching her all the while, thought it time to interfere. So the next evening when she was sitting alone in the room where she had been shut up as a punishment, a wonderful thing happened. Suddenly a sweet little lady, with the kindest yet cleverest of faces, stood before her. Fancy dried her eyes and gazed at her in amazement, and then the lady laughed such a low musical laugh.

"I see you don't know me yet," she said. "I am your fairy godmother, Mrs. Culture."

I daresay you can picture Fancy's surprise and delight. She had not even known before that she was so lucky as to possess a fairy godmother, and here she was in person.

"Why were you crying?" asked the godmother, and Fancy dried her eyes and told her all about her midnight adventure.

Mrs. Culture did not seem very angry, she even smiled a little; but, at the same time, she told her god-daughter that she had been very naughty.

"You are too young for that sort of thing," she said, "and much, very much, too wild and untidy."

"Too untidy!" echoed Fancy, surprised to find that her godmother should think about dress, for Fancy, I am sorry to say, really never gave a thought to it herself.

"Of course," said Mrs. Culture, "just look at yourself!" She produced a mirror as she spoke. I do not know whether it came out of her pocket, or whether, being a fairy, she had only to wish for it to appear; at any rate, there it was, and Fancy saw herself full length in it. Certainly she was untidy. Her beautiful golden hair was rough and uncombed, and her dress was most peculiar. The bodice was intended to fasten behind, but Fancy finding it easier to do in front had put it on the wrong way about, and with it she wore a skirt, which she had outgrown, and which did not match the bodice; and her shoes were very shabby, and one of her stockings had a great hole in it.

"All that must be altered," said Mrs. Culture, "but now you are to come with me."

"What will Miss Fact and Miss Theory say?" Fancy began to ask, when the door opened, and there they them-

selves appeared. Strange to say when they saw Mrs. Culture they seemed quite frightened of her. Miss Theory tried to puff herself out a little, and Miss Fact began to look for something to put on her head and hide how bald she was, and both of them seemed quite nervous and confused. But something more wonderful still happened, for Mrs. Culture laughed her low laugh, and as she did so both Miss Fact and Miss Theory vanished. Then Mrs. Culture led Fancy to the fairy carriage which was waiting for them outside.

"My horse's name is Higher Education," she said, as she took the reins, "and as he is rather fresh, I prefer to drive him myself." Then she whipped him up, and away they sped to Fairyland. The landscape opened out to Fancy as she went, and she saw shining waters and glowing meadows, and far away long ranges of mountains with snowy peaks which seemed to touch the sky.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Culture, stopping at last. "My child, this is your home."

Then Fancy stepped from the carriage, and, wonderful to relate, the untidy clothes had vanished, and she was robed in graceful shining drapery. And she found herself in a beautiful palace, with great rocks for walls, and soft grass gemmed with beautiful flowers as a carpet, and two people waiting to welcome her. One was her own mother—well, I will tell you her name now, she was dear old mother Nature herself—and she folded her child in her arms, and held her to her great heart. And the other—can you guess, I wonder, who it was? Why, no other than Imagination himself. And while Fancy stood all amazed, he brought a crown of lovely flowers and placed it on her head, and told her how she was herself a fairy and that he was the Prince of Fairyland.

That is the end of my story of Fancy, but she and Imagination did not always stay in Fairyland. They were so sorry for the poor mortals who were taught by Miss Instruction, or Miss Fact and Miss Theory, that they often came back to earth bringing little glimpses of Fairyland with them. Mrs. Culture too often drives there in her fairy carriage, so if you look out you may some day see them all for yourselves.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

Outlines of Field Geology, by Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. This is the fourth edition of Professor Geikie's excellent little work, which, although in clear, legible type and enriched with very many illustrations, is of a convenient size for the field geologist's knapsack. It originally consisted of the substance of some lectures designed for teachers, delivered at South Kensington in illustration of a loan collection of scientific instruments, but the matter was re-written for the second edition, and so much extended as to be then considered almost a new and independent work. The aim was primarily to address that large and rapidly increasing body of readers who have made themselves familiar with the elements of geology through the medium of books, but who find much difficulty in applying this theoretical knowledge to the facts presented to their notice in the field. It is one thing to understand a diagram in a book and another thing to absorb scientific knowledge direct from the quarry, the ravine, the mountain, or the sea-shore. Hints from so eminent a practical geologist as Professor Geikie as to the best methods of search and examination, and as to what should be looked for, must prove of the greatest value, and such hints it is the design of this little book to give. The young geologists must remember, therefore, that it is not meant as a systematic text-book of geology, but "it pre-supposes him to have already read some such text-book," and "to have acquired a general knowledge of the scope of the science." "It is to put him in the way of intelligently observing for himself, rather than to present him with what has already been discovered by others." The illustrations are beautiful, and the book is admirably got up. For the fourth edition the work has again been revised and considerably enlarged, and a number of new illustrations have been added from the author's note-books.

Chapters in Modern Botany, by Professor Patrick Geddes. London: John Murray. This forms one of the latest additions to the valuable series of University Extension Manuals edited by Professor Knight and published by John Murray. We have no doubt it will prove to be one of the very best works in the series, one of the most interesting in itself, and one of the most suggestive as to fruitful lines of study, even beyond the scope of its immediate field of enquiry. The book, as the author tells us, "makes no attempt to condense a survey of its science," and it has, in fact, "grown out of the syllabus and notes of University Extension Lectures, with their necessary limitations." "In matter and form," he says, "its appeal is to the general reader; yet, in method and spirit, to the student also—in some measure even to the teacher. In botany, as in other studies, educational

methods alter with the times. In the Linnæan period the 'best botanist was he who knew the most plants,' however little of each; while a later and still dominant school has founded upon Cuvier a type-system which makes him know much, but of few." Professor Geddes recommends both student and teacher to "begin as they would end, neither with conning an inventory of plant-mummies nor with the tissue-unwrapping of samples of these, but with childlike watching, scene after scene of the actual drama of nature, in which life interacts with life." "It is surely in the measure of our intelligent interest in the play that we notice more and more of the *dramatis personæ*, or have keener scrutiny of each actor in his hour. Hence the plan of this little book, which seeks to lead from small scenes to great."

It will thus be seen that this work is not in any sense a primer of the science of botany, or a systematic introduction to the study. University Extension Lectures do not aim to put the student in possession even of the elements of any science. Such an aim could not possibly be reached in a course of six or twelve lectures. What can be done on the science side is simply to do what Professor Geddes has done in this manual—to turn over, not at random but with definite purpose and forethought, a few leaves of the infinite book of nature, and thereby excite the interest of the student, suggest methods of enquiry, warn him against pitfalls, give him an inkling of scientific laws, and inform him on the literature of the subject, so as to equip him in a serviceable manner to pursue the study for himself.

To achieve these results in reference to the study of botany, we think Professor Geddes' book is admirably fitted. The spirit in which it is written is indicated by its motto from Meredith, beginning—

> For him the woods were a home, and gave the key
> Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.
> The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
> To earth he sought, *and the link of their life with ours.*

Professor Geddes' name is a sufficient guarantee for the scientific quality of the work, and its being in no respect behind the age, while it is also a warranty for interesting, individual, and even brilliant style of treatment.

The Teaching of Geography: Suggestions regarding Principles and Methods for the Use of Teachers, by Sir Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. With a keen sense of the unsatisfactory position of Geography in English educational systems, and by no means sanguine that the difficulties caused by inveterate custom will be easily removed, Professor Geikie, in this work, sets forth the principles and methods which in his view are most likely "to secure to Geography its proper place as an educational discipline." He regards it as a matter of vital moment that Geography should be raised to a place in the school curriculum of this country, similar to that which it holds in Germany; and not only for the sake of its own value as a branch of knowledge, but "because it offers a cure for what he conceives to be 'a radical defect in our educational method,' viz., the want of any effective discipline in habits of observation."

Parents and teachers will find a mine of information in the sixteen chapters of this useful book.

Readings from English History, selected and edited by John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. Macmillan. This is called the School Board edition of these well-chosen selections, in which this distinguished historian has proved how very far from "hard," "dry," and "uninteresting," historical studies may be made for boys and girls. The plan of relieving the tedium of the dry facts of the ordinary school manual by reading to pupils some of the finest passages from the writings of the great historians—such as may be within the comprehension of the young—is obviously a good one, and should be universally followed. The difficulty arising from not having the greater works at hand and but little time for selection is entirely met by the present volume, and certainly no one was more competent for the task of its compilation than John Richard Green.

Songs for Somebody, by Dollie Radford, with designs by Gertrude Bradley, 3*s*. 6*d*. D. Nutt.

Finnish Legends, for English Children, by R. Eivind. Fisher Unwin. Two particularly attractive books for young children. The first is a child's book, somewhat on the Kate Greenaway lines, and like the latter artist's works, it is admirably got up by Arthur Evans. There is much action and expression in the figures and a delightful grace in the pictures, some of which are better than anything we have seen for a long time. What is a great recommendation is the keen sympathy with child-life which they show. In the pretty, quaint verses we notice echoes from Robert Louis Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, echoes which we are very glad to hear.

The Legends from Finnland contained in the new volume of Unwin's Children's Library opens out a new field in which young folk can find all manner of marvels. These fairy stories are taken from the Kalevala, the epic of the Finnish people. All children who delight in Grimm will welcome this new collection. But these are something more than fairy tales. They have the peculiar charm and interest that attach to the early legends of a people, disclosing, as they do, how a race in its childhood thinks large, vague, and often beautiful thoughts, just as does the individual child. The earlier legends in the book appear to belong to an earlier epoch, and are by far the most interesting and graphic.

We have received from Messrs. Hetzel & Co., Paris, two volumes by Ernest Legouvé, under the general title of Les Pères et les Enfants au XIXe Siècle—*Enfance et Adolescence* and *La Jeunesse*. The former has reached its eighteenth edition and the latter its fifteenth, a sufficient indication of the favourable reception of the works in France. We must postpone a detailed notice of their contents for the present.

A member writes:—"I have not seen in the *Parents' Review* any notice of 'Little Peter,' by Lucas Malet, one of the most beautiful books for children that I have ever read. Another charming story is 'Master Bartlemy' in the 'Dainty Series.' During my children's last holidays I read them Stanley Weyman's historical novel, 'The story of Francis Cludde;' girls and boys enjoyed it equally. None of these books are quite new, but have been published within the last four or five years."

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—We have had the very great pleasure of Mr. Rooper's second inspection. We have not, this month, space to publish his most valuable report but give the opening and closing paragraphs.

"On Saturday, the 4th of November, 1893, I visited the House of Education at Ambleside, for the second time. Since my first visit in November, 1892, the establishment has prospered and increased. . . . . .

"In concluding my report for the year 1893, I am anxious to lay stress on the very favourable opinion which I have formed of the work which Miss Mason has initiated. The training which is given in the House of Education is a new departure in education, and will make it possible for parents who are anxious to educate their children at home, to combine with Home Education many of the advantages which, hitherto, have been only obtainable by sending them to school. Judging from the lessons which I witnessed, I cannot doubt that the students are thoroughly in earnest, and will carry out with success the principles which they have learnt at the House of Education."

House of Education Naturalist Club.—Will all the members of the club kindly forward their Note Books to Herbert Geldart, Esq., Grove Road, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, for examination on January 15th, 1894.

Fésole Club.—For January, as already announced, the subject is "Dogs." Next month, February, in which, as the closing month of the club year, members compete for a prize, the subject is left open in order that each member may choose the most convenient style and subject. The competition drawings must be *bonâ fide* the member's own unaided work from nature; and they must be sent in before the end of February, 1894.

After which, if the club continues in existence, it is proposed to go through a course of Figures. In the first half of this year we shall study Figures in Landscape, and when the summer sketching season is over, by the end of next winter's course, to produce a portrait in water colour.

Mothers' Education Course and Parents' Review School.—We hope in our next issue to report shortly upon the examination papers both of mothers and children.

Parents' Review.—Contributions (always welcome) should reach the Editor by the first of the month. They may be addressed either c/o Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, W.C., or to The House of Education, Ambleside. Among the many causes of thankfulness which the retrospect of P.N.E.U. work in the past year brings to us, not the least is the raising up of a school of workers on our own lines. Parents who, upon the foundation of P.N.E.U. principles, build practical teachings drawn from their own experience, and wise lookers-on who come to the help of parents. We invite others to join in this good work, whether in way of writing in the *Parents' Review* or addressing our Branch meetings. The more vigorous and numerous our Branches become the more need we have of speakers to enforce it.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—There is one point I should like to say a few words about in answer to the letter from "Mary" in the November number. It is, that whatever the money allowance of the children may be, they should be taught from their earliest days to act on the Bible principle that the tenth part does not belong to them, but to the Treasury of God. At the same time the child should be allowed the intense pleasure of deciding how, and to what, this portion of his money should be given. The choosing and deciding is in itself an excellent education in the responsibility of the possession of money.

It may seem a small matter, but I venture to suggest that it is a most important one. There is little exaggeration in saying that at least a fourth, and often the most valuable fourth, of the energy and power available for all forms of good work, has to be entirely devoted to raising means for carrying that work on, and is therefore itself lost as a direct means for good I speak from some years of experience, and other workers will bear me out in saying, that it is sad to know how often the services of the most valuable worker in any work have to be entirely lost to that work, because they must be given to the weary task of obtaining the means of carrying it on. If the wealth of England paid its tenth, dividing it as each person saw best, among Missions, Home and Foreign, Churches, Schools, Hospitals, Orphanages, Rescue work, the Church Army, Deaconesses and Sisterhoods, the results would be immense. All need for begging, advertising and appealing would be over, an army of workers would be set free to do direct work, and oh, the relief from constant worrying anxiety that would be given to the very best among them.

The pressure for the support of all good work will become probably not less but greater in the future, would it not be a most practical and righteous part of the Parents' Union to prepare the next generation to meet the strain?

The point I lay stress on is that the children should be trained to give of *their own money*. I know many children have a coin given to them by their parents, perhaps at the last moment, to put into the offertory on Sunday, but this does not train the child to give in the least—his own money remains intact, and when this raven-like supply ceases naturally the act of putting into the offertory ceases too. It was parrot-like, and if it had any effect at all upon the child I am afraid it must have been to give him the same impression of what charity meant, that a Northamptonshire child once described as, "Please m'm, it means giving away what you doesn't want yourself."

If this Sunday coin were added instead to the weekly allowance, and the child taught that a certain part of this weekly sum did not belong to him selfishly, but that it did belong to him as a trustee for the Great Giver, to decide where it was to be given, I believe the results in a few years would be great. Like most other good results, it will need a certain wise hardening of the heart on the parent's side, when the little wishful face begs so much for the particular idol of the moment, which cannot be had without the whole allowance for the week. But it is just at that moment that the whole value of the principle is at stake. If the tithe is only to be taken from the weekly allowance, when it can be done minus self-sacrifice, then we come back again to my honest Northamptonshire child, who called a spade a spade.

Hoping that you will forgive this very long letter,—Yours faithfully,

L. K. B.

I can highly recommend a Sunday game, price 1*s.* 6*d.* It is called "Bible Stars," published by Miss Langley, Lovejoy's Library, Reading. It consists of finding references, and is so arranged that younger or older students of the Bible can enjoy it.

Also, I have found the problem of leaning back at lessons greatly helped by Back Rests—strong, padded—high enough for the head to rest against; sold by Mrs. Vallancey, Rosliston Vicarage, Burton-on-Trent, prices 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.*

Also, *Coloured* Black-board Chalk, most useful for teaching Geography, Botany, and Grammar.

In return for these hints I want specimens of Brush Drawing Designs, and *practical* help to carry out Gouin's method with French.

M. L. HART DAVIS,
Dunsden Vicarage, Reading.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am glad you are inviting discussion on the sort of religious teaching given to children on week days. I began regular lessons with my boy when he was six years old, and our first lesson was daily from the Bible. One day he surprised me by the question, "Mother, how many Gods are there?"

I told him of God the Father, who had made him; God the Son, who had died for him; God the Holy Ghost, who makes him holy—three, yet one, the Blessed Trinity.

I shall never forget that lesson, his interest was so delightful, and I remember hastening to tell my husband how, without intending it, I had been led to teach the child the doctrine of the Trinity.

Since then I have noticed my other children, and have come to the conclusion that their minds require, and are able to accept, a *definite statement of doctrine.* For instance, after reading the *story* of our Lord's Baptism, where the Three Persons of the Trinity are described as present, I should definitely teach the doctrine of the Trinity in the simplest

creed, telling the child of his own baptism when, according to our Lord's command, he was baptised in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Just as in arithmetic, I teach concrete adding of beans and coins—that is like the *story*—and also the multiplication table, the formula—that is like the *doctrine*, the *Creed*.

Guyan writes, "All the acts of life, both the most insignificant and the most important, are classed in the child's mind, rigorously defined according to a unique formula, without its clearly distinguishing between the *reason* and the *form*."

I should like to sign myself "A mother who thinks it her highest privilege and happiness to teach her children, and who gains much help from the *Parents' Review*."

DEAR EDITOR,—Your magazine is a great help to me; for every year makes me more conscious of the responsibilities which the parents have in bringing up the treasures God in His goodness sends them. The notices of books have been most helpful to me. Can you or your readers tell me where I can find a poem that begins—

William the First for his valor well known
By the battle of Hastings ascended the throne.
His acts were all made in the Norman tongue,
And at eight every evening the Curfew was rung;
At which every subject by royal desire
Extinguished his candle and put out his fire.

I only once came across it, but I think it would be a capital help to history lessons for children.

BLUEBELL.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have tried in vain to get either Vol. I. or III. of *Parents' Review*. Our bookseller tells me both are out of print, and as I am very anxious to have the complete work, I am now writing to ask if you *could* insert a notice in *Parents' Review*, asking if any reader could let me have the books either bound or in parts. Of course I should be willing to give a fair price for them. Address: Mrs. Malcomson, Mayfield, Portlaw, Co. Waterford, Ireland.

[Want of space compels us to postpone several interesting letters.]

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Chairman of Committee: Dr. A. T. Schofield. *Vice-Chairman:* A. C. P. Coote, Esq. *Treasurer:* James Gordon, Esq., Bradford Old Bank. *Hon. Sec.:* Miss C. M. Mason, House of Education, Ambleside. *Hon. Org. Sec.:* Henry Perrin, Esq., 8, Carlton Hill, London, N.W. *Asst. Sec.:* Miss Borthwick.—The objects of the Society are, briefly, to assist parents of all classes to understand the best principles and methods of Education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character, and to afford to Parents opportunities for Co-operation and Consultation, so that the wisdom and experience of each may be made profitable for all.—Pamphlets, giving full particulars of the work of the Union, and the *Parents' Review* (6*d.* monthly), the organ of the Society, may be obtained from the Hon. Org. Sec., to whom all subscriptions and communications should be sent.

BELGRAVIA BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* The Lady Isabel Margesson, 63, St. George's Road, S.W.

HAMPSTEAD BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Braidwood, 2, Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.—A public meeting of this branch was held at the South Hampstead High School, by the kind permission of the Council. Professor Sully took the chair. Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D. Sc., read a paper upon Children's Books, dealing with the story-books that children read, and advising what books, or kind of books, to provide for children at different stages of their development. She said that first of all fairy stories and folk lore are read eagerly, and they form an important part in the child's education, especially the antique heroic romances. They read next, books of adventure and travel, amongst which "Robinson Crusoe" takes a first place. Later on children read with pleasure historical romances and stories of everyday life. In forming a library for children she pointed to the importance of having a reason for choosing each book. Professor Sully spoke of the difficulty of interesting children in the right kind of literature, and advocated reading aloud in the family circle. Miss Anna Buckland spoke strongly in favour of the old-fashioned fairy stories, showing how each story is grouped round some inner truth. A discussion followed in which Mr. Darton, Mrs. Bloxam, and others took part. About 150 members and friends were present.

STREATHAM BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Leigham Court Road, S.W.—Nov. 29th. At Miss Wallis' lecture on "Children's Home Work," the chair was taken by A. H. Tubby, Esq., M.B., M.S., instead of by Rev. J. H. Mallinson, as reported in our last issue.

A course of "Chatson Home Nursing," to ladies, by Miss Florence Hewett, has been most successful, the attendance averaging between 30 and 40.

WOODFORD AND WANSTEAD BRANCH.—*Hon Sec.:* Mrs. Spedding Curwen, Bywell, South Woodford.—Dec. 6th. A meeting was held on the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Hills, attended by about 50 members and friends, when a paper was read by Mrs. Spencer Curwen on "How to make Music interesting to Children," with illustrations by three small pianists. Rev. G. B. Doughty in the chair.

In connection with this branch prizes have been awarded in the Natural History Competition to A. and D. Pelly, Ethel Sharp, K., E. and R. Curwen and Archie Keith. Fourteen collections were sent in, and kindly judged by Frank Barclay, Esq.

READING BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.*, Wm. Salmon, Esq., 56, London Street. The Annual General Meeting was held November 18th, when in spite of the inclement weather a good number of members and friends were present. The Reports show a steady increase in the number of members (now 74), a balance in hand of £4 10*s.* 5*d.* (a portion of which will be devoted to purchasing books for the Library), and an increased interest in the work of the Union. The next meeting is arranged for January 12th, when Miss Barnett is expected to lecture on "Children's Food, and its influence on mind and body."

BRIGHTON BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.*, Mrs. Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint. November 15th. An influentially attended meeting was held at Abniger House, the residence of G. W. E. Loder, Esq., M.P. and Lady Louise Loder, as the formal inauguration of this branch, which has, however, been at work through the summer as the Sussex Junior Archæological Society. The chair was taken by the Rev. Canon Waugh, supported by Dr. Schofield, Mrs. Hart-Davis, and the Lady Isabel Margesson, who gave spirited and interesting addresses on the work of the Union. A number of members joined. Six lectures have already been arranged, the first of which will be delivered in February, by Miss Helen Webb, M.B., on "Nursery Hygiene."

EASTBOURNE BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Butt. Ingleside, Selwyn Road.—Nov. 21st. This branch has been very successfully inaugurated at a meeting held in the Town Hall by the kind invitation of Mrs. Ottley, when an exceedingly interesting and instructive lecture on the work of the Union was given by Dr. Schofield, followed by an address by the Lady Isabel Margesson. The chair was taken by the Vicar of Eastbourne (Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley), and 40 members were enrolled. Arrangements are being made to begin the session with a public lecture in January.

HASTINGS BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Venables, St. Bernard's Lodge, St. Leonard's.—Nov. 14. At very short notice a meeting was held here, when an address was delivered by Mrs. Hart Davis. Twelve members joined at once, and arrangements are being made for the prosecution of active work.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH.—*Hon Secs.:* Mrs. Newton Coombe, Brocco Bank, and Miss Walmsley, The High School.—On January 12th, an address will be delivered by the Hon. and Rev. A. Lyttleton, on "The True Meaning of Education."

LEEDS BRANCH,—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. John Barran, Weetwood.—The second lecture of the session was given on November 24th, when Mrs. Miall read a paper on "Stupidity." She divided her subject into two parts, "Natural and Induced Stupidity," but confined her remarks to the former only. "Stupidity," she said, was a much misused term, and often applied to children who were *really* suffering from delicate health, impeded mental development, hereditary weakness, defective sight, defective hearing, or a bad memory. In some cases, too, parents were to be blamed for the dullness of their children in their want of attention to the simple rules of health, such as sufficient rest, healthy recreation and wholesome food. Such cases as these needed only simple common-sense remedies—fresh air for the weakly child, the oculists' advice for the short-sighted one, and so forth. For the *really* stupid child—which, though she had never met with one, she doubted not did exist—she advised plenty of fresh air, congenial work, praise, wherever and whenever it could conscientiously be given, and never allowing the child to know by any means that it was *thought stupid.* "No child," she said "is responsible for its stupidity any more than it is responsible for any other physical weakness. And as there are special methods employed for the training of the deaf and the blind, so there should be special methods adopted in the education of the "stupid." About forty members were present who greatly appreciated the interesting and practical address.

KENDAL BRANCH.—*Hon Sec.:* Colin Somervell, Esq.

Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send to Mr. Perrin without delay reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, written on one side of the paper only, also 20 *copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

THE

PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline of life."

TAKING COUNSEL.

"AND do you really think that these thoughts should begin so early?"

"Indeed, I do; I only wish that when people are about to marry, that they would give one thought beyond either their love-making or the worldly advantages that their marriage may bring with it! But the possibility of becoming fathers and mothers is altogether left out of their calculations. I suppose they would consider such thoughts indelicate, and so they go blindfold into untold responsibilities, and for the most part utterly unprepared for them. And this is more the fault of their parents than of themselves, I take it."

"I suspect that when they undertake these responsibilities the young people's training, such as it is, is already completed. As they were trained, so will they train. The inference, of course is, that in training our children we at the same time indirectly train our children's children. Well, let us hear what preparation it is possible to make for this future work. We are to begin, I suppose, with precept?"

"Yes, and by example. But once at man's estate our sons must and will think and act for themselves. No man of character will tolerate dictation in his choice of a wife even from those he loves best. But when he marries, I think a man should, so far as is possible, take his bird out of a good

nest. If you buy a horse or a dog of value, you first inquire as to its breeding. Qualities in animals are transmitted to their young, and hence we have high-couraged horses and good or bad tempered dogs, to say nothing of those physical qualities, good or bad, the elimination or transmission of which render the breeding of animals a science. Is it not obvious that when possible, the human animal should choose a mate from a family at once pure in constitution and morals? Some will say, where shall we find such families? Surely, not so very difficult. To begin with, the best regulated families have usually the best health and often the greatest beauty; sickly constitutions, alas! bearing sad witness to the follies or vices of our ancestors."

"Oh! but surely it is expecting too much that a man should think of that. And as for moral weakness being transmitted, I don't believe in all the talk about that. . . ."

"God forbid that I should infer that members of a so-called 'delicate family' need be otherwise than good, innocent, and pure; but where the case is one of *les meurs* of a family being otherwise than of a good report, a man is, I think, bound to run no risk of importing into his family a taint, which sometimes leaves its mark upon more than one generation. There is no doubt that a race of strong healthful moral beings provides the material most fitted for the *rôle* of husband, wife, or parent, as the case may be. Mercifully, the Law of Natural Selection induces in man a preference for what is fresh, clean, and healthy, and many a rosy empty-headed little maiden will find a mate, while her less robust, though perhaps more interesting sisters, remain unwooed."

"Yes; that is true. Nature helps us! But where is the man or girl who will do otherwise than please his or her taste or ambition? It seems to me that you are advocating *mariages de convenance*."

"Not at all! But surely it is not too much to ask that, in choosing his wife, a man should remember that at the outset he bestows a good or evil heritage upon his future children as the outcome of that choice. If he marries only to satisfy an ephemeral fancy, and where the object is not worthy of either reverence or esteem, or if his choice be made on the grounds of worldly advantage only, he at the same time forfeits for himself that happiness which is within the reach of

most men, and also imperils the perfect harmony of that family life in which his children will take their part, and which can only exist where God's good gift of pure love hallows every detail and circumstance. Of course, these principles apply equally to the woman, for she, too, can choose well or ill."

"Yes, yes! Now let us hear what the girl ought to do? I am sure you can't expect her to think about her future children."

"That is a broad way of putting it. No doubt there are girls who's purity is indistinguishable from an ignorance such as but few men can credit; but this exists, I think, only in that class where the home is surrounded and shielded from a too early knowledge of life and its mysteries, and is after all but the prolonging of that innocence of childhood, which, sooner or later, must open its mind to the solution of the problems of nature around it. But when you think of it, unless your girl is strangely stupid, she knows well enough the responsibilities that succeed marriage. All do. She will choose well enough if her training has been wise. If her mother sets her the bright example of what a wife and mother should be—if she sees in her father the good husband and wise parent, and she has been brought up in an atmosphere of love and harmony, she will have formed her own ideal. First aid her to form this ideal, and she will try and realise it by choosing her husband well. She will give love only where honour and respect can go hand in hand, and then her marriage will be happy, and the fate of her children assured. No, no! *Mariages de convenance* mean with us in England *mariages à la mode*, and we have all seen and hate these."

"Yes; it is horrible to think what some mothers are made of! Those whose ambition is to marry their daughters well, as they call it! Marriage is purely a matter of £ s. d. with such mothers as these. Shylocks they are, and heaven defend us from female Shylocks! But a merciful Providence still makes 'marriages in heaven,' and it is not only the good mothers whose daughters often marry happily."

"Yes, truly, love is a divine gift straight from heaven. But this invective of yours against female Shylocks is a digression; we are dealing with the training of girls whom we wish to see choose well and wisely."

"And the question I take it, is, are we to break the ice of reserve, or to maintain it?"

"It is a very difficult question I admit. Love and marriage are delicate plants. I have known much happiness marred or imperilled by an injudicious word. I should say that where a drama is being enacted, which we hope to see brought to a happy conclusion, that the reserve should be intact. No word should break the spell, no action mar the working out of the mutual understanding, and the development of the heaven-born gift of Love. And this holds good, I think, in the case of both sexes."

"How romantic you are! Do you really think there is so much poetry in the love-making of the nineteenth century? But proceed. How about the other side? suppose the elders disapprove—that the girl is drifting into——"

"Yes! yes! Then I say, speak at once and speak plainly, and don't put it off too long. If you have trained your girl well and she loves you, she will defer to your judgment: the tinsel will no longer seem gold, the glamour (if there is any) will disappear. If it is needful, owing to inexpediency (poverty or the like), that she should guard her heart, her duty, and her deference to your knowledge of the world will help her; only for mercy's sake speak in time, and save her pain."

"After all, it could often be done without such an ado. Tact would teach one what to say. A little seed of warning will take root in the well tilled soil of a good girl's mind. Then your precepts would bear fruit, eh? Yes, I think there is much to be said for these theories, although at first sight it seems much against the grain to train for what may never be called into action. Think of the scores of girls who never marry."

"That's true enough, but the training will not be wasted. It will fit the girl for any life of usefulness; and, thank heaven, the careers of women are enlarged in these days, and the 'old maid" is a creature of the past.'

"Well! we have now our model young man, who has chosen and been accepted by a good healthy young woman of a respectable family, and they embark on a well considered and very desirable matrimonial alliance. What next?"

"Add, that the mutual choice is inspired by a pure, disinterested affection, that each is taking the other for weel or

woe, and is by his or her early training fitted and prepared, not only for the happiness but the responsibilities of married life.

Well go on. Once married, our couple will to a great extent be wise or foolish parents, according to their own bringing up?"

"No doubt. The young mother will, in dealing with her little ones, in most cases cast her mind back to her own treatment as a child, and before she gains a personal experience, her own children will probably be treated in the same way as she was herself. Unless, indeed, she or her husband have had to suffer from an extreme of either strictness or indulgence, in which case a violent reaction on opposite lines will probably be the result."

"But it takes a long time to learn all the lessons of a parent's life. Some begin full of zeal with their elder children, taking immense pains at first. But have you not noticed how in some cases, where perchance there is a large family (and in consequence a great increase in 'things to do'), that the parents seem to get weary and discouraged, as one child after another presents itself, claiming individual attention? Their efforts seem exhausted, and the younger children are left more or less to 'take their chance!' Fortunately for these, their elder brothers and sisters will probably educate them in 'living and letting live' in the well known way that makes people say, that members of large families are best calculated to make their own and the lives of others happy; *their corners having been rubbed off.*"

"Quite true, and did it ever occur to you that the squabbles amongst brothers and sisters—the sound thumps administered to the selfish or greedy ones—the quizzing of the vain or conceited, form the moral pumice-stone that polishes and rubs down those sharp corners, and that produce the fine and unselfish characters? And yet people shake their heads sadly over this so called dog-and-cat fighting in families. Control it by all means, look serious over it, but I think there is no need to take it much to heart, provided it is properly kept in check."

"Yes, and provided the children *au fond*—love each other. Then to resume. Other parents in their youth, inexperience or pressing occupations, whether of pleasure or of duty, concern themselves but little with their elder children, who

are left too much to the training of others. It is not unusual that results awaken in these parents the necessity of a closer care in the case of their younger children who profit thereby, but in the meantime the elder ones have suffered. I think that the amount that parents are able to do, must to a great extent depend upon the circumstances of their lives. But where these will permit of a nursery or schoolroom life, the mother will then bring a freshness and interest to her intercourse with the children that will greatly add to the effect of her training. Provided that parents choose carefully those to whom they commit the charge of their children—(and Ambleside, by the way, is doing much to make this easy), I have no sympathy with those people who think that the unfortunate mothers should devote their whole time and attention to the care of their children, bodily and mentally. I think these dogmatic expressions of opinion (at any rate with regard to the care of infants) usually emanate from those of the male sex, who would be the first to complain loudly if they were called upon to sacrifice any of their own comfort or convenience to the carrying out of a theory. Such men fail to realise that women require rest and relaxation, and that in their case, as well as their own, a large amount of 'Child Society' is a very great strain."

"I am glad to hear you say that. But is it not a merciful provision of nature that there exist women, who seem specially endowed with such a physical love of other people's children as enables them to bestow on them all a mother's care and devotion? But let us hear now about the little ones and their ways!"

"Where the little minds are eager and receptive they will tax the knowledge and experience of those with whom they live. Questions are a bore to many people, and one often hears of the consternation caused by children's extraordinary questions. Of course, if parents neither know about nor care for the various subjects that give rise to these questions, they are naturally a bore and an embarrassment; but some children's questions evince such originality and freshness of thought that one may learn many a lesson from the ideas they may give rise to, and the pleasure one receives in the children's receptive interest in what one can tell them is very great. I, of course, here do not include those impertinent

questions asked by some children, usually *apropos* to the peculiarities of people with whom they come in contact. Such questions as these should be rigorously suppressed, and *never* laughed at; but those thoughts which spring from their observation of natural phenomena, or from an eager desire to "know," deserve as great a care and consideration in the replies given, as the person questioned is able to bestow. I have found that these kind of conversations usually take place when walking in the country, sitting under trees, and sometimes standing under the stars. Another valuable training for children and young people is the habit of listening to and taking part in conversation. By conversation I do not include that trivial talk which discusses our neighbours and their sayings and doings, nor yet the weather, nor the fashions of the day. But I take for granted that where there is a desire for the children's good, morally and intellectually, interests and tastes already exist in their elders that should make the subjects of their conversation interesting and improving. How is it that the talk at meal times is so often trivial or worldly, or at best about the food being partaken of? Are people afraid that using their brains will impair their digestions? There is no need to solve problems, but the tedium of a long sitting at table is altogether obviated if the conversation is at once lively and interesting. In it all should take part: a single 'wet blanket' damps the whole circle."

"Then you do not think that this 'give-and-take' talk is apt to make the young ones argumentative?"

"No, not if properly controlled. I think that when it is not out of their depth, or if strangers are not present, that the young ones should be encouraged to take part in the conversation; this will teach them to try their wings, and putting thought into words is a valuable training. Nothing can be more delightful than the bright sparkling talk and fun round the dinner table of certain families where there is no *mauvaise honte*, no ill nature, no jeering at sometime "intelligent ignorances," if I may so call them. I have heard wit from the lips of little schoolroom girls that would hardly disgrace a Sydney Smith. But all this demands a freshness of heart and mind in the parents that will enable them to both lead and take part in both the serious and merry

talk; and those parents who can both unbend and enjoy this happy intercourse are those who will obtain the boundless love and loyal devotion of their children. In such an *intérieure* was it my fate to spend my young life! At the same time it must be always borne in mind that this general conversation should not be tolerated when guests are present, or where discussions or arguments are going on, during which the elders must be listened to, not interrupted. But you asked me some time ago if I had ever noticed how often now-a-days the relations between mothers and grown-up daughters were strained,—how they lost touch with one another. One certainly sometimes sees this a cause of unhappiness. I should think in most cases that there are faults on both sides. While the daughter, perhaps, is wilful, the mother sometimes forgets that her daughter *is* grown up, and were she married would be independent. Her tastes and interests are probably formed, and if not wisely, perhaps that is her mother's fault. Unless the grown-up girl feels herself of use to her mother, and unless the mother is in sympathy with these tastes and interests, is it to be wondered at, if the girl should go her own way? or at any rate that she should fret if not allowed to do so? Occupation is one of the great happinesses of life. A taste for reading, a love of nature and art, or of music,—these will make the home life happy to the girl; and if at the same time she can open out for herself some occupation of usefulness to others, so that she feels herself of value in the world, she will be contented instead of restless, and will not fret if no chance of a home of her own should come in her way."

"At this age you would drive with a very light rein, would you not?"

"Undoubtedly. A judicious freedom should be given to our children I think, once that they are old enough not to misuse their liberty. Having been well trained, they should now be encouraged to continue that training themselves. Let there be no onerous rules, no vexatious restraints, but, in things essential, let there be a clear understanding as to what may, or may not be done, and for the rest let them be free in the spending of the time that is their own, and in the formation of interests and occupations. In this way, if the early training has been wise and the mother possesses the love and con-

fidence of the children, she will probably find in them a willing obedience, and in the case of the grown up daughter, the 'right hand' that is so great a help and comfort in the wear and tear of life."

"Well, you have thought it all out, certainly, and yours is the wisdom of experience."

"I have only a few words more to add and I have done. Let us not expect too much from our young ones. They are not hot house plants; they must not be forced too early either mentally or spiritually. Our blessed Lord Himself was content to *grow* 'in wisdom and stature.' A slow and steady development in both mind and body, of intellect and moral order, is both wholesome and natural. Do not let us be discouraged if we miss in our children that devotion in things spiritual that we would fain see in them. The laws which govern the gradual development of the natural objects around us, equally hold good in the development of heart and mind. A precociousness in the religious life is as likely to be ephemeral as the too rapid growth of the body, or of the mental capacity, is likely to be exhausting to the strength. The happy unconscious simplicity of childhood and youth, as yet unstirred by any deep emotion, is doubtless that condition most pleasing to God in His children. Bye and bye 'the fruit will ripen when summer is come.' Is all this of too high an ideal? I think not. In the work that God has called upon parents to perform He will be content if we do our best. We have but to lay the foundations of a goodly building—the pinnacles will be finished in heaven."

HISTORY:

Teaching Practically Considered.

Setting aside theoretical considerations the problem before us is a very practical one—how history can best be taught. Perhaps the first condition of all teaching, from the point of view of scientific method, is that it should be suited to the years and intellectual development of the learner; and closely connected with this condition, that it should thoroughly arouse the interest and attention of the pupil. Keeping these considerations in view we shall probably find it convenient to approach the subject of method concretely, by separating our enquiry into three divisions, corresponding to three stages of intelligence, graduated according to the age and mental capabilities of the pupils to be taught. The first stage will commence with children of a very early age—say from three years on to seven or eight.

Stage I.

As in our review (in last month's paper) of the origin of history, it has been pointed out that in its beginning there was a notable absence of any system; so in our earliest teaching of very young children the same characteristic will be reproduced: system in the meantime shall be entirely ignored. In this stage, story—personal, historic, legendary story—will form the substance of our teaching. It is a phenomenon that must have fallen under the notice of all who have the happiness of being brought into close relations with young children, that their idea of time is a very narrow one; that hardly even with the utmost difficulty can they be brought to grasp the distinction of time recent and remote. Time is a conception, whose development is matured but slowly: perhaps it is even the latest condition of existence to be fully grasped by the human intellect; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that any complete idea of time should be

entirely beyond the apprehension of a child of tender years. Systematic time relations then—at least relations more definite than the familiar "a long time ago," "when I was young," and similar phrases—may, for the most part, be wisely left out of account in the earliest teaching of little children. We shall then, in the main, direct our efforts to store the mind with a wealth of vivid impressions of times, places, and customs varying from our own. The ideal form of our earliest teaching of history is the fairy tale. The vividness, the imaginative grasp, the freedom of detail, the contrast of the strange and the familiar—these arouse the interest, these stir the imagination, these enchain the memory. This power of fervent impression should be the earnestly coveted possession of every teacher, but it must be sought, not in the laboriousness of comment and explanatory remark, but in minute and direct appeal to the activity of the imagination. Another object to be aimed at, and one not of less importance, is to arouse an enthusiastic sympathy with the heroic deeds of old. To touch the springs of that heroic impulse which finds vent in action is, perhaps, not given to every teacher: heroism awakes heroism; the heroic is the ideal; the ideal teacher is the hero.

Further—as to mechanical methods—pictures should be freely used. In children the impressions of the eye are specially capable of assisting largely the impressions of the ear; while at the same time the imagination is more active and keener edged than the dulled faculty of later life, and therefore more ready to accept a rude, and what to us might seem an inadequate, pictorial representation. Pictorial representations illustrative of history are plentiful, yet it is, perhaps, by no means easy to lay our hands at the time we want it upon the picture of the right sort. In our choice, expression, even though crude and rugged, is more to be sought than technical skill or *vraisemblance* of historic detail; suggestion should be sought rather than realisation, force rather than technique.

The stories themselves might preferably be culled from the Bible, from the history and heroic tales of Greece and Rome, from the history and legends of our own land, and especially those of our own neighbourhood, where each incident may be illustrated on the spot where it occurred. In addition to

these, narratives however simple, of our own experience and of events connected with our own family history, would be exceedingly useful. And here again it may be impressed that in all these narrations imagination should not be too severely bridled, and that pedantic accuracy of detail should not be insisted on in preference to vividness of suggestion.

Stage II.

Children, when they have attained the age of, say, eight or nine years, have reached a stage of intellectual development at which a more systematic method of teaching may profitably be introduced. With a longer experience of life they will naturally have expanded somewhat those conceptions of time which we have seen at an earlier age to be so limited; and it is now fitting that we should endeavour still further to develop these conceptions,—to give them definiteness, and to impart to them, in some degree at least, the qualities of a concrete reality. In the natural order of historical classification we have seen that time is the first element to claim our attention, and it will well repay us to be somewhat lavish of time and trouble, if thereby we may ensure that an adequate conception of time should be thoroughly impressed upon the learner. Our knowledge of time proceeds not from the past into the future, but the present is our starting point—time as directly known to us proceeds from the present into the past. To attain a standing ground in the past, it is necessary, by repeated acts of the imagination, to work arduously backward from the present, till a secure pathway has been trodden out, and safe landmarks and finger-posts erected. Our logical method of procedure then will be to initiate thus our chronological study of history, and to this end probably no plan will be found more convenient and effective than (in home teaching at least) to make use of the family history as our earliest basis.* For this purpose a history chart will be found exceedingly useful.

In forming such a chart a large sheet of blue ruled paper will provide us with an excellent frame-work. Each space

* See a valuable paper on "The Teaching of Chronology," by Miss Dorothea Beale, in *Parents' Review*, April, 1891, where such a system is wrought out in detail.

between the ruled lines might be taken to represent three months' time, so that four spaces will stand for a whole year. The three month space might be (without any need for subsidiary ruling of lines) divided into months by the eye alone—a mark near the edge-lines representing the first and third month of the quarter respectively, while a mark in the middle should clearly define the second month. This arrangement will prove quite distinct, and may be deciphered with facility, indeed perhaps more easily than with the aid of additional lines. At the completion of each year the line should be thickened; at the end of five years still further thickened; while at ten years a double line should be drawn. The eye can now, with a very little practice, distinguish at a glance the individual months and years. The various notable family events, such as births, holidays spent from home, brothers going to school, &c., should now be set down upon the chart in the proper month of the year, and to some extent classified —as, for instance, birthdays should be entered upon one horizontal level and holidays upon another. The most recent events should first be set down, and the earlier added in succession. When this has been carried backwards for several years the time has arrived for entering events of public importance, such as royal marriages, the jubilee, wars, the death of eminent personages, &c.; these events might be entered in a separate horizontal space. Each child, simultaneously, should draw out such a chart for himself, an operation he will probably find not only interesting, but also well within his powers to accomplish; allow him to suggest for himself, if possible, the facts to be noticed—and surely this should not be a difficult matter as his attention may easily be recalled, indirectly, to appropriate events within his own recollection.

The child has now created his own history chart; he has thoroughly grasped the germ idea of historical times. It will, however, be wise not yet to leave the method of progression from the present to the past. A second chart, on a much more contracted scale, allowing perhaps a single space for not less than ten years, should be drawn out. Interesting and characteristic events belonging to the centuries in order, and to various lands, should form the subject of a series of graphic and vivid word-pictures, and when clearly grasped

and familiar to the pupil's mind, each should be carefully entered in its proper place upon the chart, thus gradually leading back the mind to the earliest times of the Christian era and beyond. This process accomplished, the second stage in historical teaching has been completed.

Stage III.

Having now fairly made our entrance into the field of history—viewed as from some mountain-top the flowing stream of human life as it courses through the ages—at length it behoves us to become acquainted at close quarters with those various phases of man's existence of which the records of the past preserve the memorials. The question at once arises, at what period or periods are our researches to begin? First then, it will, perhaps, be wise to select as our starting point not one period, but several. Bible history of the Old Testament and the New, both will be held essential as the fountainhead of modern ethics and an important element in our own literature. Greek history, as embodying the earliest and perhaps most striking example of western civilization, will not be omitted. The history of Rome, as mother politically of the nations of modern Europe, will hardly be thrown aside, while the history of our own land should of all others be studied most intimately, not only in satisfaction of the rightful instincts of patriotism, but also as necessary to the citizen who would justly fill his position in the commonwealth. And further still, it is also needful that the history of the great European and world movements—as every such movement has profoundly affected our surroundings of to-day—should be familiar to us, though, perhaps, in some less intimate degree. The field is a large one; it can be by any one but imperfectly surveyed, and for most of us our scanty gleanings can afford but meagre samples of an abundant harvest.

We shall probably be adopting the wisest course, then, should we decide upon making our approaches upon the promised land of history simultaneously from several points of attack.

It is to be understood that we have already provided ourselves with a condensed chart representing the 3,000 years of history, during which the stream, which has now become

the river of modern history, may be traced with some degree of definiteness towards its earliest sources. Such a chart might easily be condensed to such an extent as to be made conveniently visible as a whole, say within the compass of at most a yard in length. On such a scale periods of ten years can be distinctly differentiated, while definite years may be clearly distinguished when necessary by the addition of one or two numerals. The facts recorded should be few, selected with care—key facts to the history of the time in which they occur, selected also in a catholic spirit, to represent, without bias, the real historical weight of the various political forces, which, in order to serve their purpose of historical landmarks, should already, before being introduced upon the chart, have been made thoroughly familiar to the pupil. The duration of dynasties, prolonged wars, social and religious movements, &c., might be made visible by the use of continuous lines, which will prove of great value in linking together successive events.

On approaching at close quarters the history of a special period within a defined political area, we shall in the first place provide ourselves with the appropriate frame-work for a corresponding chart, on which, as we advance, the essential facts and the duration of continuous activities, with such further detail as may seem convenient, shall be clearly marked. Foreign countries also will not fail to receive attention, and in proportion to the closeness of their relations to the focus of our studies, shall be treated in detail.

And here arises a question of the greatest importance in regard to the method of our procedure. Is it possible—is it wise to make the attempt—to carry in our mind a truly continuous image of the stream of activities which form the subject of history?

We have already in the germ approached this question. In the two earlier stages of teaching we have endeavoured to mark points—moments of action—only, giving to them, however, in the form of tales all the vividness with which by varied appliances we find it possible to invest them. In continuing to follow this course it will probably be found that we are adopting the only possible procedure. In watching the landscape from a railway carriage the scenery is visible to us not as a continuous panorama; as we pass our

eyes fix themselves by an involuntary impulse upon a single object, upon a single limited field of vision ; were we to force them to do otherwise no distinct impression, other, perhaps, than the sensation of a swimming head, would be produced upon our consciousness. Even in the process of reading, which at first sight might seem to yield contradictory results, the same is true: the mind is focussed successively upon separate distinct ideas, each one of which fades gradually out of view as the attention is again transferred to a new area of idea. The mind then is incapable not only of taking cognisance with accuracy and distinctness of more than a limited extent of surface, but at the same time it is also incapable of focussing itself upon a (mathematical) point absolutely devoid of extent. From this we may, perhaps, legitimately draw the conclusion that the normal action of the mind of man is *per saltum*, and we are therefore justified in accepting as a condition of our method that our endeavours shall be directed to vivify particular events—moments of action ; while at the same time we also exert ourselves to hook on these moments of action, one to another, into a continuous chain of associated links.

Another matter which we shall find worthy of consideration is the respective part of the teacher and the pupil in the operation of study. The aim of the teacher is to produce mental assimilation of the facts under review ; that is to say not mere memory of the facts, but a perception of their organic relations to each other, and also to the facts of daily life. How is such a perception to be produced ? Obviously only by the co-operative mental activity of the pupil. Our teaching then must be so directed, so organised, as to produce not merely a receptive activity in the pupil's mind, but also a constructive—if we may be allowed the expression —an *active* activity. One of the symptoms of complete assimilation is always to be found in the production of functional energy. The development then of constructive power—latent or active—is the sole object of education, and in proportion as this object is attained, education must be accounted either a failure or a success.

H. B.

NOTE.—It is hoped that a chart in course of preparation will be ready for publication in next month's issue.

THE RISE AND AIMS OF MODERN BOTANY

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

(*Continued from page* 832.)

It is now becoming easy to make the same abstraction in learning to study tissues and cells: first isolating, we observe and classify, we compare and unify, and finally verify by watching the facts of development. Each new plane of study is then easier, the principle being in all cases the same—our grasp of it becomes increasingly distinct and habitual; nay, the very acquirement of facts and details becomes easier, for each deepening category throws light upon all the rest. We never so fully, for instance, see the unity of our classification of all organic species, which is the result of our first plane of study, until we have seen each developing from the simple unit mass of protoplasm, to which we come on the deeper plane of cell below.

Here, then, is the whole logical secret of all this varied literature, which becomes henceforth a convenience, not an incubus; not a crushing and unintelligible burden of cram, the Juggernaut which is at present probably ruining more minds than did ever human misarrangement in this world before—but a bunch of magic keys to a glorious museum of nature, through which we may roam for ever, yet enriching our intellectual life at every step. At this stage of study you no longer need your books, save for reference; you are your own books: you write them as you need them. Linnæus, with his classification, is not one dead incubus of cram; or Jussieu with comparative anatomy, his natural orders only a new mystery added; or Schleiden with his cell another; or Darwin on his way to become a fourth; but the characteristic thought of each has entered into you, has become part of yourself—of your powers, your possibilities; each principle

is a new stop added to your complex organ—a fresh possibility for that intellectual music which is what we call scientific thought. The plain principle, then, is that Linnæus is *not* dead, nor Jussieu, nor Darwin, but that each student is henceforth his own Linnæus when he observes and describes his flower; his own Jussieu when he works out its place in the natural system; his own Darwin when he can decipher the story of its life and evolution. All these and more. Contrariwise, a parrot only, if he has got up these things from books and lecture notes, without understanding their principle.

Here, then, is the goal of our biological education, not memory knowledge, but power; intellectual muscle, not fat, in Professor Huxley's famous phrase.

I might go on to point out how those who, with patient stupidity, are content to cram the facts of one subject without really understanding them, are simply all the more sickened and stupified by doing the same for another; whereas he who has learned one subject with real intelligence is thereby helped often half-way through the next. This is peculiarly true of Botany and Zoology; and it is, I think, one of the most hopeful features of our new school here, that my zoological colleague and I are of like mind, realising the essential unity of our two subjects, and are thus hopeful of bringing their teaching more fully into harmony than has yet been the case.

But it is time to leave this part of the subject, if you grasp clearly that there are not only two but three results—(1) That when you can handle the literature of Biology intelligently you are in a position rapidly to master its main results, botanical and zoological, at will; (2) when you can apply the same principles upon which your authors worked to the actual phenomena they worked upon, you are henceforth practically independent of their books altogether, save for reference; while (3) you have become so far a scientific man, and may apply this scientific power (of systematised analysis and synthesis) in such fresh ways as you will. Not only Botany, but many cognate fields are open to you—you are so far educated; and henceforth you may carve out fresh kingdoms with the same intellectual sword.

We hear much in these days of sorely-needed academic reform, of abandoning our old curriculums of education based

on the idea of general knowledge, and settling down to specialisms. And so far well: our old culture has broken down, is totally inadequate, and through this phase of keen and detailed specialism we must pass; we must not only know something about everything, but also everything about something. But what I have been trying to show is that while henceforth every man should pass through the training of a specialist, no man need shrivel into a specialist pure and simple—a mere slave of the intellectual division of labour: and we see that Botany gives us a vivid instance of how we may hope to specialise within a science, and yet come out of it suppled as logicians, steeped in the humanities, trained for the wider work of life—medicine, education, what you will. But for this we need to see that we not only enter the store-houses of fact, but seek and keep the keys; we need, indeed, access to the fullest information, but still more power of using it; we have not to learn dogmas, but to seize the clues and share the experience of past thinkers—to remember, in fact (what I take to be the secret of education), that the gift of Prometheus was not a dead weight of coals, but fire.

Permit me, in conclusion, a final word as to the plan of teaching of the present course.

The popular idea of the botanist is too much that of a mild, yet somewhat mischievous, creature, who finds his chief amusement in picking flowers to pieces, as the sparrow is doing with the crocuses just now, and with no visible result but a mess. His remaining occupation is supposed to be that of gentle exercise on Saturday afternoons; and his skill is measured by the number of times on which he stops at every fresh plant in a joyfully excited manner, exactly like a new breed of pointer, loudly ejaculating, in the most unmistakeably canine Latin as he scratches it up, what people henceforth learnedly call its *name.*

His academic existence is mainly supposed to depend upon his historic connection with medicine through *Materia Medica,* which has endured through the conservatism of the medical guilds. His use, if any, is thought largely recreative; he is apt to be considered a kind of academic nursemaid, who takes the hard-worked students out for an airing; at best, he teaches observation perhaps (I have really been told all these things). But the idea that he is an intellectual combatant,

like the representatives of the old cultures, the mathematician and the scholar, seems absurd. I have tried to show that this is by no means true, that there is no reason why the student of Botany should not become an intellectual athlete with the one, and a humanist with the other. And as our work continues, we shall find that the largest intellectual impulse and battle of the age comes from, or at least centres round, the towering figure of Darwin, whom we reckon far more as botanist than as zoologist; and we shall see what really first-rate work has been and is being done by botanists both on the Continent and at home. Now the secret of successful learning and teaching is to endeavour to take individual and some collective part in that.

But how shall we do this? We have seen how science arises from, and is continually stimulated by, contact with actual life; and in continuing this contact lies the secret of its progress. The success, nay the very existence, of an industrial city lies in its people making what is wanted in actual life—not whatever happens to come into their head, which would, indeed, probably be nothing at all. It is the very same with a science; it too must think out what is wanted in actual life—by which, however, I do not in the least mean that it is its business to grind corn for the Philistines. What I do mean is, that a man must enter a science as he enters an occupation; must look at himself with a new pride as so far henceforth sharing in that actual movement of the world—industrial or scientific. The soldier feels this fully, and that is what makes him not only physically, but morally, so much of a man; the industrialist is feeling it more and more; but it is the perpetual ruin of universities and colleges, of fellowships and learning—indeed, of the student class generally—that they continually seek to cram their pockets with knowledge-scraps for themselves, in old times for private enjoyment, but now-a-days that they may seem doubly fatted for prize-winning in the coarse scales of the examination room. Whereas the true student, as he existed at any rate in old times, will again, nay, does now, albeit in sad minority (of seven thousand, let us hope) seeks not prizes for crushing himself under an overload of facts on an examination day, but discipline for his whole life. And this not simply to get on, as he is always being advised, to have his mind whetted into a "knife to hack at the world with," to

survive against his unwiser fellows, who docilely take up their bushel of facts and neglect the pinch of understanding. The only true discipline is as a recruit with others in a service higher than that of War or even Industry—that of Education, which, alike in its old scholarly and new naturalist sense, means the Service and the Ascent of Man.

Our struggling scientific movement, then, has need of you, and work for you in it. Students are only too docile about taking notes of all their teachers say; but they go home and try to drill alone; and, considering such an education, it is no doubt a wonderful proof of human vitality how much they still make of it. I propose framing for your reference, however, a few examples from my pathological collection of examination papers, by way of showing what a man thus tends to come to.

The old orthodox lecture system, by which a man inaccurately scribbles down stereotyped notes to dictation, learns them by rote, and sees and thinks nothing, we will not even stop to criticise. As an historic survival it is, of course, of interest—a course or college of this kind being simply and accurately a survival of the days before printing, absolutely in the same way as the Royal Company of Archers is of the days before gunpowder, and of similar efficiency compared with modern appliances. Hence, largely, the low state of our Scottish Universities.

A traditional phase is now becoming more common: good old-fashioned dictation first; then a few of you may see something afterwards in the laboratory, if you happen to have time and means for this.

The scientific plan of education I take to be—see all you can, and as much as possible first, and try to think it clear. At first you need to follow in the track of an expert—that is, a logician familiarised by long handling with that particular order of phenomena and kind of detail, and who is therefore able to fill up the deficiencies of your own experience by drawing on his own, or on the collected, experience embodied in the literature of the science; next, try to keep pace with him; next to do so for yourself, but all the time be in mental activity. To form ideas you must express them—must have to communicate them to others.

I look forward to teaching you best, therefore, by asking you as much as possible to teach others; to work in pairs or

parties, preparing the demonstrations of special details for all the other members of the class, and having your work thus tested constantly by the true pass or pluck standard—that of usefulness, or none.

I defined the student of Biology a few moments ago as an awakening spectator at the great drama of evolution, and it is not only my task but also yours to help to awaken our fellows to consciousness, interest, intelligence. The floral pageant is once more commencing for us its circle of the year; and our work is thus regulated by no small artificial syllabus, but with peculiar directness, like the astronomer's, by the very clock and calendar of nature. This well begun, you will feel year by year more fully that fascination which Botany had for Linnæus or for Gilbert White, for Thoreau or Richard Jefferies.

You will help me, I hope also, to make a botanic garden, and the plans for this need no little study and contrivance; then, too, I would fain enlist you in the task of making smaller type botanic gardens for schools, in which each may sow his seed or plant his tree—so that the fresh Renaissance of Botany, which is so happily in progress, may be not only deepened, but assured and spread; until at length its marvellous, but almost overworked educational possibilities are no less fully developed than generally applied. It is worth considering in many ways this fact—that the botanist from whom Darwin received the scientific impulse of his life was also, so far as I am aware, the sole man of science of his day who thought it worth his while to teach his subject in his village school. I take this correspondence between Henslow's supreme service to science and his other apparently small service to popular education to be not only individually rational, but socially profound; and so leave it as a final instance of that interpretation of botanical history in terms of general progress which I have been attempting to elucidate.

Every scientific teacher knows how he learns by teaching, and how he teaches his best pupils best by setting them to work, some as demonstrators, to help and teach fresh beginners, others in making preparations for the museum type collection, and the like. And instead of each scribbling hasty manuscript notes of my lectures, I shall ask you collectively to help me towards making a single series of elaborate yet lucid summaries,

dealing with all the essential matters we have time to treat of; this central mass of notes to remain the property of the School for common reference, yet perhaps largely copied thereafter by some of the methods now so convenient. Instead of note-taking, we have, as it were, to attempt map-making for the science; nay, picture-making, thought-model-building, as we saw before.

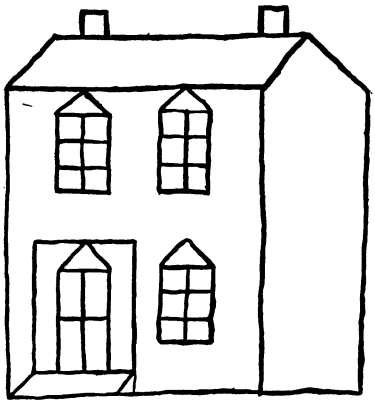
And though we cannot in one season, nor for that matter in many, fully cover the ground of the science, we may thus take our part in what are two of the greatest movements of this age—Biology and Education; perhaps also the most closely cognate, although few discern it, for the one is the science of life, and the other the art of its development. We shall, in short, learn together something more of how to bring alike science into our life, and life into our science.

DRAWING IN INFANT SCHOOLS.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By T. G. Rooper. Esq., H.M.I.

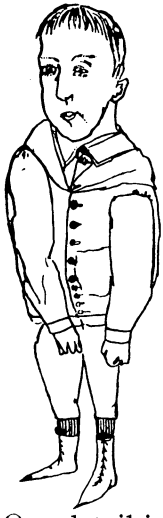
The great difficulty in object teaching is to help the child to interpret the gifts of the senses correctly; and so hard is this, as I have said, that many authorities seem inclined to abandon the attempt and resume the medieval devotion to literary studies. If then, perspective is so hardly recognised, what shall we say of drawing copies in which it is deliberately falsified. I give here a drawing of a house in which this is the case, and I can only say that you might as well expect to help children to draw by such copies as these as to aid children to pick out different colours if you put on them a pair of blue spectacles.



Another feature in the drawings of infants is the difficulty which they experience in grasping the relative proportion of parts. A cup, for instance, which is wider than it is high will be drawn in converse proportion. Perhaps this is again an instance of the error before indicated. Cups are not usually wider than deep, and the child draws, not the cup before him, but the more usual picture which is already established in his mind as a fixed type, and is called up by the hasty view of the particular cup which you show him.

Details again, are exaggerated. The child delights in caricature and in the grotesque, far more than lovers of pure art could wish. I show you a drawing done by a sharp boy

of six after nature. The various parts seem to me good, and the face was really like the boy who stood as model. But the proportions are absurd. Any one who has noticed the picture of the Battle Sant Egidio, by Paolo Uccello, in the National Gallery, must have noticed with surprise the contrast between the drawing of the horses and of the men. The men in armour are admirably painted, but the horses are quite ridiculous. It seems that it was an innovation in the 14th century to paint horses, and competition had not sharpened the artist's powers of observation and execution. The toy-like horses in this picture remind me of children's drawings. Children seem to paint details, and the object is hardly realised as a whole. The child has not learnt to keep two parts in the mind at the same time. One detail is not subordinated to another in the field of vision as it is in nature. A clear instance of the isolation of details in the child's mind, which are really parts of one whole, is well shown in the drawing of an oblong and a square, some space apart, to stand for the two sides of a box seen in perspective. In drawing a head nearly all beginners make the upper part much too small compared with the lower; they do not allow for brain. So too, the mouth is almost always set too low.



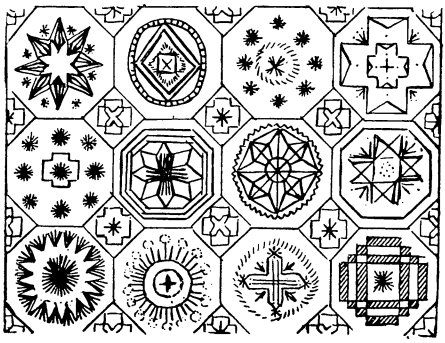
Besides the difficulty of holding two, and still more a number of, separate points in the mind at once, and duly subordinating one to the other, there is the difficulty caused by attention to that which most attracts attention.

A point that specially attracts attention tends to be exaggerated. If, as seems to be the case, the perception of the whole object is one mental act, then the part of the object which absorbs most of the mental activity looms proportionately larger than the rest.

But the lessons which we have had in a perception, furnish us with another reason why the drawing of beginners is so strangely inexact. In all perception, in every act of perceiving, the law of economy holds. We pay attention, not to all the impressions which we could receive from an object, but only to such a number as may be sufficient to enable us to recognise it. Hence, of the most familiar objects we often

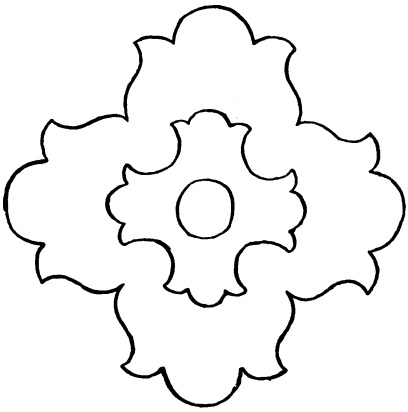
have the least detailed images in our minds; and though we should recognise our father sooner than any other man in a crowd, yet we might find it easier to draw a sketch from memory of a striking stranger, once seen, than a memory picture of our father, whom we know so well. Indeed, familiarity, so far from providing us with more exact mental pictures, tends to set up a process of denudation of detail, and to leave in the mind a bare abstraction of the object. Because the child is less self-conscious, he sets down on paper these meagre residues of observations in a way that older persons are ashamed to do, and hence the value of the drawings of children to the student of psychology. The child does not draw the result of his impressions at the moment, but only the abbreviation of them which exists in his mind, and is called up by a glance at the object. What a child draws is really an indication of the contents of his mind in regard to an object, and there is no doubt that the attempt to draw an object, and the subsequent comparison of the drawing with the model, does define and complete the mental image of the object drawn.

I will now endeavour to put together a few lessons which may be derived from my study of Infants' Drawing. In the first place, I wish to defend the Kindergarten drawing on square ruled paper. It is, to begin with, a happy and an absorbing occupation; were it no more it would be valuable for this alone. But it is much more. Children can early learn from it what is the use and meaning of symmetry, and



this without technical language. Any one who has seen what clever geometrical patterns children can draw from their own designs, with a little encouragement of the right sort, will see a valuable introduction through Kindergarten drawing, to weaving and flower gardening and many other crafts. A gardener, for instance, visited the Raw Nook Infant School to see after his child, and was so struck with some of the Kindergarten

patterns designed by the infants that he copied them for his own use. "Shall," said a young woman to the teacher who was beginning to instruct her in weaving, "Shall I find it hard to learn?" "Well," said he, "have you ever learnt to do any Kindergarten work? If so, it is easier for you to learn." The point to remember is, that Fröbel was much interested in crystallography and its connection with geometrical forms. All Kindergarten drawing which is not founded on geometrical forms is debased, and not according to the idea of the founder. Symmetry is not the same thing as proportion, but is of even greater practical value in every-day life, and is as useful to a girl laying a tea-table as to an architect. I may mention, however, two common errors which children should be taught to avoid. They should mark the beginning and end of each line by a slight dot, and then join them by one swift, firm, light stroke. The mistakes which children make are that they draw from square to square, lengthening their line piecemeal and breaking up one line into little pieces, and they press heavily on the pencil. The just balance of masses is, no doubt, of more consequence in painting than mere symmetrical correctness, but an appreciation of symmetry leads on to an appreciation of harmonious disposition of masses of light and shade. "But," it will be said, "do you recommend *curved* lines on the square ruled paper. A geometrical curve is wholly different from the artistic line of beauty or the curve of natural forms, such as the outline of leaves and the curve of their veining."



My answer is that the curve of a leaf is indeed different from a geometrical curve, but there is much reason to think that the natural form is, after all, based on the geometrical. The lovely frost forms, for example, which we see in winter on the window-panes, resemble, though with an important difference, the natural forms of leaves. As a rule, the frost foliage is stiff and formal, but when the crystals are formed

under certain conditions, the shapes are almost as free flowing as natural forms.

I show you an example of this, which will be found in *Nature* for December 8th, 1892. Mr. Ruskin, in his "Elements of Drawing," has well pointed out the difference between graceful and ungraceful curvature. He says that a graceful curve approaches in some part of its course to straightness, and that it varies, never remaining equal in degree at different parts of its course. Thus there is a steady change from less to more curvature, or from more to less, but no part of the line is the segment of a circle, and therefore cannot be drawn by compasses. Now, the curves that can be most readily drawn on square ruled paper are doubtless false from an artistic point of view, because they approach to segments of circles; but, on the other hand, by the aid of these squares it is not hard to get quite young children to draw very creditable circles and half-circles, in itself a useful accomplishment, although not for artistic purposes. I have with me some circles about five inches across, which have been drawn by children without mechanical aid. I think, however, that these regular curves may be used as an introduction to the artistic curves of growing and living forms, such as the branches of trees, the veins of leaves or the shape of fruit, like a pear. My reason is as follows: a number of crystals adhering together, as in frost flowers, present a very regular appearance, no doubt, but if they are separated a little by moisture and acted upon by wind or other force while they are being built together, the resulting form has much of the charm of irregularity and arbitrariness within limits which so please us in living and growing forms. The best way, however, to understand the living form is to study the geometrical form of which it is a more beautiful variation. Leaves and flowers of geometrical curve are false to nature, but if when such forms have been drawn they are contrasted with the living and growing forms, which I believe to be modifications of them, the young students may be taught to seize the difference and draw the freer curves after having mastered the more easily drawn geometrical curves. I show you an example of the way in which some teachers make use of geometrical shapes—in this case a cylinder—to enable children to draw cylindrical objects like trunks of trees, a

lighthouse, and a sea anemone. The system is thoroughly carried out in the so-called Prang system, which has been adopted in some American schools.

It is my belief that it is of great consequence to establish early in the mind of a child conceptions of symmetry, such as, I think, drawing on square ruled paper leads to.

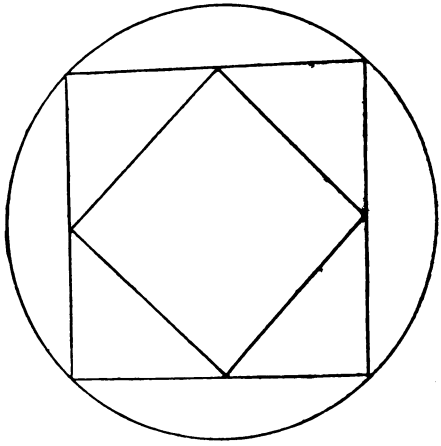
Mr. Symonds affirms that even in Michael Angelo a want of symmetrical design in his compositions remained with him throughout his life. We have seen how large a share the mind has in combining the impressions which it receives from the outside, and we can understand how important are the early images which a child learns to construct for itself in interpreting impressions. Geometrical patterns, both in curved and straight lines, seem to me the best foundation for this all important sense of symmetry which helps us in so many duties in daily life.

On the other hand, to draw on square ruled paper objects in false perspective is a huge mistake. You are furnishing the young child with false impressions, which he will have the greatest difficulty in unlearning, and which, meanwhile, vitiates his observation of nature in a hundred ways. You make it ten times harder for him to interpret the gift of his senses, and even lead him to mistrust them unfairly, because you have made him misinterpret them by the false form of vision which you have supplied him with.

On square ruled paper only geometrical shapes should be attempted by young children when they commence, and all those modifications of artistic shapes of vases and other graceful objects which have to be reshaped to fit the squares, thereby losing all their grace, should be avoided most scrupulously. There is no connection between the artistic shape and the modified form. As I have said, however, geometrical forms which almost by accident resemble leaves, flowers, or fruit, seem to be more legitimate, because if they are compared with the living forms the difference between the two may be readily explained, and the relation of the growing and varying form to the lifeless crystalline shape may be made easy and interesting.

Our studies in Infants' Drawing again seem to indicate that it is a mistake to set young children to copy outline drawings of objects before they have tried to draw the objects themselves or carefully examined them in nature. In the first

place, flat copies of objects have this inherent defect, that they shirk the third dimension difficulty. To suppress the difficulty of foreshortening seems a bad way of helping the child to master it. Secondly, these drawings are sure to prevent the children from forming an independent idea of the object drawn. They will not henceforward see the object with their own eyes, but only with the limited, and often imperfect, vision of another. They will not eye nature, but only a copy of nature. In order to master the use of the pencil, let the children practice geometrical patterns first of all, and not copy drawings of natural forms. As soon as children can use the pencil it is possible to get them to draw from nature. I think a teacher might place before the child a large water jar, or some piece of pottery, large, bold, and of good shape. She might ask the children to draw the model, and then, by way of correction, instead of correcting the mistakes with a pencil, rather endeavour to point out to the child where he has failed in making a true image in his mind of the real shape of the object. The aim of the teacher should be to help the scholar to use his eyes to a better purpose. If she corrects the child's lines herself she makes him more lazy in using his eyes, and less attentive to detail and characteristic features. The teacher may build up the shape herself on the blackboard before the children, showing step by step how the eye may be aided to measure the object and the hand to set down the symmetry of the parts truly by use of dots and guiding lines.



The habit of symmetrical drawing on square ruled slates acquired by working out geometrical patterns will greatly assist the child when he afterwards begins to set out points and guiding lines for drawing objects. But in thus drawing an object before the class the object should itself be exhibited and studied in detail. Many children who after all fail to draw correctly may, nevertheless, improve their

mental image of the object by aid of the drawing lesson instead of deteriorating it; and Art masters who take in hand young persons of sixteen will not find that they have to commence work by teaching their pupils to unlearn. Unsuccessful attempts may, when they fail to produce a work of art, nevertheless increase the blunderer's science by increasing his knowledge of the object.

As a variation, I think it is very useful to teach young children to draw by aid of rule and compass. Let them make large circles and then draw diameters crossing at right angles, thus making a frame for a square. They can also draw pentagons and hexagons in the same way—that is, inside of circles. They can learn to rule their lines of given length (two, three, four inches, and so forth), and get preliminary notions of measurement.

Lastly, I would recommend to the attention of all teachers the valuable letter of Mr. Herkommer's in the February number of *Hand and Eye*, in which he calls attention to the value of brush drawing. Those who wish children to learn to take in and love the grace of growing forms will realise how much more readily the reproduction of them may be made by the sweep of the brush than by the stroke of the pencil.

In all civilised nations every child is taught to draw. If we ask with what object are they taught drawing, it is important to notice that two answers are possible. A parent who gets instruction in drawing for his child may desire either of two things, or both of them. He may desire his son to become an artist, or he may desire him to be able to draw what he sees—that is, in other words, to become a draughtsman. The two callings may be combined, but are really quite distinct. We have great draughtsmen, like Sowerby, who painted objects for works on natural history—whose pictures would be excluded from Burlington House; and we have a great artist like Lady Waterford, whose draughtsmanship was often imperfect.

The main use of teaching drawing to ordinary children is to make them draughtsmen rather than artists, and the teaching of drawing should be like all other studies, an aid to the training of the mind. By drawing objects children should learn to improve, enlarge and define their mental impressions

of them, and this they can only do if they are taught by people who are accustomed to observe objects. It is not the aim of parents to make their children into bad artists. Are there as many as ten artists of high rank in a million of the population? An artist satisfies who can give us an harmonious and pleasing arrangement of colour, in a picture which suggests something to our mind. We do not ask for photographic work from an artist, although, indeed, it is true that some pictures at Burlington House do remind us of bits of second-hand photographs enlarged and coloured, but they are not art. The teaching of drawing which we want in schools, is largely and education of the eye, and this means a sharpening of the observing powers. The teacher of drawing is a teacher of seeing. An artist's picture may be very pleasing in spite of the fact that a scientific knowledge of the objects painted is conspicuously absent, but we do not wish to teach children to draw pleasing pictures so much as to render, as exactly as their faculties permit them, objects that are really worth prolonged study, and objects of which the accurate knowledge that is obtained by drawing them, strengthens and enlarges the understanding.

THE FOOD AND CLOTHING OF CHILDREN BEYOND INFANCY.

By Helen M. Wilson, M.B.

(*Continued from page* 838.)

I do not want to go into details about the various meals. For strong healthy children over four years old three meals a day are usually sufficient,—breakfast, dinner and supper (or tea if you like to call it so, only it must *not* be tea). This last meal ought not to be taken immediately before bed-time, but there must be an interval of an hour or so. If the arrangement is that there is an early tea, at about four o'clock, there must then be a light supper before bed-time, but in this case it should consist only of bread and milk, and especially should not include sweet things. Jam last thing at night is a frequent cause of disturbed sleep and restlessness.

But whatever the hours they should be adhered to, and children should not get into the habit of taking anything between times, either food or drink,—except in special circumstances. The stomach needs periodical rest as much as any other part of the body. Delicate children, and others when in the hungry air of the sea-side, may need a little lunch, but this also should be at a regular time.

A very important point is that meals should not be bolted: children must be taught to use their teeth, and bite their food properly, or all sorts of digestive troubles will result. After this habit has been acquired, they must still be obliged to eat slowly, and should not be allowed to leave the table till all have finished. The longing to get back to work or play will often make a child bolt its food.

Lastly, do take care that *all* the meals are right,—not only those taken in the house. The luncheon, for instance, that is taken to school, should not be left to the scholar's fancy, or it will too often consist chiefly of pastry and rich cake. The lunch should be bread and butter and hard-boiled eggs, or potted meat sandwiches, or plain cake, and should be made appetizing by the way it is put up,—in a clean doyley, perhaps, instead of paper.

CLOTHING.

In order to deal rationally with the subject of dress, it is necessary first to remind ourselves of what are the objects to be aimed at in arranging clothing. The first and main object in our climate is warmth, and we must bear in mind the vital importance of this for young children. From the food and the air the body manufactures its own heat, and what the clothing has to do is to keep this in, to prevent too rapid loss of heat to the cold outside air. Liebig expressed it thus:—"Our clothing is, in reference to the temperature of the body, merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food." That is to say, clothing, by preventing loss of heat from the body, reduces the amount of food needed to keep up the body heat, so sets free more of the food to supply nervous energy, and to build up the tissues.

Hence I think you will see the importance of covering *all parts* of the body. A strong child dressed in the antiquated way with bare neck and arms, may feel quite warm on even a cold day, and the mother concludes that no harm is being done. But the warm skin is giving off heat to the cold air; heat is thus being wasted, and energy and power of growth are by so much lessened. The mischief does not show now, but it is real nevertheless and will appear later in stunted growth, or weakened organs. Again, if the bare arms do *not* keep warm but get chilled, more immediate harm may be done; the blood chilled here may cause congestion and inflammation of internal organs. We must remember that sneezing and cough are not the only signs of "catching cold." Derangements of the digestive system are very often due to this cause.

I sometimes wonder how the extraordinary idea arose that children need so much less clothing than those who are older and stronger. I suppose no member of the Parents' Union would think of leaving a child's neck and arms quite bare (unless in the hottest days of summer), but I should like to insist that in cold weather there should be long *under*sleeves as well. And then as to the legs: of course drawers should always be worn, and flannel ones in winter. But why that piece of bare skin below, from the knee half way to the ankle? You have only to think how very un-

comfortable an adult would be going about the house with bare calves, and you will wonder how anyone can inflict it on a child. Just think, which is the coldest and draughtiest part of a room? is it not the floor? Well, that is where a child sits, plays, creeps and runs for hours together. Surely that is a reason for warmly clothing the little frame and especially the legs. Long stockings should be worn throughout the year. Socks may seem prettier,—but have we not Ruskin's authority for stating that nothing can be really beautiful which is not adapted to its purpose?

Again, for girls when a little older, from six years upward, I want to put in a plea for knickerbockers. There is not much warmth in petticoats, however thick, which only come to the knee, and let in any amount of cold air underneath. It is better from every point of view to abolish petticoats and substitute loose knickerbockers, drawn in at the knee, and made of the same material as the dress under which they are worn. They give more warmth with less weight, and are much more seemly and comfortable for the merry romping which is natural and healthy at that age.

On the other hand I should like to protest against undue muffling, especially of the throat. To have furs always round the neck for going out, predisposes to delicacy of the throat. I believe the best rule to be, while the child is well, leave the throat almost or quite uncovered. But never neglect even a slight cold: keep the child indoors or in bed at once, so as to get rid of it as soon as possible; and when the cold is cured and the child goes out again, mufflings should not be used except for the first one or two walks.

Turning now to the material of clothing, there is no doubt at all that wool makes the best clothing in summer as well as winter. As a non-conductor of heat, it keeps in the warmth in cold weather; and, on the other hand, in hot weather, or when the body is heated by hard exercise, woollen prevents chilling from the sudden cooling of the perspiration. At all times it is the best preservative against sudden changes of temperature.

Then again, a loose fluffy fabric is always warmer than a closely woven one, besides having the great advantage of lightness. Here the warmth is really due to the air entangled

in the meshes of the material. It is on the same principle as the double windows, which are used so much on the continent in winter. Two panes of glass close together would not be much advantage; but when there is a space of 8 or 10 inches between, filled with *air*, it makes a marvellous difference to the warmth of a room. So, just as birds ruff out their feathers on a cold day, we may secure warmth by having many air-spaces in the clothing—loose fabrics and loose shapes, provided, of course, that we do not leave places for the cold outside air to get in.

For warmth, silk comes next to wool, and then cotton, and these, of course, may be used for summer dresses. But I should like again to emphasize that woollen, thicker or thinner, should be worn next to the skin throughout the year by all children. It does not very much matter whether it is as flannel, or as the woven or knitted garments now sold. It seems to me that by the side of these last, the flannel things, with their thick seams, appear clumsy.

I want to dwell very especially on the evils of tight clothing. Constraint anywhere is bad. The child should be as free in its clothes as a bird in its feathers, to allow room for healthy circulation, healthy movement, and healthy growth. Pressure must be unknown, whether of neck-bands, waist-bands, garters, or braces. A sturdy, healthy child takes good care of this for himself, by simply bursting all buttons or seams, which in any way interfere with his comfort or convenience. But all children are not like this; there are a considerable number who, though quite well in other ways, have unduly flexible frames, and some lack of muscular development. They tend naturally to droop and stoop, and never more so than during the wearisome process of being "tried on." Hence the clothes are made to fit them in their very worst attitude, which is thus perpetuated, for these weak flexible figures have not the force or energy to fight against the bonds in the way a vigorous child unconsciously does. The result is constantly increasing roundness of shoulders, and hollowness of chest, leading on to lung weakness, or spinal curvature. Of course, active play, and suitable gymnastics are to a great extent counteractives of all this; but the clothes are not to be forgotten; they should be such that they make the right position easy, and the wrong

one difficult. Neither gymnastics, nor chest expanders, nor lying flat for hours, can remedy the trouble unless the clothes are right.

The present style of loose smocks and sailor suits, admirable as it is, is apt to conceal round shoulders and flat chests. Hence every mother should make a point of seeing her children in their baths occasionally, when she will be able to detect these tendencies. If then, or at other times, any stooping is noticed, the clothes should be systematically examined in this fashion:—Unfasten all, make the child stand with head, back and heels touching the door, and the shoulders well pressed back; then try to fasten the things in succession, but do not fasten any till you have tried all. If the first is a quarter of an inch too small, a very little pull will make that meet; the next may be a quarter-of-an-inch smaller; again, that is hardly perceived, and so on, till the dress or out-door coat is often one or two inches too narrow without the wearer being conscious of it. Remember especially to note the neck. Even loose blouses and smocks are not safe, unless you are sure the neck band does not promote "poking."

Remember, too, that if you have a child given to stoop you must regard dressmakers and tailors as enemies who are to be narrowly watched with the greatest suspicion. They invariably try to make things "fit" by pulling them tight across the chest, and you will have to explain carefully that you do not want them to fit the child as he is, but as he ought to be.

Except in the case of such children as I am speaking of, it is not in the making of clothes that there is the trouble about tightness. It arises from two unfortunate circumstances, first, that the woollen garments I have been advocating have a constant tendency to shrink; and second, that the children have a constant tendency to grow. Therefore all clothes should be made large enough to allow for some growth, and also if possible with some provision for further letting out if necessary. And mothers at the periodical examination of clothes should bear in mind that it is very false economy to think that garments that are tight, especially across the chest, will do a little longer.

Even in these days of "Higher Education" it may be well to suggest that some children, girls especially, are not always

to be trusted to say whether their things are comfortable. Vanity springs up early, and the desire for small feet or a small waist, or affection for some favorite dress, may impart a colour to the statements of a usually truthful child.

I must say a few words about particular garments. To begin with, boys' starched collars need great care and watchfulness to see that they do not pull the head down. Then, I never see why boys' jackets and overcoats are so made, that when on a cold day they are buttoned up, they are so very tight across the chest: there is really no advantage in pinching the chest even in the coldest weather. Braces again may sometimes exert a good deal of pull and pressure when once the stooping tendency has begun. Some form of brace that distributes the weight evenly should be used.

For girls, my first protest is about stays. Until the figure begins to develop there is no need for anything stiff any more than for boys, and the quilted jean bodice that is usually worn is quite unnecessary. A much lighter and softer bodice of swansdown or flannelette, strengthened by tapes sewn on the inside, is sufficient to hold up the knickerbockers and stocking-suspenders. When stays are necessary, nothing is better than the Jaeger knitted woollen ones, which, being perfectly elastic, cannot possibly exert too much pressure, while at the same time the bones give enough stiffness to keep the dress neat.

The abolition of stays involves the abolition of waistbands, but that is not to be regretted. Nothing ought to be hung from the waist. It is bad enough for women, and for girls with narrow hips it must mean injurious compression if a band is worn tight enough to support any weight. But it is also a mistake to suppose that all clothes ought to hang from the shoulders. There ought, as I have said, to be as little weight as possible, and what there is should be evenly distributed. The best plan is to have garments in one piece—combination or Princess shape.

Garters are still a vexed question, but there is no doubt that for children, at any rate, suspenders are much better. But they should not be so tight as many children love to pull them, or they will exert an injurious drag on the shoulders.

Boots and shoes should always be low heeled, broad toed, and amply large. It is grievous to see how a baby's straight

shapely foot becomes distorted before many years have passed. The inner side of the shoe should be quite straight, and plenty of room allowed for the toes. The foot elongates in walking, so there should always be an extra half inch beyond the toe.

Some people think that stockings have as much to do with deforming the feet as shoes. Certainly when shrunk by washing and careless darning they exert injurious pressure. Stockings should be somewhat square toed like the boots. Of course stockings should be of wool—and for winter wear knitted ones are best.

Since about half of a young child's life is spent in bed, the subject of night clothing is an important one, and needs more attention than it usually gets. First of all the night-gown is a very unsuitable garment, especially for restless children. You know what a habit it has of working up, and when the bed clothes are kicked off in sleep, small wonder that colds are caught. Again it is not a suitable garment for the games and running about that so often take place early in the morning before the elders are awake. Very much better would be sleeping suits like pyjamas or bathing dresses, and I believe these would save many colds.

But whatever the shape, the night-wear should be woollen, to ward off the sudden changes of temperature that come even more in the night than the day.

Before leaving this subject, I must insist on the importance of changing all the clothes at night. The perspiration absorbed during the day makes the garments unpleasant as well as unhealthy, unless they can be exposed to the purifying influence of the air during the night. They should not be neatly folded when taken off, but hung up. So also in the morning the night clothes should be allowed to air before being folded away.

In conclusion I cannot do better than quote the receipt for bringing up healthy children, given by John Hunter more than a hundred years ago. "Give them," he said, "plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." To that I would venture to add, in this crowded age, plenty of room—room to breathe, to exercise, and to grow.

OUR P.N.E.U. NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

By the Lady Isabel Margesson.

The Club was started last May by the Belgravia Branch of the P.N.E.U., whose members found themselves confronted by a task of no small difficulty. They fully realised that children will not become keen and enthusiastic about Natural History, unless their parents and teachers also show feelings of interest and devotion to it. But as very few, comparatively speaking, of the present generation have been taught to study Natural Science in their youth, it is now a difficulty how to set about learning, and how to show enthusiasm over what is unknown and unfamiliar.

Meanwhile the educational advantages to be gained by the study of Natural History are being repeatedly urged, and many parents do not intend to allow their children to grow up without some knowledge and love of the common objects of the country

The Natural History Club has come to the rescue. It proposes to help parents and teachers in their study of Natural History, and to show them how there may be opportunities of "doing and learning" in even their busy lives. The Club is an acknowledgment of the fact that no one can "inspire" and teach well, unless they have an enthusiasm and love of their subject. They may, of course, be fellow-workers with the children, and only a little ahead of them, but if they are to succeed they must themselves do and learn for their own sake as well as for the sake of teaching.

If parents and teachers are not willing to do this, it would be better for them not to try to teach Natural History, as they might create a distaste for it that might be a barrier to gaining knowledge in the future.

The Club proposes to render efficient help in the following ways :—

1st. By lectures to be given at the Natural History Museum.

2nd. By holding an exhibition in November of collections to be made by members and children.

3rd. By arranging a plan of systematic study and instruction.

Miss Hodgson has kindly undertaken this last part of the work. Many members will be familiar with the "Natural

History Notes," written by her in the *Parents' Review*. She is a devoted "Naturalist," and her help and advice will be of great value. Miss Hodgson will set papers for each quarter's work, and will suggest subjects for the weekly lessons, and a question asked on each. Miss Hodgson will give the name of the text-book which is to be used. She will also suggest the lines on which out-door observations should be made at different seasons, with special reference to the keeping of Nature note-books.

Miss Hodgson will arrange a junior and a senior Course of work. She will form a plan of study that can be used as well for teaching children at home as for children in schools, whether National or otherwise.

The Committee believe that members who follow the Course will derive from it nearly as much benefit and pleasure as their pupils. The Committee also hope that these Courses may make it possible for many who wish to help village children to the love and knowledge of natural history, to take up the work of giving them systematic and delightful lessons.

The first, but we hope by no means the last, exhibition of collections made by members and children, was held last November, and proved to be most successful.* Forty-eight collections were sent, most of them by members who had had no previous experience in the study of Natural History and field-work. There were also many specimens of work done by little children under their parents' guidance.

Mr. Ernest Sykes was kind enough to come and inspect the exhibition and to draw up a report on it. This report, together with the rules of the club, can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 63, St. George's Road, S.W., price 4½*d*.

Miss Hodgson's Natural History quarterly papers mentioned above can now be sent to members. The fee for joining the Course for one quarter is 1*s*. 6*d*.

Four Lectures on Animals will be given at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, on Saturdays in February.

Four Lectures will be given at the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, in March.

The Lectures are open to non-members. Fee for each Course 4*s*. Tickets can be obtained from the Hon. Sec.

* The exhibition took place at the High School, Graham Street, Eaton Square, by kind permission of Miss Holmes, who gave us much valuable help and encouragement.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

By Mrs. F. Steinthal.

My Dear Children,—Now that Christmas has been and gone again, and your big brothers have left for school, and you have begun lessons once more, I should be so pleased to have from each of you a little account of how you spent Christmas Day, what you did from opening your eyes in the early morning, to closing them at night.

I will then write a little paper for our Budget, giving an account of your descriptions, so that you will all possibly get some new idea for next Christmas Day, and I will tell you what my little boys and girls did on that day.

Your loving

Auntie Mai.

February.

This being the first month of spring you may expect to see some early flowers, especially should the weather prove mild and sunny, as it often does, after the frosts and snows of January.

Rake lightly the borders where you have planted various early bulbs, this enables them to penetrate the soil, also protects against frost.

Roll gravel walks and lawns, and keep your garden as tidy as possible. Hoe and dig vacant beds, and so destroy grass and weeds which always spring up where not wanted.

Should the weather be mild, you may sow hardy annuals, but only if the ground is quite free from frost and snow. Proceed with your rockeries when the weather is favourable.

Old stumps of trees, "clinkers," to be obtained from gas-works, stones, and even broken crockery and bricks, are all

excellent for foundations for rock-work, and can be improved on and covered over with ivy, ferns, or the many Alpine plants now sold for the purpose.

Pinks and auriculas should be top-dressed (sprinkled with a light layer of earth or litter). Look well to the lower leaves of carnations, as they harbour tiny black slugs, which you must destroy, as they are very tiresome, and eat the young shoots.

In digging you are likely to find wire-worms, grubs, and chrysalis, which always kill. In so doing, you will save yourself from trouble when the caterpillar season comes on.

On sunny days have your greenhouse and frame-lights open. Pick off all withered or mouldy leaves and shoots. Repot any plants that may require moving.

Sow mignonette in boxes for early blooming, do not sow too closely, as one seed chokes another.

Indoor hyacinths potted late should now be showing bloom. Water, but only sparingly. More harm is done by too much than by too little water.

M. HOYSTED.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Dolly's Cabbage. ½ cabbage; salt; little fat; ½ spoonful flour; 1 onion; 1 tablespoonful broth. 1. Boil water in a little pan. 2. Put in a pinch of salt. 3. Put in cabbage and boil it till it is quite soft. 4. Place cabbage in a sieve and run cold water over it. 5. Press hard to get all the water out. 6. Chop into small pieces. 7. Put the fat into a pan with flour and onion. 8. When melted, put in cabbage and stir a little, and pour on broth to moisten it. 9. Put in salt and pepper and keep it on the fire for about fifteen minutes.

Hilda's Cakes. Handful of lump sugar; ½ lb. flour; ¼ lb. sugar; ¼ lb. butter (without salt); tablespoonful cold water; pinch of salt; 6 almonds; egg; cinnamon. 1. Pound the lump sugar very well. 2. Pour boiling water over almonds. 3. Peel and chop them. 4. Put flour and sugar and salt into a basin. 5. Rub butter into it. 6. Put in cold water and stir to a paste. 7. Roll paste on board and cut into shapes or round cakes. 8. Grease a tin and put the cakes on it.

9. Paint each cake with egg. 10. Put almonds mixed with coarse sugar and cinnamon in the middle of each cake. 11. Bake in oven fifteen minutes.

In Imitation of an Old Favourite.

Scintille, scintille, étoile mignonne,
Petit mystère, que tu m'étonnes
La haut, si loin de nos yeux
Un diamant au ciel bleu.

Quand le soleil flamboyant
Le couche et rentre au néant,
Sa petite lampe s'allume et brille
Et pendant toute la nuit scintille.

Merci, te dit le voyageur
Petite étoile de ta lueur,
Comment savoir par où marcher
Si tu cettais de briller?

E. Miall.

What shall we Play.

Madam Tel Sono, when she was in England last summer, showed a family of little children how the Japanese children play with the ball. Among other interesting exercises were the following, which have been adopted by her audience and played ever since.

I. (1). Stand with feet together, left hand on hip. (2). Strike the ball on the floor with palm of right hand. (3). When the ball ascends let it alight on the back of right hand and instantly hit it down again with the palm. To be played ten times without a mistake.

II. Hit the ball on the floor with palm of right hand nine times. Hit the tenth ball harder, turn round on one's toes, and again hit it down the eleventh time. Turn round every tenth ball and always count aloud.

III. Kneel on the ground and hit the ball down, first with the right and then the left hand. Do this a hundred times without a mistake, remaining quite stationary.

COMPETITIONS.

Girls. Both classes to make the knickerbockers from paper patterns.

Boys. The first three models in "Cardboard Modelling," by William Heaton, published by O. Newmann and Co., price 5*s.* 6*d.* I do not recommend parents to let boys under seven years learn cardboard modelling, as, before that age, the hand is not heavy or firm enough to keep the metal square in position, and cut deep enough with the knife.

I would press teachers very earnestly to study Mr. Heaton's book, which is so carefully prepared that any adult could work the models without any previous training, and then teach it to her pupils. The series is adapted, being built up mostly out of two sets, the numbers with letters attached being added from another set, and the last five are added by Mr. Heaton, to show that work is capable of being put to practical use. These are a glove box, oblong box with hinged lid, triangular taper pocket, handkerchief box, stationery box with hinged lid.

Among the first models are book covers, portfolios, trays, card case, match pocket, etc. Rousseau preferred that Emile learnt to build highways rather than make flowers or porcelain. He says, "Let us choose a respectable trade, but let us ever remember that there is no respectability without utility." Mr. Heaton maintains and proves that "cardboard work is a step, and a good step, in this direction." It specially helps to form habits of order, exactness, neatness and cleanliness, and forms a bridge over which the boy passes to Sloyd at the age of eleven or twelve.

BOOK CLUB.

This month we will take Miss Mitford's "Our Village," as such a beautiful edition has been brought out this Christmas, with an introduction by Mrs. Ritchie, and the most dainty illustrations by Hugh Thompson. The book makes a charming addition to a girl's library. It is published by Macmillan and Co.

As this book was written only a few years after Miss

Edgworth's "Angelina" appeared, it will interest the reader to specially notice the change of style, and of phraseology.

I. Write a short account of Miss Mitford, and give the name and position of "Our Village."

II. Describe in a few words, May, Dash, Saladin, and briefly write one scene in each of their lives.

III. To whom were the following words spoken: "Any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow!" "Daddy come home!" "Did I ever think of standing under the shadow of a white rose tree!" "Oh, what a bad runner!" "I don't mind 'em."

IV. Quote what you think is the most imaginative description of nature or rural life.

IDA'S DREAM.

IDA was very ill. She could not even sit up in bed: her head was hot and heavy, and ached dreadfully if she tried to move it. All this was very disagreeable, but the medicine the old doctor sent her was more disagreeable still. Ida could see the bottle quite plainly from where she lay, and at the sight of it two great tears came into her eyes and rolled down on the pillow. It was a winter's evening, and the room was very dark, but a bright moonbeam came through the window, and fell on the table at the foot of the bed where the bottle stood. Outside it must be very cold; the branches of the trees were thickly covered with snow, and they sparkled and shone in the moonlight; the roofs of the houses were all pure white. Ida could see all this, too, for the window curtains were not drawn. It seemed to her that the medicine bottle looked rather different from usual this evening. Perhaps it was only because her eyes were filled with tears, and she could not see very well; but no,—Ida looked again,—she had never yet seen a bottle with feet and hands,—little red feet just the colour of the paper cap on the cork; and medicine bottles did not usually possess a face, with two twinkling black eyes and a very large mouth, which smiled at Ida in a friendly way from under the red cap. The bottle began to nod its head at the little girl, and waved its hand, then it

began to walk across the table on to the bed. It moved very stiffly and slowly, but at last it reached the head of the bed, and seated itself on the pillow, still nodding away at Ida, and smiling. Ida could say nothing: she only stared in astonishment.

"I know you're very much surprised," said the bottle in a squeaky voice: "you never thought I could walk and talk, did you?"

"No," said Ida.

"But I'm not a real bottle, you see," went on the queer creature: "I'm not really a bottle at all," and it heaved a deep sigh.

"What are you then?" said Ida.

"I'm a fairy,—a Moon Elf."

"But why are you down here?" asked Ida.

"It's a very long story," said the bottle: "too long to tell you just at present. But I've watched you every day, and it made me feel so unhappy when you had to take the medicine, and when it made you cry. I'm so sorry you're ill, Ida."

"It's very kind of you to be sorry for me," answered the little girl. "I don't like being ill at all: it is so dull lying here."

"That's just what I thought," said the bottle, "and then an idea came into my head. I have plenty of friends up there," and he pointed to the round face of the moon, "and if you will come with me, I will take you for a journey through the air. I am sure you would like it: it is so different from everything down here. We would bring you back quite safely. Will you come?"

"How can I?" asked Ida. "I can't even sit up."

"Try," said the bottle, stretching out a little hand to her. Ida took hold of it, she sat up, then stood on her feet. Hand in hand they walked across the bed to the table, and stepped on to the patch of moonlight. Ida suddenly found herself no bigger than her companion; and he, too, had changed. He was now an elf, with red cap and shoes. His face, with bright eyes and queer mouth, was just the same; but he was no longer a bottle.

"Why," cried Ida, "how different you look!"

"I have changed into my real shape for a few hours," said the Moon Elf. "But we must not stay: come along." The

room had vanished; they were standing on a long bright bridge, which stretched away endlessly into the distance; the Elf began to run, and Ida followed. The bridge at first was very little higher than the sparkling roofs and snowy trees, but by degrees they mounted higher and higher, till the earth lay far beneath them, and the night surrounded them on all sides. Suddenly the Elf stood still, and Ida looked about her. They were alone in the midst of the wonderful sky—a sky without stars or moon, blue-black, endlessly deep. Behind them the shining bridge dwindled to a golden thread, and then vanished. As Ida looked, she saw something white sailing along towards them. It came nearer and nearer, and she saw that it was a white fleecy cloud, which was being pushed along by four elves, exactly like her friend, all with the same queer faces and red caps. They had big brown wings, and sailed slowly through the air. "This," said the Moon Elf, turning to Ida, "is our cloud boat. We will get in, and then if you like I will tell you how I came to be a medicine bottle." He jumped in, and turned to help her. She felt a little bit afraid as she stepped off the bridge, but her foot fell upon something very soft and downy, and soon she lay back in the cloud boat, as warm and comfortable as if she had been in her own bed. The Moon Elf seated himself opposite her. He clapped his hands; the boat began to sail along; the brown wings of the elves slowly rose and fell. Ida closed her eyes, and listened to her companion's story.

"We Moon Elves," he began, "are the servants of the Moon. We must obey her in everything. We often are sent down to the earth on some errand of hers, for wherever the moonbeams go, we can go too. But if we leave the moonlight and step out into the shadow we are no longer Moon Elves, but turn into the first thing our hand touches. So we are always very careful while on the earth to keep within the bounds of our kingdom. We see a great deal of what goes on down here, but of course we always come in the night, and I always wanted so much to see what things look like in the daytime. I know what they look like now, since I became a bottle," and he sighed deeply, and then went on, "we are very fond of mischief, and play all manner of tricks, and my misfortune came from this love of mischief. We whisper

dreams into people's ears; we tell the old miser that thieves have broken into his cellar and stolen his gold, till he wakes up, and taking a candle in his shaking hand, goes round to see that all is safe; but we love children, and whisper pleasant dreams to them. One of the places where we most love to go, is a room in the old doctor's house. It is the room where he mixes his medicines, and the moonlight streams through two windows right across the table on to the opposite wall, where there is a long shelf covered with medicine bottles. We delight in this room, we play such splendid games of hide and seek all over the table, and on the long wooden shelf. The doctor's son very often mixes the medicines, and when he is there, we play fine pranks. We hide away the powders and medicines which he needs, and while he is looking for them, we upset his glass, or push it along to the edge of the table, and clap our hands with delight, when it falls to the ground with a crash. When he makes pills, we play ball with them, and send them rolling into the corners of the room. Oh! we play all manner of tricks. One evening we had been in the doctor's room for quite an hour, we had played hide and seek, had hidden away the medicines, and done everything we could think of. I was sitting in the moonlight on the table, quite tired, when one of my friends came sliding down from above me, and gave me a little push. I lost my balance and fell into the shadow; my hands touched something cold, then I felt myself grow stiff, and square, and hollow—I was a medicine bottle! It was terrible—too terrible—then the doctor's son seized hold of me, poured some medicine into me, tied up my cork in a red cap, stuck a great label upon me, and sent me off to your house. My friends were dreadfully sorry for me, and they all went together to our Queen to beg her to help me. But the Queen said I had been so mischievous and had played so many tricks that I deserved a punishment. For ten years I must remain on earth, and if at the end of that time I am still unbroken, I can take my real form again. But," said the poor elf, sorrowfully, "ten years is a long time, and glass breaks so easily."

"You shall stay with me," cried Ida, "I will keep you all the time quite safely, so that you can go back again afterwards. But how is it you are an Elf now?" she asked.

"For one night in the year I take my own shape for a few hours, and may visit my friends," said the Elf, "from where I stood on the table I could watch you, and I was so sorry for you, and thought you would perhaps like a ride through the air."

"Oh! how kind of you," cried Ida, "to think of me, when you have only such a little time. I wish I could help you to go back to your friends sooner, but I will keep you very carefully till the ten years are at an end, so that you will be unbroken, and then——

Suddenly the four winged Elves stopped in their flight, they let go of the cloud boat, and hung perfectly still in the air, with their wings folded. Ida's friend fell on his knees, and bent his head to the ground. Ida saw that the dark night sky was gradually flooded with soft clear light, which seemed to come from the far distance. It grew more and more dazzling, till Ida saw that a beautiful lady was slowly floating towards them through the air. She was so bright that the child could hardly look at her, and her face was hidden by a silver veil. She came nearer to the cloud boat, and looked at the kneeling Elf.

"What are you doing here?" asked she. "Your Majesty," replied the Elf, "it is the one night in the year in which I am free."

"And why is this little earth child here?" said the lady, pointing to Ida.

"I was very ill," said Ida, "and was so tired of lying alone in the dark. And he was a medicine bottle at first, and then turned into an Elf, and took me for a ride in this beautiful boat. Please do not be angry with him."

The lady smiled.

"Do you think he has been punished enough?" asked she.

"Oh! I am sure of it," cried Ida. "Please let him stay here, and not be punished any more."

"Listen," said the lady, turning to the moon Elf," during the few hours in which you were free, you helped this little child, and since she asks me to shorten your punishment, I will do so. You need not go back to the earth again."

The face of the Moon Elf beamed with joy, but he did not move.

"You may go," said the lady.

"I must take Ida home, your Majesty," murmured the Elf. "I will take her home," answered the Queen, "now go."

The Elf jumped up; he waved his cap in the air, nodded a farewell to Ida, and then sprang out of the cloud boat, and turned somersault after somersault till he was lost to sight. His four companions opened their broad wings, and sailed away slowly after him. The lady took Ida in her arms, and kissed her forehead. A great drowsiness came over the child, she felt dimly that she was falling, falling very gently and slowly, then she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes the morning sun was shining brightly into the room; a pot of sweet pink hyacinths stood on the table in place of the medicine bottle, and her mother sat by the bedside, watching her.

"Oh! Mamma," cried Ida, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, "I've been such a wonderful journey, I must tell you all about it; and I am so much better, I shall soon be quite well."

"My own darling," said her mother, and kissed her many times.

BESSIE GREEN.

A CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

OUR list for this month is still very incomplete, and leaves scope for each family to add some revered names. The choice is large, amongst the good of every age: in the Father's house there are many mansions. "Discipleship to Christ is not like the partizanship of the schools,—an exclusive devotion to partial truth, an exaggeration of some single phase of human life. Keeping us ever in the mental presence of the divinest wisdom and in veneration of a perfect goodness, it accustoms us to the aspect of every grace that can adorn and consecrate our nature; trains our perceptions instantly to recognize its influence or to feel its want. It looks with an eye of full and clear affection over the wide circle of human excellence. . . . . thrown as we are into reverence for no disproportioned and unfinished soul, we cannot but contract a catholic sympathy for every noble form assumed by our humanity. Philosophy and art, the statesman and the bard, the reformer and the saint, all take their place before us in the Providential sphere, and in proportion as they are faithful to their trust, draw from us an admiring recognition. We see in them selections from the exhaustless inspiration of the infinite wisdom: streaks of Divine illumination, rushing in through the cloud-openings of our world."

FEBRUARY.

1st.

2nd. Candlemas Day. Presentation of Christ in the Temple, and Purification of Virgin Mary. Collect. Epistle and Gospel.

3rd. St. Blaise. Add verse to hymn as above.

Of good St. Blaise, the brave and kind, we think with praise to-day,
The savage beasts were loved by him, and owned his gentle sway;
Woolcombers now remember the way in which he died,
And painters place an iron comb, as emblem, by his side.

4th.

5th. St. Agatha. Add verse to hymn as above.

With Agatha, majestic maid, the knowledge may we find
That will is free, and God is near, tho' men may scourge and bind;
That all the heart's reliance may ever stedfast be
On Christ the Rock which stands for aye. Lord, grant us constancy!

6th. St. Dorothea. Add verse to hymn as above.

For Dorothea's radiant soul, our song we now sustain,
Who for the heavenly roses, endured the thorny pain.
Give us her patient spirit, and grant Thy fruits and flowers
To bless the garden of our lives, for others' needs and ours.

7th.

8th. Birthday of John Ruskin. Read the following extract from his Works:—

"First, simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favour of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The Grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will. Secondly, as you know more and more of the created world, you will feel that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy; that He has made everything beautiful in its time and place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain. The dove of God exists and you may see it, and live in it if you will. Lastly, a spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power.

And there is a fourth thing of which we already know too much. There is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and in cowardice, as the dominion of the spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage.

And this blind and cowardly spirit is for ever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them; and that gospel of his is ever the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will find some day, to your cost, if you believe the first part of it, that it is not true; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find, to your gain, that also, untrue; and therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so from day to day, and from strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by Art, by Thought, and by Just Will, an Ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, 'See what manner of stones are here,' but 'See what manner of men.'"

9th.
10th.
11th.
12th.
13th.
14th.
15th.
16th.
17th.
18th.
19th.
20th.
21st. Cardinal Newman born. Sing "Lead, kindly Light."
22nd.
23rd.
24th. St. Matthias. See printed hymn. Collect. Epistle and Gospel.
25th.
26th.
27th.
28th.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

Westward with Columbus, by Gordon Stables, R.N., illustrated by Alfred Pearse, 5*s*.

Gulliver's Travels, illustrated by Gordon Browne, 3*s*. Two new volumes of the extensive library of books for young people, which Messrs. Blackie and Sons are now publishing. This firm deserves high commendation for the excellent type and get-up of these books. The first narrates the stirring adventures of Columbus in the discovery of America —a story which, as the author says: every British and American lad ought to know. He says he has tried to steer clear of all things that youths do not like, and has told the story in language as plain and simple as he could command. He confesses to have woven into the story a little bit of romance which he rather oddly calls a *halo*. Do people then weave haloes? Young folk may, therefore, have a difficulty here and there in distinguishing between fact and fiction. This riddle, answered or unanswered, they will enjoy the exciting story and take in the main facts.

As to *Gulliver*, we never feel quite sure how the apparently inexhaustible interest of his wonderful adventures may not serve as the gilding of the pill of the Dean's somewhat cynical views of human nature. A healthy optimism, serenity, courage standing "four-square 'gainst all the winds that blow," a self-sacrificing spirit, high ideals, are not what one expects to find in the writings of Swift, and the process of noting "the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world," however useful it may be to enable grown men "to oppose it at every step," is not exactly a healthy exercise for the young. Still, *Gulliver* is an English classic, and will continue to be read, and this edition, although cheap, is a good one, and is a reprint of the first edition with sundry objectionable passages removed.

Nicola, or the Career of a Girl Musician, by M. Corbet-Semour, illustrated, 2*s*. 6*d*. This is another of the new juvenile books by the same publishers. It is a well meaning little work, but it would have been better had the good and self-sacrificing brother been gifted with a nobler ambition than merely to achieve success as a wealthy merchant, however useful such a career may be. Self-help, in the sense of taking care of number one, is made too prominent a motive now-a-days in numberless books.

"I have my art—that is enough," one (*i.e.*, Nicola) would have said.

"I have my fortune to make—that is all I care for, would have been the explanation of the other, for not even Nicola could be more bent on her profession than was George Clacys in his determination to become a prosperous merchant, and a name and power in the great commercial world."

Surely there is an indication of a narrow and short-sighted aim here.

A First History of France, by Louise Creighton, illustrations and maps, 3*s*. 6*d*. Longman's. There can hardly be a more difficult task for a writer than to condense history into little manuals of this kind, and yet retain its readableness. It is apt to become a mere bald narration of isolated facts which retain no hold on the memory or interest of the young reader. In this book the difficulties are very successfully grappled with, and in the hands of a good teacher, who can give the necessary explanations, will prove of great service. It is very necessary to give more attention than has formerly been given to European history in schools, and Messrs. Longman have provided a large number of most excellent manuals for the purpose.

It is singular that so well-informed a writer as Mrs. Creighton should have fallen into the error with regard to the Battle of Sedan, that "every one thought that the French would win, and great was the surprise when almost from the first the Prussians were victorious." "The French army," as Mrs. Creighton afterwards says, "was really in bad order, and had poor generals." This was very well known, and wherever *authentic* information was relied on it was believed that the French could not possibly win except through some great and almost inconceivable catastrophe.

Esther's Shrine, a Character Sketch, by Helen Milman, 3*s*. 6*d*. The couplet quoted on the title-page warns the reader what to expect—

> "When she was good she was very, very good;
> But when she was bad she was horrid."

—and the expectation will be amply realised. The heroine's character is not harmonious; indeed its contrasts are too extravagant. The book, although clever and amusing, can hardly be considered a success.

DEAR EDITOR,—Two educational problems of fundamental importance have lately been much discussed in the papers:—the amount and kind of Religious Instruction to be given in Elementary Schools, and the maintenance of Discipline there. In the London School Board, especially, the first of these questions has been a burning one for some months, owing to the, as it seems to me, rather unwise excess of zeal of some of the Church party. At the same time, all who believe in the importance of definite religious instruction must see to it that, whilst carefully safeguarding the rights of individuals, such teaching forms part of the regular course of every school; and I cannot do better than refer to an address by Archdeacon Wilson, vicar of Rochdale, as reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of November 6th. He urges that we should not rest until we have secured what all the Nonconformist bodies and the Church hold to be

an essential of education—viz., instruction in the Bible as containing the will and the revelation of God; and quote the words of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes:—"I believe strongly myself, and I do not hesitate to say here what I have said elsewhere, that the most awful mistake the Nonconformists of England made was when they accepted a secular basis for national education."

Turning to the second problem, that of Discipline, the London School Board has decided that the infliction of corporal punishment, which has hitherto been confined to head-teachers, may in future be delegated to assistants. The necessity for this step is well shewn in a letter dated October 19th to the *Daily Chronicle* by Mr. I. Zangwill, giving his own experience as a Board School teacher. He says that if our public schools cannot dispense with the birch, we must not expect moral suasion to be sufficient for the lower classes. "The cane need not be used once a day, but it must always be in the background, invisible, but all-potent, the last argument of the schoolmaster. It should be more feared than seen, more seen than felt, but when felt, then felt indeed." It is absurd asking the parents' opinion, "no one knows less what is good for a child than the average parent."

In the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a plea for school libraries, especially in elementary schools, and an account of the method adopted in the State of Wisconsin, U.S.A., to encourage their promotion.

In the same review the writer of an article called "Spectacled Schoolboys" points out that the increased use of glasses by boys and girls is no more evidence of race degeneration than the increase of lunatic asylums is a proof, as is often rashly assumed, of the increase of lunacy, or the growth of railways a testimony to our inability to walk, and urges that every person, children included, should have his eyes scientifically examined by an oculist (*not* an optician) with a view to the provision, if necessary, of suitable glasses. By this means many ailments such as so-called "bilious" headache would be prevented, and in many cases the defects of vision may be so far remedied that the use of spectacles may be discontinued in adult life.

In the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. H. Hutchinson Almond, Headmaster of Loretto, in an article entitled "Football as a moral agent," which should be read by those who hesitate for fear of accidents to allow their sons to join in this best of winter games (chiefly, I believe, those who have never played it themselves) says, "Amateur football is infinitely less dangerous, in the long run, than abstinence from open-air exercise on the part of those who lead a generally indoor life. In a word, by developing the chest and limbs, by quickening the circulation and purifying the blood, football saves far more lives than it destroys." He considers that "its mere existence, and the practical lessons which it preaches are worth more than all the books that have been written on youthful purity. I can say for myself," he continues, "that under the circumstances of the luxurious and self-indulgent habits in which boys are increasingly brought up at home, the constant panic lest they should suffer any pain, the absence of apprehension lest their moral and physical fibre should become feeble by disuse, and the tendency of the examination

system to make the development of character a secondary consideration, I would not care to face the responsibility of conducting a school were there not rooted in it, as I hope an imperishable tradition, an enthusiastic love of football"

I should like to make long extracts from the article by Mr. Walter Wren in the *Review of Reviews*, for November, called "What is Education?" Its wise hints wittily expressed on education, physical, mental, and moral, on handwriting, training the faculty of attention, the kind of reading that leads to knowledge, the teaching of science, and many other points make it worthy of study by all. The same magazine contains another article on the "Gouin System," and on two interesting educational experiments, "Abbotsholme" and "Bedales."

In the *Nineteenth Century* for this month Mrs. Crackanthorpe discusses the difficult problem of the relations between mothers and their grown-up daughters, and is inclined to favour the claim now so often made by the latter for a share of the larger liberty enjoyed by their brothers.

January 8th, 1894. PATER JUNIOR.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am very badly in want of copies of the *Parents' Review* for May, 1890, and May, 1892, and shall be happy to give one shilling each for those received in good condition.—Yours faithfully,

8, Carlton Hill, N.W. HENRY PERRIN.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Having a great deal to do with little children I should like to make a few remarks particularly on the subject of "Accuracy and Unselfishness." I feel the great importance of inculcating these two habits when very young, as the two opposites, Inaccuracy and Selfishness, seem to me to be the foundation of many other faults. I have a Kindergarten, and feel the responsibility of teaching little children, to be especially great, as they unconsciously imitate their teachers, and habits when young are so easily formed either good or bad.

I am sure it is a very great help to a teacher when she feels she can talk freely about her pupils to their mothers, and co-operate in their endeavours to prevent at the beginning some particular fault becoming a more settled habit.

Kindergarten schools do aim at developing a habit of accuracy in all the lessons, but in my school I have especial lessons having this as their primary object; these lessons can be very varied, I will only mention a few which I have found useful.

1st. "A Measuring Lesson." After a little talk about a foot-rule I hold up various things and ask the children to say how many inches they think it is across, generally speaking they draw a line the supposed length on their slates, and then measure and see for themselves how far they are wrong.

2nd. "A Describing Lesson." One child goes outside the room and we place something, such as a ball, somewhere about the room, then the children describe where it is, in order that it may be easily found by the child outside.

3rd. In this lesson we make patterns or objects with coloured cardboard "forms," the children asking in turn for what they want in such a concise way that the teacher can quickly attend to their wants. I find that these lessons are greatly enjoyed by children; of course I have only given a very brief outline. I believe such lessons do really help to promote habits of accuracy.

Unselfishness can be encouraged during any lesson or in play time, and it is most important to do this as selfishness is a serious fault. Unconscious unselfishness is the ideal to aim for, but this is difficult and slow to attain as it is generally natural for children to be pleased and perhaps a little proud when they give up their own wishes. In conclusion I will only say that my school is a very great pleasure to me, as I love my work.

M. M. C.

DEAR EDITOR,—I read with much interest the article on "Religious Education" in your last number of *Parents' Review*, and I thought your readers might like to hear how the same all important question has been, and still is a source of passionate controversy in Belgium.

When the Liberals were in power, more than ten years ago, schools received Government subsidies, and large minded education was carried on in such a well regulated way that Belgium ranked first in educational matters. But there was then no religious instruction given in the schools, though the clergy were invited to open a class for such instruction; this they refused doing, on the plea that they were not allowed full authority in secular matters. From that moment religious education became a political question, and priests constantly refused the absolution to parents who sent their children to the Government schools. With such an enemy the Liberals could not cope, and in 1884 the clerical or priests' party came into power. Its first act was, of course, to pass a Bill against the schools. All Government subsidies were withdrawn, and many schools shut, thus throwing out of work hundreds of poor teachers, who barely escaped starvation. When the Liberals, who still retained municipal power in a few of our towns and villages, immediately endeavoured to save some of their threatened institutions by voting them subsidies from their own treasuries, and hence arose the sad conflict which is wrecking Belgian prosperity.

On one side schools ruled by bigoted priests or ignorant nuns, on the other side schools completely secularized. The result in both cases is most alarming, and earnest men (though objecting to religious education) are agreed that something ought to be done to raise the moral standard. Last September a kind of Congress was held by the Liberal school teachers to that effect, and many ideas were discussed, a final proposal being submitted to public opinion, namely, that a course of Moral Education should be given in every school. This proposal met with little sympathy, and one of the principal Liberal papers hotly declared that morality could not be taught by theories, for moral education grew out of experience, and depended on circumstances; adding, as a clincher, that children only went to school to learn things conformable to rule.

In answer to these startling assertions a correspondent wisely remarked that if *theoretical* morality could not be taught, at least *practical* morality could and *should* be, so as to show children by biographical examples the end of evil and good conduct. To this the newspaper politely replied by keeping to its own opinion, and there the matter ended.

In England the question of Religious Education is almost as important as it is here, for if on one hand the complete secularization of instruction seems advisable in schools supported by "all sorts and conditions of men," on the other hand it certainly is dangerous for Government to allow it.

England's strength resides greatly in the *union* of Church and State, for England's enemies abroad long to see the disestablishment of her Church. Therefore patriotism commands that England's *Government* schools should *offer* Anglican religious instruction to those who desire it, but should never compel it, as England is a free country.

Now when I follow the Belgian disputes on school matters, or read about the English controversies on religious education, I cannot help feeling that the most important point of all seems sadly neglected.

The child's brain and the child's conscience are much contended for, but what about the child's *heart?*

Yet the impressions of childhood echo through life, and teachers have as much responsibility as parents have, for example and influence ceaselessly sow their seed. These thoughts have often made me long to submit a suggestion to public criticism, and I now avail myself of the kind permission contained in your interesting magazine to do so.

If religious education is ever biassed by the teacher's private feelings, *nature* at least cannot be so, when looked at with childlike eyes, and no particular study is attempted.

Nature is the child's domain, full of simple and heart-searching lessons, for country child or town urchin will eagerly listen to a little talk on bird or beast, insect, stone, or flower. The beauty of gentleness, kindness, truthfulness, perseverance, and love might thus be impressed on children's minds, while *nature* would aid by speaking to her little ones' *hearts* and ennobling them.

A clever teacher could daily prove the truth of those lines:

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

My idea may perhaps appear impracticable, especially as I have some difficulty in expressing myself in English (being a foreigner), but I believe that an earnest mind could render it feasible, and thus ward off from rising generations the dreadful callousness of heart, which is fast stifling all pure and noble feelings in Belgium.

Sincerely trusting my appeal may meet with your approval, I beg you to accept my thanks, and believe me to remain, yours faithfully,

NORA GODDYN.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to "May," I find the simplest form of accounts to be the following:—"Dissect" the items of expenditure under the various headings of charity, house, wages, dress, travelling, rates and taxes, sundries, &c., and carry out the totals of each monthly. You are then able to compare each month of every year and the total expenditure on each item. All your expenditure sorts itself automatically so to speak. The proper headings for your "state of life" will suggest themselves to you. You need a book 8in. by 10in., and will then get four months on to any two pages when the book is open. The Liverpool Stationery Co., 38, Castle Street, would print such a book (I have no interest in the Company). Have a lock put on so that your servants may not revel in the amount they

cost you per head, and your name and address stamped outside. As to your investments, keep a list.

	Amount Invested.	Papers.	Date.
Coffee Tavern Co., 27, Soho Square.	£1,000 — 10 shares at par. £100	At L. and Cty. Bank; sent there Jan., 1892.	January, 1892.

—And so on. Then keep a separate register of the dividends you receive on the several months, and roughly the amounts, thus—

January.	February.	March.
1st, Coffee T.C. £25 2nd, Iowa Ltd. £20	1st, L.N.W.R. £10	2nd, E. and W. India Docks £100

Every now and then get your pass-book and see whether they have been paid properly to you. Write to your bankers and get them to collect all your dividends. Do all this and you will worry no more.—Yours faithfully,

S. H.

DEAR EDITOR,—Possibly a brief description of the method in which I keep my accounts may be of some use to your correspondent "May." I jot down daily every item of expenditure in a pocket note-book, and my husband does the same. Every Monday I summarize the contents of both our note-books in a ledger. This ledger consists of twelve pages. The left hand side of the page is divided into seven columns. In the first column is written the various heads under which I classify our expenditure, in the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth are figures showing the amount spent under each head, a column being devoted to each week. In the table below I have put down a few heads of expenditure merely to illustrate the method.

Account for Jan., 1894.	Week ending 8th Jan.			Week ending 15th Jan.			Week ending 22nd Jan.			Week ending 29th Jan.			Week ending 5th Feb.			Monthly totals.		
	£	s	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Butcher ..	1	5	0	1	7	6	1	4	3	1	7	0	1	5	3	6	9	0
Baker ..	0	5	0	0	7	2	0	6	2	0	5	9	0	6	6	1	10	7
Milkman ..	0	18	6	0	17	9	0	19	5	0	18	4	1	0	0	4	14	0
	2	8	6	2	12	5	2	9	10	2	11	1	2	11	9	12	13	7

Total for January, £12 13s. 7d.

It will be seen that the above table, which occupies the left hand side of the ledger, shows a month's expenditure; on the right hand side may be noted the money received during the month. You can compare at a glance the expenditure of one week with another, and can easily reckon at the end of the year the total expenditure and the amount that has been spent under each head. I enter my expenditure under the following heads:—1, butcher; 2, baker; 3, grocer; 4, milkman; 5, greengrocer

and fruiterer; 6, fishmonger; 7, wines; 8, nursery expenses; 9, fuel; 10, gas, oil, &c.; 11, charity; 12, dress (self); 13, dress (husband); 14, washing; 15, chemist and doctor; 16, wages; 17, extra provisions (any little delicacies I buy, meals taken at restaurants, board wages); 18, stationery, postage, and newspapers; 19, rates, taxes, and rent; 20, house repairs and utensils; 21, amusements; 22, legal expenses; 23, stable account; 24, garden account; 25, education; 26, travelling (includes cabs, rail, and 'bus fares); 27, gifts; 28, personal (self); 29, personal (husband). A little practice enables one to summarize accounts rapidly, and I find that if the weekly summary is entered with undeviating regularity this method combines satisfactory results with economy of time and labour.—Yours faithfully,

R. S. S.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been interested in reading "May's" letter in the November *Parents' Review*, and fully agree with her that it is most important for a mother to teach her daughters a careful system of account keeping. Apart from the worry endured by unmethodical women, I think we should take a higher stand-point, and look upon the careful disposal of our money as a serious duty, impressing upon our children the wickedness of debt, and the grave moral necessity of a scrupulous honesty in all money matters. The old merchant who wrote in the first page of his ledger, "Lord, keep me and it honest," expressed a vital truth in a homely way.

Everyone has her pet system of account keeping, but it may interest "May" to hear that which I personally find the easiest. I start the year with two books; one of Lett's Diaries, a day to a page, and Lett's "Housekeeper enlarged," a very simple but well arranged account book, having a space for each day in which the expenses can be entered under separate headings; also a space for entering receipts, thus making the weekly balancing easy. In the diary I jot down in pencil the different items of expenditure each day, entering them at the end of the week in the other book, then add them up and enter in the spaces at the end. Each month I add up the expenses in a separate column, each under its own heading. I do the same each quarter, and half-year, and finally have a page of the complete annual expenditure, so that I can at a glance compare our expenses with any previous month, quarter, or year. I keep the stable accounts in the same manner, and add the total to the annual expenditure page. If "May" has an income derived from investments I would advise her keeping a little book as I do, and in the beginning of the book I have a full description of all stocks, shares, etc., and in another part I put down all dividends as they are received, adding them up at the end of the year. If "May" has a separate banking account need hardly impress upon her the importance of entering each cheque carefully on its counterfoil, and having her pass-book at regular intervals. I find it a help to make a list at the beginning of the year of all regular payments that have to be made, such as subscriptions, insurances, etc. The monthly account does not only check undue extravagance, but a glance at previous years enables one to see when the heavier expenses, such as school-bills, taxes, etc., have to be met. I think the simplest way

for a girl to begin account keeping is the usual way of receipts on one page of her account-book, and expenditure on the other, with a careful weekly balance. I would also encourage her to keep a quarterly account, and a page for the total receipts and expenditure of each year. As a girl I used to receive my allowance quarterly, and found it a great help to divide it into little packets, labelled, "winter jacket," "gloves and boots," "stamps," "charity," etc., etc.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

DELTA.

DEAR EDITOR,—I was greatly interested in Miss Helen Webb's paper, in the October "*Parents' Review*, "On one aspect of Nursery Hygiene." I am sure it is a subject which needs to be brought before the minds of parents and all those who have the care of children. In my own case I had often noticed definite instances of a thought passing direct from my mind to that of my little girl, two and a half years old, sometimes in a modified form, but occasionally without any change. This little girl is certainly of a "neurotic temperament," though not excessively so, and leads a very free, open-air life, but is just the kind of child to be injured by any forcing or "hot-house" treatment.

No doubt many parents who read the *Review* have noticed similar instances of thought-transference between themselves and their children, and a vast number more will be aroused to the danger and put on their guard by Miss Webb's excellent article.

Another thing pointed out in the Paper, seemed to me of great importance that we should consider. It is, that we are the servants of a Higher Power in bringing up our children. We have not to make and carry out our own plans for them, but to reverently discover and then to train them to carry out as well and as fully as they can the Divine intention. We must recognise that each individual is not an isolated item, living for himself alone, but a necessary part of God's plan for mankind, which if forced into a wrong position, will not only badly or incompletely fulfil the duties of that place, but will prevent others from properly fulfilling their duties.

I cannot conclude my letter without saying how very useful and interesting I find the *Parents' Review*, and that I do my best to make it more widely known.—I remain, dear Editor, sincerely yours,

L.A.G.

DEAR EDITOR,—The article by H.B. on history suggests one way to make history charts. May I tell of another which I have found very useful and delightful to children? I bought a continuous roll of good cartridge paper, 14 ft. long and 15 in. wide, and after ruling on it broad, black lines 5 in. apart to divide the centuries, and pencil lines within these to divide each ten years, and marking the numbers legibly, B C and A D along the top, I got a paperhanger to put it up on the wall of the nursery passage. Into these spaces I have gradually written the names of great men, putting a horizontal line before and after each name to represent the length of the life. There is no need of dates, for the pencil lines show them. A few very

prominent events in the world's history are written vertically. Classification into nations and countries is done by keeping certain levels, but crowding or elaboration would spoil it. The object is to have a long procession, from 1500, B.C., to the present day, and a vision of great names marching in stately order, and some certain knowledge approximately, how near each other or how far they lived, and who were actually contemporaries. This plan will not teach history, but it will stimulate curiosity, and give chronology and clearness to each bit of acquired knowledge. Each century assumes a character of its own, moulded by the great men of all kinds who lived in it.

M. L. HART DAVIS.

We have received several inquiries as to the authorship of the "wise and beautiful" article on *Family Life*, which appeared in the January number. We owe the article in question to Mrs. Hart Davis. *Family Life* may be obtained in pamphlet form from W. Salmon, Esq., 54, London Road, Reading, at 1*d.*; postage ½*d.*

The Reading Branch, before which the lecture was delivered, has had it printed for private circulation.

[Want of space obliges us to postpone several very interesting letters.]

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—The next term begins on January 30th.

House of Education Naturalist Club. Notes by M. L. Hodgson.—Dwellings.—I think it may be as well for us this evening to continue our notes of last week, and finish the subject by going over a few of the strange dwellings made without hands that we may see at any time we like to look for them.

I shall pass rapidly over the curious dwellings made by animals, as it is of insect dwellings that I chiefly wish you to think this evening. I must first, however, say a few words about the homes of other creatures.

You are all familiar with the outsides, at least, of the dwellings of some of our common mammals, such as rabbit burrows, mole fortresses, rat, mouse, and fox holes, and as I hope to take these separately one day I will leave them at present. Then there are the wonderful nests that are so familiar and so common that we have almost ceased to think them noticeable at all, though we marvel at tailor birds, the pipe-like nests of the Baya sparrows, and the many others we see in museums. This again will form a subject for another evening. So I will at once tell you something about curious insect dwellings.

You have before you some of the curious and often amusing cases of the common caddis fly. These may be found in almost every pond, and it is there I advise you to watch them, as they are large enough for you to see them quite well without worrying them by taking them home. These cases are most interesting examples of insect homes, as wonderful and instructive as birds' nests, and as variable in appearance. Caddis flies are little unobtrusive insects with four membranous wings, and little that is attractive about them We have many species, and all, with one or two exceptions, have aquatic larva, and these latter construct for their residence the tubes called caddis cases. The commonest form is a cylindrical tube of equal diameter throughout, formed of fragments of leaves and other vegetable substances, neatly arranged in a spiral manner. The caddy can turn round in his case and put his head out at the other end if he likes. Other cases are made of rushes, and shells with the snails in them too, and when caught they may just either die or wait until the caddis changes into a fly, when the rotting of the case may set them free. This always reminds me of the White Knight, when he said that the other White Knight put on his helmet with him in it, too. Sometimes the case is made of moss, and then it is very pretty, as it looks like green feathers. The caddis is fond of long trails, and the case often gets so big that they are quite a trouble to move. Charles Kingsley gives us a beautiful description of the caddis in "The

Water-babies," which I daresay you remember, also, his saying they had stuck long straws on their backs, and were as fine as a London sweep on May day. The caddis flies may be seen in hundreds by rivers and streams in the summer time.

The knowledge of these little case-makers is not of recent date. Listen to what Aristotle has written about them long before microscopes or naturalists' clubs were thought of:—"There is," he says, "a small worm-like creature called *Xylophthories*. Its variegated head extends beyond its case, its feet are at the upper extremity, as in other worms; the rest of its body is contained in a case made of a substance like a spider's web, around and outside of which are chips of wood so that the animal walks about with this attached to it. These creatures are attached to their cases as an oyster to its shell. The whole of the case is joined to the worm, and it does not fall out of it, but can be drawn out as if they grew together. If anyone pulls off the case the animal dies, and becomes as helpless as a snail without a shell. As time advances this worm becomes a chrysalis like a caterpillar, and lies without motion, but the nature of the winged creature that is produced from it has not been ascertained."

You are familiar with the homes that many of our caterpillars construct in which to pass the time of their chrysalis state. The most curious are those of the emperor, puss drinker, and hawk moths—and especially the emperor moth. The cocoon is not very remarkable on the outside, but on cutting it open a wonderful structure is visible. Mr. Wood says that the cocoon is a rough flask-like structure—the man who invented lobster-pots is not known, and history has failed to record the name of the man who invented wire mouse-traps with comical entrances into which the mice can squeeze themselves, but exit from which is impossible. But though the principal had not been applied to lobsters and mice it was in existence ages upon ages ago. Before human emperors had been invented, and very probably before mankind had been placed on the earth, the caterpillar of the emperor moth wove its wondrous cell, and thereby became a silent teacher to the cunning race of mankind how to make mouse-traps and lobster-pots. Inside the rough outer case there is a lesser one which is composed of stiff threads laid parallel to each other, their points converging at the small end of the case. (See Wood—127.)

Another strange dwelling is the curious bell-shaped cell formed by the water-spider, which it keeps filled with air in a wonderful manner by bringing bubbles down enclosed between its last pair of legs and its abdomen. Another water-spider constructs a raft and floats peacefully on the top of our ponds and streams.

Then you have yourselves seen the curious nest of lichen and silk the common geometen spider constructs for its eggs. There are other spiders who make nests of silk and then cover them over with leaves in much the same way as the lichen was put on.

Ant hills you all know, and one day we will enter fully into structure and organisation of these, and bees, wasps and hornets. You can in the meantime write an account of any curious dwelling you can discover before sending in your note-books. I must ask for all the books next week.

Fésole Club.—For February there will be the usual competition for a prize. The subject will be any animal—except, to be precise, a human being The drawing can be in black and white, or in water-colours, in any style that suits the competitor best. It must be the unaided work of a member of the club, and done within this month of February. Drawings must be sent at the end of the month, to W. G. Collingwood, Coniston, Lancashire. The next year's work will begin in March. It will be devoted, as announced, to the study of figures; but if a sufficient number of members wish to form a junior class in easier subjects, arrangements will be made to meet their wishes. Subscription one guinea per annum for each member. The club is open only to subscribers to the *Parents' Review* and members of their household.

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Chairman of Committee: Dr. A. T. Schofield. *Vice-Chairman:* E. T. P. Coote, Esq. *Treasurer:* James Gordon, Esq., Bradford Old Bank. *Hon. Sec.:* Miss C. M. Mason, House of Education, Ambleside. *Hon. Org. Sec.:* Henry Perrin, Esq., 8, Carlton Hill, London, N.W. *Asst. Sec.:* Miss Borthwick.—The objects of the Society are, briefly, to assist parents of all classes to understand the best principles and methods of Education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character, and to afford to parents opportunities for co-operation and consultation, so that the wisdom and experience of each may be profitable for all.—Pamphlets, giving full particulars of the work of the Union, and the *Parents' Review* (6d. monthly), the organ of the Society, may be obtained from the Hon. Org. Sec., to whom all subscriptions and communications should be sent.

BELGRAVIA BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* The Lady Isabel Margesson, 63, St. George's Road, S.W.—A correspondence class has been formed in connection with this branch for teaching children by Mr. E. Cooke's method to express themselves in form and colour. Many members who have read the articles written by Mrs. Perrin in the July and August numbers of the *Parents' Review* on Mr. Cooke's method of teaching children to draw and paint, have become desirous of beginning at once to work on the "natural" method devised by him. But lessons are give and take things, and therefore cannot be satisfactory when taught from mere rules or manuals. Mr. Cooke says on the matter: "I want to work out of the children's own doings higher things, that they may be encouraged to go on by themselves. I want to take *their* work and improve it, and to stimulate them to use eyes and hand, to learn to see and to know." A correspondence class has been arranged to meet the needs of members whose children cannot attend Mr. Cooke's lessons, so that drawing may be taught from the first on the *right lines* at home, and no time lost in after years through bad habits having been formed. Mr. Cooke will give a course of lessons to children, from January 15th to Easter. The weekly lesson consists of talking over and criticising the pictures done by each child at home, and of doing under his direction and instruction the same drawings that he makes on the blackboard. The members of the correspondence class will receive, every week, copies of the drawings done at the lesson with Mr. Cooke's methods of proceeding and instruction; also the subject of the picture to be done at home. The picture has to be done unaided and in colour. The subject is taken from some nursery rhyme or story, and must not be copied from a book. It must be sent every week to the Hon. Secretary, who will return it with Mr. Cooke's

criticisms, together with some of the pictures done by other children.* The work of the correspondence class will be:—1. Daily practice of the work done in class. 2. Seeing and discussing other children's drawings. 3. Drawing and colouring a picture out of their own imagination. The fee for the course will be £2 2s. Those who wish to join should write at once to the Hon. Secretary, 63, St. George's Road, Warwick Square, S.W., as the number will be limited.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH.—*Hon Sec.:* Mrs. Newton Coombe, Brocco Bank, and Miss Walmsley, The High School.—On Jan. 12th a most successful meeting was held at the Sheffield Grammar School, when a paper was read by the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttleton, head master of Haileybury College, on "The true meaning of education."

The subject was treated in a most able and interesting manner. Mrs. Woodhouse, head mistress of the High School for Girls, explained the objects of the association, and gave a brief account of the work of the past session.

The Chairman said the objects of the union could not fail to commend themselves to those who were anxious and hopeful concerning the future generation. The rev. gentleman then introduced Mr. Lyttleton as a gentleman well qualified to speak on the question of education both from an hereditary standpoint and as the head master of a great public school.

The Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttleton then delivered his address, claiming at the outset that it was impossible to exhaust the subject on which he was to speak. Proceeding to deal with some aspects of the question, comparatively new, he said in this country they were beginning to understand, in educating children, that they had three component parts to deal with—body, mind, and spirit. Speaking of the moral training of the young, he said they must never lose sight of the fact that the duties of home training were joint duties between the father and the mother. The question was "How to interfere" when a child was not going on as he or she should. In many of the homes of England interference was too frequent. It was most desirable that the youug people should have the freest possible vent to their ideas at home; the freest intercourse with their parents, and an abundance of opportunity of at all times ventilating their ideas. There was a vast amount of decorum at the present day, which they would rue some day. Vacuous mindedness was one of the foes which those having charge of schools had to battle with, children having nothing to think of and nothing to talk about. Education meant the training of a growing thing, and the vine showed them how careful, intermittent, and delicate must be their interference, and reminded them that every single plant was different from every other plant, and that they must find out what was the natural development, and let it go on, their business being to supply the requisite favourable conditions. Parents must be guides, not fault finders, and their influence should not be used in trifling collisions, but kept for the graver issues which were bound to arise. Alluding to instances where a

* Mr. Cooke insists very much on the stimulation and help that children derive from seeing each others work.

parent's interference by action and not by scolding was essential, the rev. gentleman alluded to cruelty, based on ignorance; want of sympathy, due to lack of imagination, and want of consideration for others, based largely on ignorance. If parents were beginning to find out devices which could be adopted with success, he would warn them not to betray them to the boy. (Laughter.) Referring to the Gospel story, the rev. gentleman pointed out how rare was our Lord's interference with the Apostles, and how when He interfered it was by action and not by talk, and then only on a point of the highest importance. The whole life of a school was based on competition, and a serious question was how they could best steer their boys through an atmosphere which was impregnated with competition, so that the principles of Christian charity should not be more imperilled than they must necessarily be. He thought the word "offend" used by our Lord to his Apostles in speaking of "little ones," was applicable to the use of a school contrary to the spirit of Christianity. Passing on to speak of the physique of the boys, the lecturer remarked that it was a strange fact that, whilst the conditions of school life were understood well in so many ways, in the matter of the health of the body, parents had much yet to learn. There was no doubt that the kind of exposure to which boys were subjected was one which required thought and care. Clothing, food, and other matters should be carefully considered in safe-guarding against illness. They might, said the rev. gentleman in conclusion, sum up the whole matter by saying that training demanded less interference and more thought, less fuss and more deliberation. There could not be too much anxiety or too much preparation for each phase of education, but there could easily be too much interference. The kind of interference that was wise was more by action than by speech, and he could not help thinking that they might do well to remember the great and solemn words in Isaiah, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

On the motion of Sir H. Stephenson, seconded by Mrs. H. J. Wilson, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Lyttleton, and the chairman having been thanked, the meeting terminated.

The date of the next meeting is not yet fixed, but will probably be early in February, when Mrs. Steinthal will speak on "Art in the Nursery."

WOODFORD AND WANSTEAD BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Spedding Curwen Bywell, South Woodford.

READING BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Wm. Salmon, Esq., 56, London Street. —On January 12th a meeting was held, when Miss Barnett gave an excellent and clever lecture on "Food of Children." The next meeting, the date of which is not yet fixed, will comprise an address by S. G. Tremenhere, Esq., H.M. Inspector of Schools. The work of this branch for the year past has been most satisfactory. All the meetings have been well attended, and much interest taken in the subjects treated. Twenty-four new members have joined, and the total number is now 74. On the suggestion of Mrs. Hart Davis, a lending library has been established, and it now contains 29 books bearing on educational subjects. It is hoped this branch of work will be of great use in furthering the aims of the union. The departure of Mrs. Royds from Reading has caused great regret to all

members of the union, she being one of its founders The Secretary will be happy to receive communications from any lady or gentleman willing to read a paper on any educationl subject at any of the Society's meetings.

HAMPSTEAD BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Braidwood, 2, Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.—A meeting was held on December 19th at Mrs. H. Perrin's, 8, Carlton Hill, when Miss Parker read a paper on "The House of Education at Ambleside." Miss Parker was an ex-pupil of Miss Mason's, and gave a most enthusiastic account of the life and work at Ambleside, with practical proof of the efficiency of the training when put into practice with young children. Miss Parker bore high testimony to the influence of Miss Mason in stimulating the enthusiasm and energies of those who work under her, as well as her power for drawing out individual talent of every kind. On January 8th a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Pidcock, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, when Miss Barnett gave a most able lecture on "Professions for our Girls." The lecture will appear in either this month's issue or the next. Miss Barnett laid great stress on the duty of teaching our girls to "specialize," as in the present day it is difficult to make a living without. An animated discussion followed, which centred round the sending of children abroad at an early age, which Miss Barnett strongly advocated as a means of developing and widening the mind in a way not easily obtainable otherwise. The next meeting will be on February 14th, when Mr. Russell will give an address on "Slöjd." A list of books in the library of the branch is in preperation. Will any members who have books on education which they are willing to lend to other members kindly communicate with the Hon. Sec., Miss Begg, 24, Buckland Crescent, N.W.

STREATHAM BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Strode, Bankside, Leigham Court Road, S.W.

LEEDS BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. John Barren, Weetwood.

KENDAL BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Colin Somervell, Esq.

SOUTHDOWN BRANCH:—

Brighton Centre.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Borrer, Pakyns Manor, Hurstpierpoint. A lecture will be given in March by Miss Barnett.

Eastbourne Centre.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Butt, Ingleside, Selwyn Road.

Hastings Centre.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Venables, S. Bernard's Lodge, St. Leonard's.

Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send to Mr. Perrin, without delay, reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, written on one side of the paper only, also 20 *copies of any prospectuses on other papers they may print.*